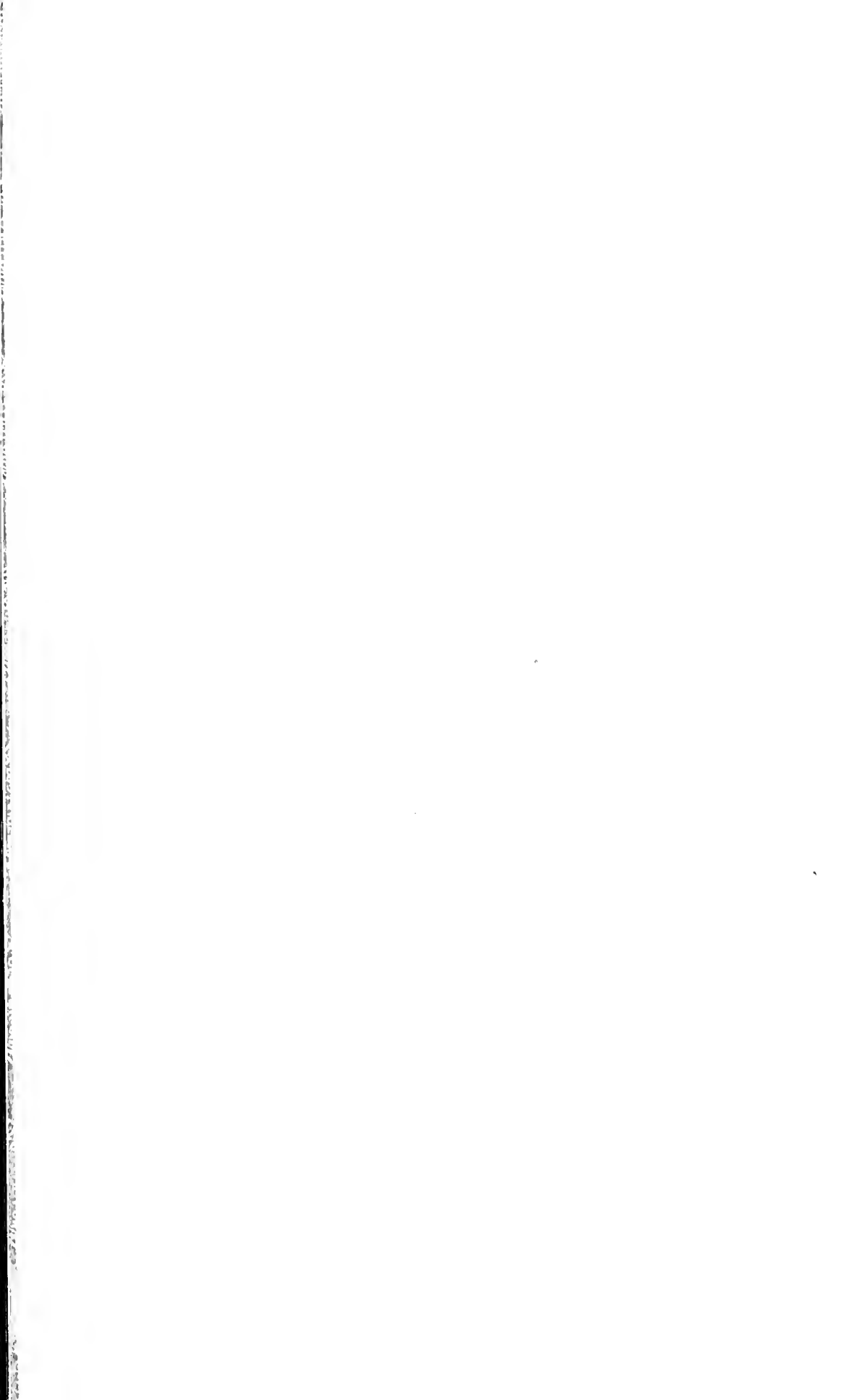
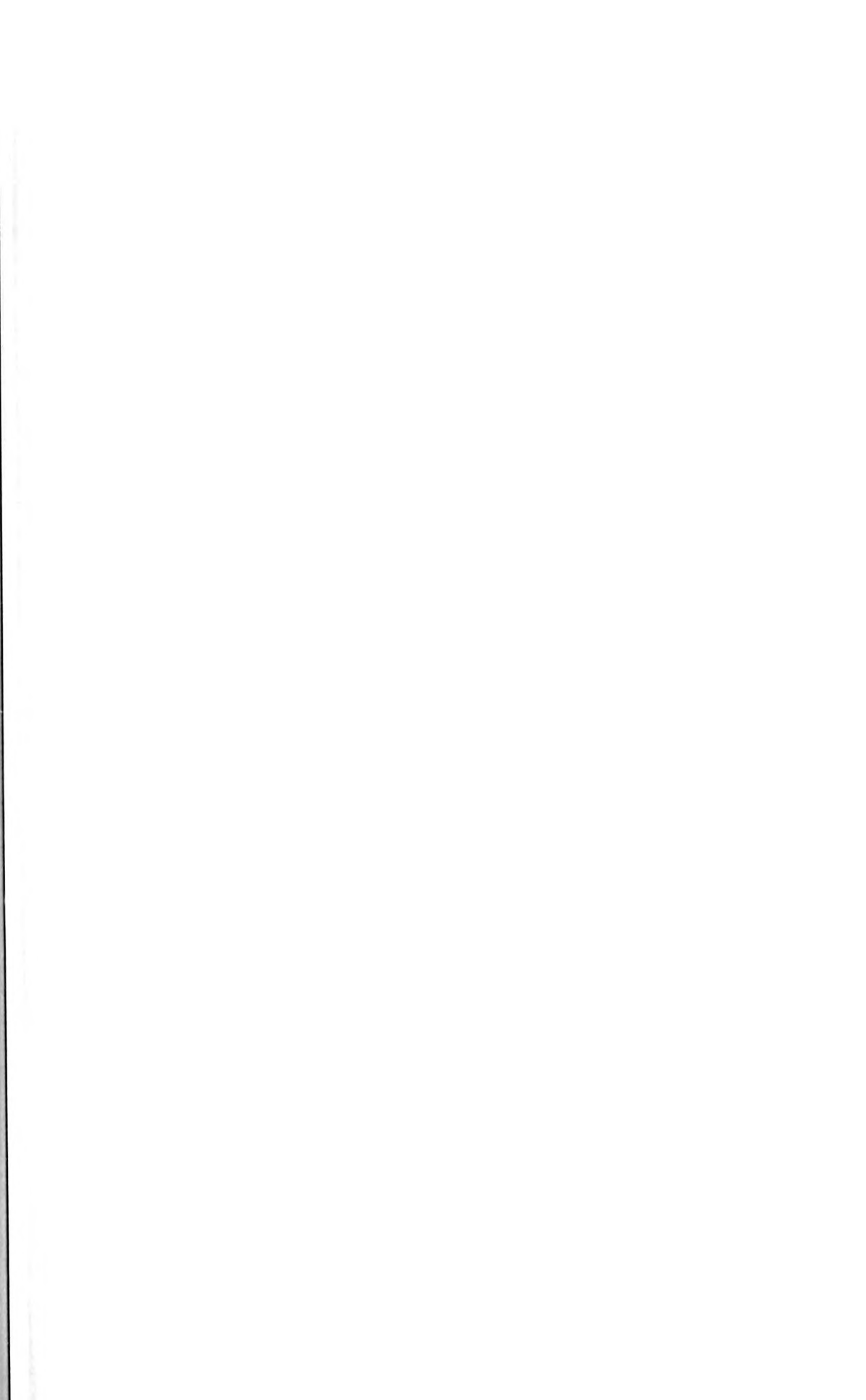


of California  
Regional  
Facility











L  
M + C  
Some n. s. name

Isabel B.

Since Love hath kind'd in our Eyes  
A Chast and holy fyre  
It were a sin, if thou or I  
Should let this blame Expyre

2

What tho our Lutes never meet  
Loves fuel: more divine  
The first Stars by their twinkling Greet  
And yet they never joyne

3

Falfe-moore who still changes their place  
Tho they seem fair and bright  
Yet when they come to embraces  
Fall down and loose their light

4

If thou perceiv'st thy flame decay  
Come light thine eyes at mine  
And when I feel mine fade away  
I'll take fresh eyes at thine

5

Thus when we shall proceed from a  
The flames of our desires  
No vestals shall maintein more chaste  
Nor more Immortall fyres

1700







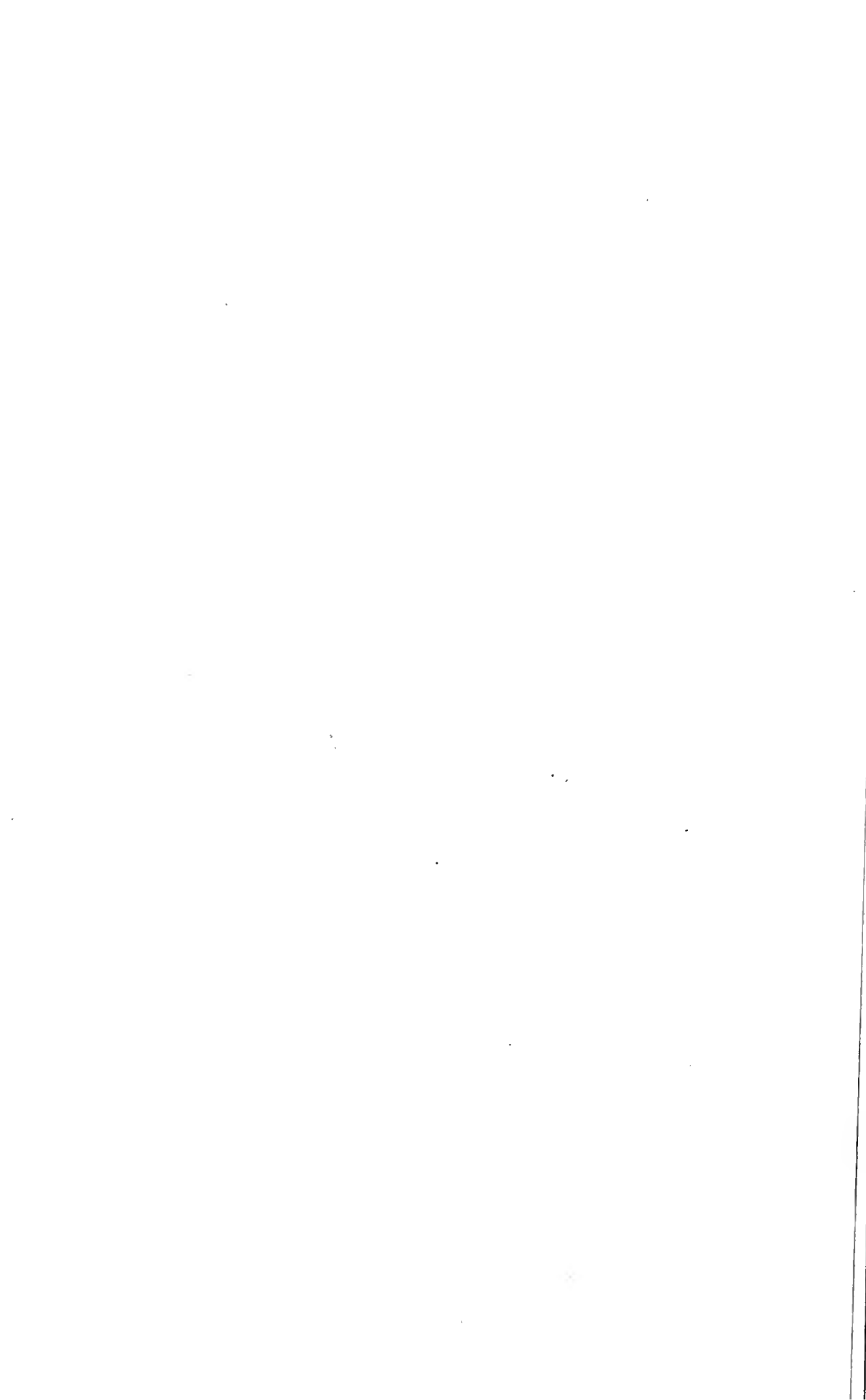


*The Face of the Book, Unmasked.*

**H**ere, th' *Universe* in *Natures* Frame,  
Sustain'd by *Truth*, and *Wisdomes* hand,  
Does, by *Opinions* empty Name,  
And *Ignorance*, distracted stand:  
Who with strong *Cords* of *Vanity*, conspire,  
Tangling the *Totall*, with abstruse *Desire*.

But then the *Noble Heart* infir'd,  
With *Rays*, divinely from above,  
Mounts (though with wings moist and bemir'd.)  
The great *Gods* glorious *Light* to prove,  
Slighting the *World*: yet felt renouncing, tries,  
That where *God* draws not, there she sinks, and dies.







STACK ANNEX

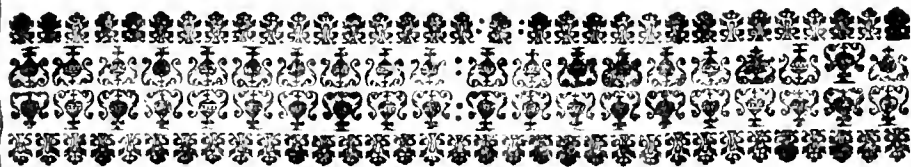
\*BJ

1520

F43r

1670

1520 F43r 1670



*Most Humbly These*

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

My most Honored Lady, the Lady

M A R Y

Countess Dowager of *THOMOND*.

Let it please you (*Madam*) to believe,

**T***hat it is not out of the opinion of any worth, that all or any of these ensuing Pieces, can be capable of; but out of the sense of Duty, that they have here aspired, to the Patronage of your Name, and Dignity. Being (most of them) Composed under the Coverture of your Roof, and so born Subjects under your Dominion; It would have been the incurring of too apparent a Premunire, against Equity and Justice, to intitle any other, to their owning or Protection; or to set up any forein Power, to be Supreme and Paramount, to that of your Ladships, over them.*

*And yet (Madam) you have further Prerogative, whereby, with me, you may challenge a*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

higher Command; and that is, your Native Ingenuity, which, with those of your Acquaintance, so prevails upon their Judgment and Estimations; that you seem to have an Empire of Affection, destined, to that vivacity of spirit, which renders your Conversation grateful to all that have the Honour to know you.

These, and many other Obligations, that are upon me to your Ladiship, with the desire I have, to leave to Posterity, some Memorial of my Thankfulness (though in it self, not worthy of your Merit, or the World) have emboldned me into this Dedication; and the humbly begging of your pardon, for the breaking out of this Presumption, in

(MADAM)

Your most obedient,

and most humble

Servant,

OWEN FELLTHAM.





## To the READER.



*He Reader may please to be informed, That the latter part of these Resolves, formerly Printed as the first Century; the Author, upon their perusal, could not himself be satisfied with them. For, however all seem'd to pass currant, and did arise to several Impressions: yet, being written when he was but Eighteen, they appear'd to him, to have too many young weakneses, to be still continued to the World: though not for the Honesty; yet, in the Composure of them.*

*If any shall alledge their general Acceptation. That, to him, is no prevailing Argument; for, the Multitude, though they be the most in number, are the worst and most partial Judges. And that hath made him, in this Impression, to give them a new Frame, and various Composition; by altering many, leaving out some, and adding of others new. That now, upon the matter, they quite are other things. And that they, and the rest, which shall be found in this Volume, are now Publisht, hath the same Reason which at first was given. They were not written so much to please others, as to gratifie and profit himself. Nor does he plead the importunity of Friends, for the Publication of them. If they be worthy of the common view, they need not that Apology: If they be not, he should have but show'd, that he had been abus'd, as well by his friends as himself.*

*The truth is, He hath not the vanity to expect from others, any great applause. He hath often us'd to say, They were written to the middle sort of people. For the wisest, they are not high enough; nor yet so flat and low, as to be only fit for*

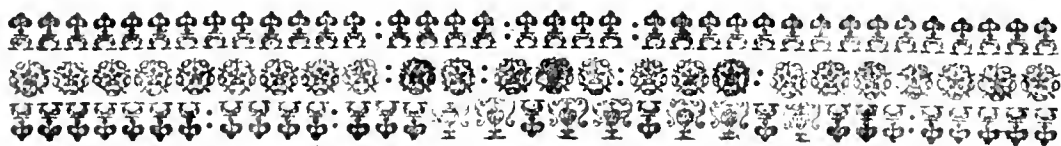
## To the Reader.

fools : whosoever pleaseth only these , is miserable. He writ, as did Lucilius, mention'd by the Orator , Scripta sua, nec ab Doctissimis, nec ab Indoctissimis, legi voluit. Too profound, or too shallow, he holds not proportionate to the Work.

Sure it is, the Invitation he had, to write and publish them, was not so much to please others, or to shew any thing he had, could be capable of the name of Parts; but, to give the world some account, how he spent his vacant hours: and that (by passing the Press, they becoming in a manner Ubiquitaries) they might every where be as Boundaries, to hold him within the limits of Prudence, Honour, and Vertue.

The Poems, the Character, and some of the Letters, he looks upon as Sports; that rather improve a man by preserving him from worse, than by bringing otherwise any considerable profit. As they were his own Recreations, so he wishes they may prove to others. Other things are left to themselves, and all to every mans just liberty, to approve or dislike as he pleases. And however it be, the Author shall not much be troubled; since he believes, No man can lightly have a lesser esteem for them, than dwells with him that writ them: who yet will be best pleas'd, if any man by them shall find but any benefit; and admit him (though but tacitely) in the number of those friends he prays for.

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# RESOLVES:

Divine, Moral, Political.

## I.

### *Of Sudden Prosperity.*

**P**rosperity in the beginning of a *great Action*, many times undoes a *Man* in the end. *Happiness* is the *cause* of *mischiefs*. The fair *chance* of a treacherous *Dye*, at first flatters an *improvident Gamester*, with his own *hand*, to throw away his *wealth* to another. For while we *expect* all things *laughing* upon us, like those we have pass'd; we remit our *care*, and *perish* by *neglecting*. When a *rich Crown* has newly kiss'd the *Temples* of a gladdened *King*, where he findes all things in a *golden stream*, and *kneeling* to him with *auspicious reverence*; he carelessly *maves* himself in the *swelling plenty*: Lays his heart into *pleasures*, and forgets the *future*; till *ruine* seize him, before he can think it. *Felicity* eats up *Circumspection*; and when that *guard* is wanting, we lie *spread* to the *shot* of general *danger*. How many have lost the *victory* of a *Battel*, with too much *confidence* in the good *fortune*, which they found at the *beginning*? Surely, 'tis not good to be *happy* too soon. It many times *undoes* a *Noble Family*, to have the *Estate* fall to the *hands* of an *Heir* in *minority*. *Witty Children* oft fail in their *age*, of what their *childhood* promised. This holds not true in *temporal* things only, but even in *spiritual*. Nothing slackens the *proceedings* of a *Christian* more, than the *too-early* applause of those that are *groundedly Honest*. This makes him think he now is far *enough*, and that he may *rest*, and *breath*, and *gaze*. So he *slides* back, for want of *striving* to go on with *increase*. Good *success* in the midst of an *action*, takes a man in a firm *settledness*: and though he finds the *event* alter; yet *custom* before, will continue his care for *afterwards*. In the end, it *crowns* his expectation; and *incourages* him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the *sequel* answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much *rain* as soon as the seed is sown: which does rather *wash* it away, than give it a moderate *rooting*. How many had *ended* better, if they had not *begun* so well? Pleasure can *undo* a man at any time, if *yielded* to. 'Tis an inviting *gin* to catch the *Woodcock-man* in. *Cresus* counsel'd *Cyrus*, if he meant to hold the *Lydians* in a *slavery*, that he should teach them

CENT. I.



them to *sing*, and *play*, and *drink*, and *dance*, and *dally*; and that would do it without his *endeavour*. I remember *Ovids* Fable of the *Centocolated Argus*; The *Devil* I compare to *Mercury*, his *Pipe* to *pleasure*, *Argus* to *Man*, his *hundred eyes* to our *care*, his *sleeping* to *security*, *Io* to our *soul*, his *transformation* to the *curse of God*. The *Moral* is only this; The *Devil* with *pleasure*, *pipes* *Man* into *security*, then *steals* away his *soul*, and *leaves* him to the *wrath of Heaven*. It can *ruine Anthony* in the *midst* of his *Fortunes*, it can *spoil Hannibal* after a *long* and *glorious War*: but to *meet* it at *first*, is the *most danger*; it then being *aptest* to *finde admision*; though to *meet* and *yield* the *worst* at *last*: because there is not then a *time* left for *recovery*. If the *action* be of *worth* that I take in hand, neither shall an *ill accident* discourage me, nor a *good one* make me *careless*: If it happen *ill*, I will be the *more circumspect*, by a *heedful prevention* to avoid the *like*, in that which *insues*. If it happen *well*, my *fear* shall make me *warily vigilant*. I will ever *suspect* the *smoothed stream* for *deepness*; till we come to the *end*. *Deceit* is *gracious company*; for it *always* studies to be *fair* and *pleasing*: But then, like a *thief*, having *train'd* us from the *Road*, it *robs* us. Where all the *benefit* we have left is this: that, if we have *time* to see how we were *cozened*, we may have so much *happines*, as to *dye* repenting.

## II.

## Of Resolution.

WHAT a *skain* of *ruffled silk* is the *uncomposed Man*? Every *thing* that but offers to even *him*, intangles *him* more, as if, while you unbend *him* one way, *he* warpeth worse the other. *He* cannot but meet with *variety* of occasions, and every one of these, intwine *him* in a deeper trouble. His *wayes* are *strew'd* with *bryers*, and he *bustles* himself into his own *confusion*. Like a *Partridge* in the *net*, he *masks himself* the more, by the *anger* of his *fluttering wing*. Certainly, a good *Resolution* is the *most fortifying Armour* that a *discreet* man can wear. That, can defend *him* against all the *unwelcome shuffles* that the *poor rude world* puts on *him*. Without this, like *hot Iron*, he *hisses* at every *drop* that findes *him*. With this, he can be a *Servant*, as well as a *Lord*; and have the same *inward pleasantness* in the *quakes* and *shakes* of *Fortune*, that he carries in her *softest smiles*. I confess, biting *Penury* has too strong *talons* for *mud-wall'd Man* to grasp withal. *Nature* is *importunate* for *necessities*: and will try all the *Engines* of her *Wit*, and *power*, rather than suffer her own *destruction*. But where she hath so much as she may *live*: *Resolution* is the only *Marshal* that can keep her in a *decent order*. That which puts the loose *woven minde* into a *whirling tempest*, is by the *Resolute*, *seen*, *slighted*, *laughed at*: with as much *honour*, more *quiet*, more *safety*. The

world

world has nothing in it worthy a man's *serious angër*. The best way to perish *discontentments*, is either not to see them, or *convert* them to a *dimpling mirth*. How endless will be the *quarrrels* of a *cholerick man*, and the *contentments* of him, that is *resolved* to turn *indignities* into things to make sport withal? 'Tis sure, nothing but *experience* and collected *Judgment* can make a man do this: but when he has brought himself unto it, how infinite shall he finde his *ease*: It was *Xantippe's* observation, that she ever found *Socrates* return with the same *countenance* that he *went* abroad withal. *Lucan* can tell us,

————— *Fortunaque perdat*  
*Opposita virtute, minas.* —————

————— All Fortunes threats be lost,  
Where Vertue does oppose. —————

I wish no *man* so *spiritless*, as to let all *abuses* prefs the dulness of a willing *shoulder*: but I wish him an able *discretion*, to *discern* which are fit to be stirred in, and those to *prosecute* for no other end, but to shew the *injury* was more to *vertue*, and dear *natures justice*, than to himself. Every man should be *Equities Champion*: because it is that *eternal pillar*, whereon the *world is founded*. In *high* and *mountain'd* Fortunes *resolution* is necessary, to insafe us from the *thefts* and *wyles* of *prosperity*: which *steal* us away, not only from our *selves*, but *vertue*: and for the most part, like a *long peace*, softly delivers us into *impoverishing war*. In the *wane* of Fortune, *Resolution* is likewise *necessary*, to guard us from the *discontents* that usually *assail* the poor *dejected man*. For all the world will beat the *man* whom *Fortune* buffets. And unless by this, he can turn off the *blows*, he shall be sure to *feel* the greatest *burthen*, in his own sad *minde*. A *wise man* makes a *trouble* less, by *Fortitude*: but to a *fool*, 'tis heavier by his *sloping* to't. I would fain bring my *self* to that *pass*, that I might not make my *happiness* depend on anothers *judgement*. But as I would never do any thing *unhonestly*: so I would never fear the *immaterial winde* of *censure*, when it is done. He that *steers* by that *gale*, is ever in danger of *wrack*. *Honesty* is a *warrant* of far more *safety* than *Fame*. I will never be *asham'd* of that which *bears* her *seal*: As knowing 'tis only *Pride's* being in *fasbion*, that hath put *honest Humility* out of *countenance*. As for the *crackers* of the *brain*, and *tongue-squibs*, they will *die* alone, if I shall not *revive* them. The best way to have them *forgot-ten* by others, is first to *forget* them my self. This will *keep* my self in quiet, and by a *noble not-caring*, *arrow* the *intenders* bosom: who will ever fret most, when he findes his *designs* most *frustrate*. Yet, in all these, I will something respect *custom*, because she is *magnified* in that *world*, wherein I am one. But when she parts from *just reason*, I shall rather *displease* her by parting; than offend in her *com-*

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pany. I would have all men set up their *rest*, for all things that this world can yield: Yet so, as they *build* upon a surer *foundation* than themselves: otherwise, that which should have been their *foundation*, will surely *cross* them; and that is, *G O D*.

## III.

## A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.

I Will take *heed* both of a *speedy Friend*, and a *slow Enemy*. *Love* is never *lasting*, that *flames* before it *burns*. And *Hate*, like wetted *Coals*, throws a fiercer *heat*, when *fire* gets the *Mastery*. As the first may *quickly fail*; so the latter will *hardly* be altered. Early *fruits* rot soon; As quick *wits* have seldom found *judgements*, which should make them continue: so *friendship* kindled suddenly, is *rarely* found with the *durability* of *affection*. *Enduring Love* is ever built on *Virtue*: which no man can see in another at once. He that *fixeth* upon her, shall finde a *beauty* that will every day take him with some new *grace* or other. I like that *Love*, which by a *soft ascension*, does degree it self in the *soul*. As for an *Enemy* that is long a making: he is much the *worse*, for being ill no *sooner*. I count him as the *actions* of a wise *State*, which being long in *resolving*, are in their *execution* sudden, and *striking* home. He *hates* not but with *cause*, that is *unwilling* to *hate* at all. If I must have *both*, give me rather a *friend* on *foot*, and an *enemy* on *horseback*. I may persuade the one to *stay*, while the other may be *galloping* from me.

## IV.

## Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.

V *Vertue* and *Vice* never differ so much, as in the *end*; at least, their *difference* is never so much upon the *view*, as then. And this, I think, is our *reason*, why so many *judgements* are seduced in *pursuit* of ill. They *imagine* not their *last Act* will be *Tragical*; because their former *Scenes* have all been *Comedy*. The *end* is so far off, that they see not those *stabbing shames*, that *await* them in a *killing ambush*. If it were nearer, yet their own *dim sight* would leave them *undiscovered*. And the same thing that *incourageth Vice*, discourageth *Vertue*. For, by her *rugged way*, and the *resistance* that she findes in her *passage*: she is oft *perswaded* to step into *Vice's path*: which while she findeth *smooth*, she never perceiveth *slippery*. *Vice's Road* is paved with *Ice*; *Inviting* by the *eye*, but *tripping* up the *heel*, to the *hazard* of a *wound*, or *drowning*. Whereas *Vertue's* is like the *passage* of *Hannibal* over the *Alps*, a work of a *tyring toyl* of *infinite danger*. But once *performed*, it lets him into the *worlds garden*, *Italy*: and withal, leaves him a *fame* as *lasting*, as those which he did

did Conquer, with his most unused weapon of War, Vinegar. Doubtless the world hath nothing so glorious as Vertue: as Vertue when she rides triumphant. When like a Phœbean Champion, she hath routed the Army of her enemies, flatted their strongest Forts, brought the mightiest of her Foes in a chained subjection, to humour the motions of her thronged Chariot, and be the gaze of the abusive world. Vice, at best, is but a diseased Harlot: all whose commendation is, that she is painted.

*Sed locum virtus habet inter astra,  
Vere dum flores venient repenti,  
Et comam silvis hiemes recident,  
Vel comam silvis revocabit æstas.  
Pomaque Autumno fugiente cedent,  
Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.  
Tu Comes Phæbo, comes ibis astris.*

But Vertu's thron'd among the Stars,  
And while the Spring warms th'infant bud,\*  
Or Winter balds the shag-hair'd wood:  
While Summer gives new locks to all,  
And fruits full ripe in Autumn fall,  
Thou shalt remain, and still shalt be,  
For Stars, for Phæbus, company.

Is a rapture of the lofty Tragedian. Her presence is a dignity, which amazes the beholder with incircling rays. The conceit of her Actions, begets admiration in others, and that admiration both infuseth a joy in her, and inflames her magnanimity more: The good honour her, for the love of the like, that they finde in themselves. The bad, though they repine inwardly, yet shame (which is for the most part an effect of base Vice) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other side, what a Monster, what a Painters Devil is vice, either in her bared skin, or her own ensordid rags! Her own guilt, and the detestation which she findes from others, set up two great Hells in her one little, narrow heart; Horror, Shame; and that which most of all doth gall her, is, that she findes their flames are inextinguishable, Outwardly, sometimes she may appear like Vertue: For all the several Femmes in Vertue, Vice hath counterfeited stones, wherewith she gulls the Ignorant. But there be two main reasons which shall make me Vertues Lover: for her inside, for her end. And for the same reasons will I hate Vice. If I finde there be a difference in their mayes; I will yet think of them, as of the two sons in the Gospel; whercof Vertue said he would not go to the Vineyard, yet did: And Vice, though he promised to go, desisted.



## Of Puritans.

I finde many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will own the *name*. Whereof the reason sure is this, that 'tis for the most part held a *name of infamy*, and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtain'd a *definition*: nor is it an *appellation* derived from one *mans* name, whose *Tenents* we may finde digested into a *Volume*: whereby we do much erre in the *application*. It imports a kinde of *excellency* above another; which *man* (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that *are*. One will have him one that lives religiously, and will not revel it in a shoreless excess. Another, him that separates from our *Divine Assemblies*. Another, him that in some *tenents* only is *peculiar*. Another, him that will not *swear*. Absolutely to define him, is a work, I think of *Difficulty*; some I know that rejoyce in the *name*; but sure they be such, as least *understand* it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a *Church-Rebel*, or one that would exclude *order*, that his *brain* might rule. To *decline offences*; to be careful and conscionable in our several *actions*, is a *Purity*, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well do, without a fullen *segregation* from all *society*. If there be any *Priviledges*, they are surely granted to the Children of the *King*; which are those that are the Children of *Heaven*. If *mirth* and *recreations* be lawful, sure such a one may lawfully use it. If *wine* were given to cheer the *heart*, why should I fear to use it for that end? Surely, the *merry soul* is freer from intended *mischiefe* than the *thoughtful man*. A bounded *mirth*, is a *Patient* adding time and happinets to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deserves a *Censure* for allowing *drunkenness* at *Festivals*; because, sayes he, as then, the *Gods* themselves reach *wines* to present *Men*. *God* delights in nothing more, than in a *cheerful heart*, careful to perform him service. What *Parent* is it, that rejoyceth not to see his *Childe* pleasant, in the limits of a *filial duty*? I know, we read of *Christs weeping*, not of his *laughter*: yet we see, he graceth a *Feast* with his *first Miracle*; and that a *Feast of joy*: And can we think that such a *meeting* could pass without the noise of *laughter*? What a lump of *quicken'd care* is the *melancholick man*? Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept will hold good still: *Be merry, but sin not*. As there be many, that in their life assume too great a *Liberty*; so I believe there are some, that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use, *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to provide for either *Soul*, or *Body*. A man that submits to reverent *Order*, that sometimes unbends himself in a moderate *relaxation*; and in all, labours to approve himself, in the sereneness of a healthful *Conscience*: such a *Puritane* I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but *ceremonial*, shall spurn at the grave

grave Authority of the *Church*, and out of a needless *nicety*, be a Thief to himself, of those benefits which GOD hath allowed him: or out of a blinde and uncharitable *Pride*, censure, and scorn others, as *reprobates*: or out of obstinacy, fill the World with *bravels*, about *undeterminable tenents*: I shall think him one of those, whose *opinion* hath severed his *zeal* to *madness* and *distractiō*. I have more faith in one *Solomon*, than in a thousand *Dutch Parlours* of such *Opinionists*. Behold then; what I have seen good! That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travelleth under the *Sun*, the whole number of the dayes of his life, which GOD giveth him. For, this is his *Portion*. Nay; *there is no profit to Man, but that he eat, and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labour*. For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the *hand of God*. Methinks the reading of *Ecclesiastes* should make a *Puritan* undress his brain, and lay off all those *Phanatick toys* that gingle about his *understanding*. For my own part, I think the World hath not better men, than some, that suffer under that name: nor withal, more *Scelestick villanies*. For, when they are once *elated* with that *pride*, they so *contemn* others, that they infringe the *Laws* of all *humane society*.

VI.  
Of *Arrogancy*.

**I**Never yet found *Pride* in a *noble nature*: nor *Humility* in an *unworthy minde*. It may seem strange to an *inconsiderate eye*, that such a poor *violet Vertue*, should ever dwell with *Honour*: and that such an aspiring fume as *Pride* is, should ever sojourn with a *constant baseness*. 'Tis sure, we seldom finde it, but in such, as being conscious of their own *deficiency*, think there is no way to get *Honour*, but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather than want *fame*, they would with a rude assault, *desflowre* her: which indeed, is the way to lose it. *Honour*, like a *noble Virgin*, will never agree to grace the man that *ravisheth*. If she be not won by *courtesie*, she will never love *truly*. To offer *violence* to so choise a *beauty*, is the way to be *contemn'd*, and *lose*. 'Tis he that has nothing else to commend him, which would invade mens *good opinions*, by a *misbecoming-sauciness*. If you search for high and strained *carriages*, you shall for the most part, meet with them in *low men*. *Arrogance*, is a *weed*, that ever grows in a *dunghil*. 'Tis from the rankness of that soil, that she hath her *height* and *spreadings*: Witness *Clowns*, *Fools*, and *Fellows* that from *nothing* are lifted some few steps upon *Fortunes Ladder*: where, seeing the glorious representment of *Honour*, above; they are so greedy of *imbracing*, that they strive to leap thither at once: so by overreaching themselves in the way, they fail of the *end*, and fall. And all this happiness, either for want of *Education*, which should season their *mindes* with the  
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generous precepts of *Morality*; or, which is more powerful, *Example*: or else, for lack of a discerning *Judgment*, which will tell them, that the best way thither, is to go about, by *humility* and *desert*. Otherwise, the River of *Contempt* runs betwixt them and it: and if they go not by these passages, they must of necessity either *turn back* with shame, or suffer in the desperate *venture*. Of *Trees*, I observe, GOD hath chosen the *Vine*, a low *plant*, that creeps upon the helpful *wall*: Of all *Beasts*, the soft and patient *Lamb*: Of all *Fowls* the milde and gall-less *Dove*. CHRIST is the *Rose* of the *Field*, and the *Lilly* of the *Valley*. When GOD appeared to *Moses*; it was not in the lofty *Cedar*, nor the sturdy *Oake*, nor the spreading *Plane*; but in a *Bush*, an humble, slender, abject *shrub*. As if he would by these *elections*, check the conceited arrogance of *Man*. Nothing procureth *Love*, like *Humility*: nothing *Hate*, like *Pride*. The *proud man* walks among *daggers*, pointed against him: whereas the *humble* and the *affable*, have the *people* for their guard in *dangers*. To be humble to our *Superiours*, is *duty*; to our *Equals*, *courtesie*; to our *Inferiours*, *nobleness*. Which for all her *lowness*, carries such a sway, that she may command their *souls*. But, we must take heed, we express it not in unworthy *Actions*. For then leaving *Vertue*, it falls into *disdained baseness*: which is the undoubtable *badge* of one, that will betray *Society*. So far as a man, both in *words* and *deeds*, may be free from *flattery*, and unmanly *cowardise*; he may be humble with *commendation*. But surely, no *circumstance* can make the expression of *pride* laudable. If ever it be, 'tis when it meets with *audacious pride*, and conquers. Of this *good* it may then be *author*, that the *affronting man*, by his own *folly*, may learn the way, to his *duty*, and *wit*. Yet this I cannot so well call *Pride*, as an *emulation of the Divine Justice*; which will always vindicate it self upon *presumptuous ones*: and is indeed said to fight against *no sin*, but *Pride*.

## VII.

## Of Reward and Service.

WHEN it lights upon a *worthy nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithful *service*, than the *Masters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes that appear more, than a *true fidelity*. They are each of other, *alternate parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised, *great men* need not so o'ten change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* be abandoned by their old *Attendants*. Rewards are not *given*, but *paid*, to *Servants* that be good and wise. Nor ought that *blood* to be accounted *lost*, which is out-letted for a *noble Master*. *Worth* will never fail to give *Desert* her *bayes*. A *liberal Master*, that loves his *Servant* well, is in some sort a *God* unto him: which may both give him  *blessings*, and protect him from *danger*. And believe it, on the other side, a *diligent and discreet Servant*, is one of the *best friends* that a man can be blest with-



withal. He can do whatsoever a *Friend* may: and will be commanded with lesser hazzard of losing. Nay, he may in a kinde, challenge a glory above his *Master*: for, though it be harder to play a *Kings part* well, than 'tis to act a *Subjects*; yet *natures* inclination is much more bent to *rule* than to *obey*: *service* being a condition, which is not found in any Creatures of one kinde, but *Man*. Now, if the Question be, when men meet in these *relations*, who shall the first begin? The *lot* will surely fall upon the *servant*: for he is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that ever bindes without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *honour*: which is voluntary, and not compulsive; *Liberality* being a free adjection, and not a *tye* in his *bargain*. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to use a *servant* like a *friend*, like a *companion*: but 'tis alwayes fit for a *servant* to pay him the reverence due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Every *family* is but a several *plume* of *Feathers*: the meanest is of the self-same stuff; only he that made the *plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The power of *commanding* is rather *political*, than from equal nature. The *service* of *man*, to *man*, followed not the *Creation*, but the *fall of man*: and till *Noah* curs'd his *Son*, the name of *servant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedom* to be found below, even *Kings* are but more *splendid servants*, for the *common body*. There is a mutuality between the *Lord* and *Vassals*. The *Lord* serves them of *necessaries*; and they him, in his *pleasures* and *conveniences*. *Vertue* is the truest *liberty*: nor is he free, that stoops to *passions*: nor he in bondage, that serves a *noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruel in the beating of a *Servant*: *Fie* (sayes he) *forbear*; lest by the world, your self be taken for the *servant*. And if we have any faith in *Claudian*, we may believe, that

*Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit  
Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat  
Quam sub Rege pio.* ———

He knows no bondage, whom a good *King* swayes;  
For *freedom* never shines with clearer rayes,  
Than when *brave Princes* Reign.

*Imperiousness* turns that *servant* into a *slave*; which *moderation* makes as an humble-speaking *Friend*. *Seneca* begins an *Epistle* with rejoicing, that his *friend* lived familiar with his *Servant*. Neither can have *consort*, where both are *uncommunicable*. I confesse, the like countenance is not to be shewed to all. That which makes a wise man modest, makes a fool unmannerly. 'Tis the *saucy servant* that causes the *Lord* to shrink his descending favours. Of the two, *pride* is the more tolerable in a *Master*. The other is a *preposterousness*, which *Solomon* saw the *earth* did groan for. *Hadrian* sent his *inferiour Servant* a box on the ear, for walking but between two *Senatours*. As I would not *serve* to be admitted to nothing, but to *high commands*: So I think, whos ere is rudely *malepert*, blemishes the discretion of him-

self, and his *Lord*. As there ought to be *equality*, because *Nature* has made it; so there ought to be a *difference*, because *Fortune* has set it. Yet cannot the *distance* of their *Fortunes* be so much, as their *nearness* in being *Men*. No *Fate* can fright away that likeness. The other we have found in *motion*, in *variance*; even to rare and inverted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuse his *servant*; for 'tis possible *he may* fall below him: Let not the *servant* neglect his *Master*; for *he may* be cast to a meaner condition. Let the *servant* deserve, and the *Master* recompense: and if they would both be *noble*, the best way is for those that be subject to forget their services; and for those that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their *generous worthiness*; the world shall strew praises in both their *paths*. If the *servant* suppose his *lot* to be hard, let him think, that *service* is nothing but the *free-mans* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himself *well*.

## VIII.

## Of Reprehension.

**T**O reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of *Friendship*. Who is it, that will either *not merit* a *check*, or *endure* one? Yet wherein can a *friend* more unfold his *love*, than in preventing *dangers*, before their birth; or, in reducing a man to *safety*, which is travelling in the way to *ruine*? I grant, the manner of the *application* may turn the *benefit* into an *injury*: and then it both strengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giver*. *Correction* is never in vain. *Vice* is a *miery deepness*: if thou strivest to help one out, and dost not; thy stirring him, sinks him in the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chain. When thou chidest thy *wandering friend*, do it secretly; in season, in love: Not in the ear of a popular *convention*: For many times, the presence of a *multitude*, makes a man make up an unjust *defence*; rather than fall in a just *shame*. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked *Sun*: nor does the *wound* that rankle more, which is vanned by the publick *air*. Nor can I blame a man, though he shuns to make the *Vulgar* his *Confessor*: for they are the most uncharitable *tell-tales* that the burthened *Earth* doth suffer. They understand nothing but the *dregs* of *actions*: and with spattering those abroad, they besmear a deserving *fame*. A man had better be *convinc'd* in *private*, than be made *guilty* by a *Proclamation*. *Open rebukes* are for *Magistrates*, and *Courts of Justice*: for *Stalled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the *thronged Hall*. *Private*, are for *friends*: where all the *witnesses* of the *offenders* *blushes*, are blinde, and deaf, and dumb. We should do by them, as *Joseph* thought to have done by *Mary*, seek to cover blemishes with *secrecie*. *Publick reproof*, is like striking of a *Deer* in the *Herd*, it not only wounds him, to the loss of inabling *Blood*, but betrays him to the *Hand*, his *Enemy*: and makes him, by his *fellows*, be puht out of *company*. Even *concealment*

ment of a fault, argues some charity to the *Delinquent*: and when we tell him of it in secret, it shews, we wish, he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in season, neither when the brain is misted, with arising *Fumes*: nor when the *minde* is madded, with un-reined *passions*. Certainly, he's drunk himself, that profanes *Reason* so, as to urge it to a drunken man. Nature unloosed in a flying speed, cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in suavere Nati  
Flere vetat? non hoc ulla monenda loco est.*

He's mad, that dyes a Mothers eyes full tyde  
At her Sons Grave: There 'tis no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the *smoothest Poet*. To admonish a man in the height of his *passion*; is to call a *Souldier* to *Council*, in the midst, in the heat of a *Battle*. Let the *combat* slack, and then thou maist expect a hearing. All *passions* are like *rapid torrents*: they swell the more for meeting with a *dam* in their violence. He that will hear nothing in the rage and rore of his *anger*, will, after a pause, enquire of you. Seem you to forget him; and he will the sooner remember himself. For it often falls out, that the end of *passion*, is the beginning of *repentance*. Then will it be easie to draw back a retiring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with less labour, when it hath both a *winde* and *tide* to drive it. A word seasonably given, like a *Rudder*, sometimes steers a man quite into another *course*. When the *Macedonian Philip* was capring in the view of his *Captives*: says *Demades*, — Since *Fortune* has made you like *Agamemnon*, why will you shew your self like *Therites*? And this chang'd him to another man. A blow bestow'd in the striking time, is better than ten, delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in *Time*, which whosoever findes, may promise to himself *success*. As in all things, so in this; especially if he do it as he ought, in love. It is not good to be too *teirical* and *virulent*. *Kinde* words make *rough actions* plausible. The bitterness of *Reprehension*, is insweetned with the pleasingness of *Compellations*. If ever *flattery* might be lawful, here is a *cause*, that would give it admission. To be plain, argues *honesty*: but to be pleasing, argues *discretion*. Sores are not to be anguish'd with a rustick posture; but gently stroked with a *Ladied hand*. *Physicians* fire not their eyes at *Patients*: but calmly minister to their *diseases*. Let it be so done, as the *offender* may see *affection* without *arrogancy*. Who blows out *Candles* with too strong a breath, does but make them slink, and blows them light again. To avoid this, it was ordain'd among the *Lacedemonians*, That every *Transgressor*, should be, as it were, his own *Beadle*: for, his punishment was, to compass an *Altar*, singing an *Invective* made against himself. It is not consonant, that a member so unboned as the *tongue* is, should smart it with an *Iron lash*. Every man that adviseth, assumes as it were, a *transcendency* over the other; which

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which if it be not allayed with *protestations*, and some self-including *terms* grows hateful: that even the *reprehension* is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the *complaint* our own, but to lay it upon some others; that not knowing his grounded *Vertues*, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his *actions*. Nor can he be a competent *Judge* of anothers *crime*, that is guilty of the like himself. 'Tis unworthily done, to *condemn* that in others, which we would not have but *pardoned* in our selves. When *Diogenes* fell in the *School* of the *Sticks*; He answers his *deriders*, with this *Question*: *why, do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selves do retrograde your lives?* He is not fit to *cure* a *dimmed sight*, that looks upon another with a *beamed eye*. Freed, we may *free* others. And, if we please them with *praising* some of their *Vertues* they will with much more *ease*, be brought to know their *Vices*. *Shame* will not let them be angry with them, that so equally *deal* both the *Rod*, and *Laurel*. If he be much our *Superiour*, 'tis good to do it sometimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *David*: So, let him by *collection*, give himself the *censure*. If he be an *equal*, let it appear, *affection*, and the truth of *friendship* urging it. If he be our *inferiour*, let it seem our *care*, and *desire* to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew *humility*, and *love*. Though I finde a little *bluster* for the *present*, I am *confident*, I shall meet with *thanks* afterward. And in my *absence*, his reverend *report* following me. If not: the best way to lose a *friend*, is by *seeking*, by my *love* to *save* him. 'Tis best for others, that they *hate* me for *vice*; but if I must be *hated*, 'tis best for my self, that they *hate* me for my *goodness*: For, then am I mine own *antidote* against all the *poison* they can *spit* upon me.

## IX.

## Of Time's continual speed.

**I**N all the *actions* that a *Man* performs, some part of his *life* passeth. We *dye* with doing that, for which only, our *sliding life* was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, *Time* keeps his constant *pace*, and flies as fast in *idleness*, as in *employment*. Whether we *play*, or *labour*, or *sleep*, or *dance*, or *study*, the *Sun* passeth, and the *Sand* runs. An hour of *Vice* is as long as an hour of *Vertue*. But the *difference* which follows upon *good actions*, is infinite from that of *ill ones*. The *good*, though it diminish our *time* here, yet it layes up a *pleasure* for *Eternity*; and will *recompense* what it taketh away, with a *plentiful return* at last. When we *trade* with *Vertue*, we do but buy *pleasure* with *expense* of *time*. So it is not so much a *consuming* of *time*, as an *exchange*. Or as a *man* sows his *corn*, he is content to want it a while, that he may, at the *harvest* receive it with *advantage*. But the *bad deeds* that we do here, do not only *rob us* of so much *time*; but also be-speak a *torment*

torment for hereafter : and that in such a *life*, as the greatest *pleasure* we could there be *crown'd* withal, would be the very *act of dying*. The one *treasures up a pleasure* in a *lasting life*: the other provides us *torture* in a *death eternal*. Man, as soon as he was made, had two great *Suitors* for his *life* and *soul*: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both travell'd the world with *trains*, *harbengers*, and large *attendance*: *Vertue* had before her, *Truth*, running *naked*, *valiant*, but *unelegant*: then *labour*, *cold*, *hunger*, *thirst*, *care*, *vigilance*; and these but poorly *arrayed*. and she in plain, though clean *attire*. But looking near, she was of such a *self-perfection*; that she might very well *embleme* whatsoever *Omnipotency* could make most *rare*. *Modest* she was: and so *lovely*; That whosoever *look't* but *steadfastly* upon her, could not, but *insoul* himself in her. After her, followed *Content*: full of *Jewels*, *Coins*, *Perfumes*, and all the *massy riches* of the world. Then *Joy*, with *Masquers*, *Mirth*, *Revelling*, and all *Essential Pleasures*. Next, *Honour*, with all the ancient *Orders of Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and *Crowns Imperial*. Lastly, *Glory*, shaking such a *brightness* from her *Sunny Tresses*, that I have heard, no man could ever come so near, as to *describe* her truly. And behinde all these, came *Eternity*, casting a *Ring* about them; which like a strong *inchantment*, made them for ever the same. Thus *Vertue*. *Vice* thus: Before her, First went *Lying*, a *smooth*, *painted huswife*: clad all in *Changeable*, but under her *garments*, full of *Scabs*, and ugly *Ulcers*. She spoke *pleasingly*, and promised, whatsoever could be *wisht for*, in the behalf of her *Mistrifs*, *Vice*. Upon her, *Wit* waited: a conceited *fellow*, and one that much took *Man* with his pretty *tricks* and *gambals*. Next *Sloth*, and *Luxury*, so full; that they were after *choaked* with their own *fat*. Then (because she could not have the true ones, for, they follow *Vertue*) she gets *Impostors*, to personate *Content*, *Joy*, *Honour*, in all their *wealth*, and *royalties*: After these, she comes her self, sumptuously *apparell'd*, but a *nasty* surleited *Slut*; whereby, if any *kiss* her, they were sure by her *breath* to *perish*. After her, followed on a sudden, like *enemies* in ambush, *guilt*, *horror*, *shame*, *loss*, *want*, *sorrow*, *torment*. These *charm'd* with *Eternities Ring*, as the other. And thus they wooed *fond Man*; who taken with the *subtil cozenages* of *Vice*, yielded to lye with her: where he had his *nature* so *impoyson'd*, that his *seed* was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption* even to this day, is still *Conduited* to his undone *Posterity*. It may be *Virgil* knew of such a story when he writ,

*Quisquis enim duros casus virtutis amore  
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque decusque perabit :  
At qui desidiam, luxumque sequetur inertem :  
Dum fugio oppositos, incanta mente, labores,  
Turpis inopsque simul, miserabile transiget ævum.*

Man that Love-conquers *Vertues* thorny wayes,  
Rears to himself a fame-tomb, for his praise.

But he that *Lust*, and *Leaden Sloth* doth prize,  
While heedless he, oppos'd *Labour* flies;  
*All*, foul and poor, most miserably dies.

'Tis true, *they*, both spend us time alike: nay many times, *honest industry* spends a man more, than the ungirthed *solaces* of a sensual *Libertine*: unless they be pursued with *inordinateness*, then they destroy the *present*, shorten the *future*, and hasten *pain*. Why should I wish to *pass* away this *life* ill, which to those that are ill, is the *best*? If I must daily *lessen* it, it shall be by that, which shall joy me with a future *Income*. *Time* is like a *Ship*, which never *anchors*: while I am *aboard*, I had better do those things, that may advantage me at my *landing*; than *practise* such, as shall curse my *commitment*, when I come to the *shore*. Whatsoever I do, I would *think* what will *become* of it, when it is *done*. If *good*, I will go on to *finish* it. If *bad*, I will either leave off, where I am; or not undertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *unthrift* sells away the *Inheritance*, while it's but in *Reversion*: But *Virtue*, husbanding all *things* well, is a *Purchaser*. Hear but the witty *Spaniards* Distich;

*Ampliat etatis spatium sibi, vir bonus, hoc est  
Vivere bis, vit. a posse priore frui.*

He that his former well-led life enjoys,  
Lives twice: so gives addition to his days.

## X.

## Of Violence and Eagernefs.

**T**He too *eager* pursuit of a thing, hinders the *injoyment*. For, it makes men take *indirect* ways, which though they *prosper* sometimes, are *blessed* never. The *Covetous*, because he is mad upon *richs*, practiseth *injurious* courses, which *God* cursing, bring him to a speedy *Poverty*. *Oppression* will bring a *Consumption* upon thy *gains*. *Wealth* snatch't up by *unjust* and *injurious* ways, like a *rotten* *sheep*, will *infect* thy *healthful* *flock*. We think by *wrong* to hide our selves from *want*, when 'tis that only, which unavoidably *pulls* it on us. Like *Thieves*, that hooking for *clothes* in the *dark*, they draw the *Owner*, which takes, and then imprisons them. He that longs for *Heaven* with such *impatience*, as he will *kill* himself, that he may be there the sooner, may by that *act*, be *excluded* thence; and lie *gnashing* of his *teeth* in *Hell*. Nay, though we be in the *right* way, our *haste* will make our *stay* the longer: He, that rides all upon the *driving* *spur*, tyres his *Horse* ere his *journey* ends: so is there the *later*, for making such *unmounted* *speed*. He is like a giddy *messenger*, that runs away without his *errand*: so dispatches less for his *nimbleness*. when *God* hath laid out *Man* a way, *in vain* he seeks a *near* one. we see the things we aim at, as *Travellers* do *Towns* in *hilly* *Countreys*; we

judge them near, at the *eyes* end; because we see not the *valleys*, and the *brook* in them, that *interpose*. So, thinking to take shorter *courses*, we are led about, through *ignorance*, and *incredulity*. Surely God that made disposing Nature, *knows her better*, than imperfect man. And he that is once *perswaded* of this, will rather stay the *leisure* of the *Deity*, than follow the *chase* of his own *delusions*. We go surest, when we pass *not in a precipitation*. *Sudden risings*, have *seldom sound foundations*. We might *sweat less*, and *avail more*. How have I seen a *Beef-brain'd-fellow* (that hath only had *impudence* enough to shew himself a *fool*) thrust into *discourses* of *wit*, thinking to get *esteem*: when, all that he hath *purchased*, hath been only, the *hiss* of the *wise*, and a *just derision* from the *abler judgments*. Nor will it be less *toylsome*, then we have already found it, *incommodious*. What *jealous* and *envious furies* gnaw the *burning breast* of the *ambitious fool*? What *fears* and *cares* affright the *starting sleeps* of the *covetous*? Of which if any *happen*, they *crush* him, ten times heavier, than they would do the *minde* of the *well-temper'd man*. All that *affect* things *over-violently*, do *over-violently grieve* in the *disappointment*. Which is yet *occasioned*, by that, the too much *earnestness*. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue *easily*, though I do it *assiduously*. And if I can, the *hands diligence*, shall go without the *leaping bounds* of the *heart*. So if it happen well, I shall have more *content*: as coming less expected. Those *joyes* clasp us with a friendlier *arm*, that *steal* upon us, when we *look not for them*. If it fall out *ill*, my *minde* not being set on't; will teach me *patience*, in the *sadning want*. I will cozen *pain*, with *carelessness*, and plump my *joyes*, by letting them *surprize* me. As, I would not *neglect* a sudden good *opportunity*; so I would not *fury* my self in the *search*.

## XI.

## Of the trial of Faith and Friendship.

**F**aitb and Friendship, are seldom truly tried, but in *extreams*. To finde *friends* when we have no need of *them*, and to want *them*, when we have, are both alike *easy*, and *common*. In *Prosperity*, who will not *profess*, to love a man? In *Adversity*, how few will *shew* that they *do it* indeed? When we are *happy*, in the *Spring-tide* of *Abundance*, and the *rising flood* of *Plenty*, then, the *world* will be our *servant*: then, all men *flock* about us, with *bared heads*, with *bended bodies*, and *protesting tongues*. But when these *pleasing waters* fall to *ebbing*; when *wealth* but *shifeth*, to another *stand*: Then, men look upon us at a *distance*; and *stiffen* themselves, as if they were in  *Armour*; lest (if they should comply us) they should get a *wound* in the *cloze*. *Adversity* is like *Penelope's night*; which *undoes* all, that ever the day did *weave*. 'Tis a *misery* that the knowledge of such a *blessefulness*, as a *friend* is, can hardly be without some *sad misfortune*.

For

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For we can never throughly *try* him, but in the *kick* of malignant *Chance*. And till we have *try'd* him, our *knowledge* can be *call'd* but by the name of *Hope*. What a pitiful *plight* is poor *dust-temper'd-man* in, when he can neither be truly *happy* without a *friend*; nor yet know him to be a true *friend*, without his being *unhappy*? Our *Fortunes*, and our *selves* are things so closely *link'd*, that we know not, which is the *cause* of the *love*, that we finde. When these *two* shall *part*, we may then *discern* to which of them *affection* will make *wing*: When they are covered together, we know not, which is in *pursuit*. When they *rise*, and *break*, we shall then see, which is *aimed* at. *I confess he is happy, that findes a true friend in extremity: but he is happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend*. Thus the *trial* of *friendship*, is by finding, what others will do for us. But the *tryal* of *Faith*, is, by finding what we will do for *God*. To trust him for *estate*, when we have the *Evidences* in our *Iron Chest*, is *easy*; and not *thank-worthy*. But to depend upon him, for what we cannot see; As 'tis more *hard* for *Man* to do; so 'tis more acceptable to *God*, if it be done. For, in that *act*, we make *confession* of his *Deity*. We know not in the *flows* of our *contentedness*, what we our selves are; or, how we could *neglect* our selves, to follow *God*, commanding us. All men will be *Peters* in their *bragging tongue*: and most men will be *Peters*, in their *base denial*. But few men will be *Peters*, in their *quick repentance*. When we are *well*, we swear we will not leave him, in our greatest *sickness*; but when our *sickness* comes, we forget our *vows*, and *stay*. When we meet with *blows*, that will force us, either to let go our hold of *God*, or our selves: Then we see, to which our *souls* will cleave the fastest, And, of this *tryal*, excellent is the *use* we may make. If we finde our *Faith* upon the *Test*, firm; it will be unto us, a perpetual *banquet*: If we finde it *dastardly starting* aside, knowing the *weakness*, we may strive to sinew it, with a stronger *nerve*. So that it ever is, either the assurance of our *happiness*, or the way whereby we may finde it. Without this *confidence* in a *power* that is always able to aid us, we *wander*, both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelity* is the cause of all our *woes*, the *ground* of all our *sins*. Not trusting *God*, we discontent our selves with *fears* and *solicitations*: and to cure these, we run into *prohibited paths*. *Unworthy earthen worm!* that canst think *God* of so un-noble a nature, as that he will suffer such to *want*, as with a *dutiful endeavour* do depend upon him. It is not usual with *Man*, to be so base. And canst thou believe, that most *Heroical* and *Omnipotent Infiniteness* of his, will abridge a *follower* of such poor *toyes*, as the *accoutrements* of this life are? Can a *Deity* be inhumane? Or can he that grasps the unemptied *provisions* of the *world* in his hand, be a niggard to his *sons*, unless he sees it for their *good* and *benefit*? Nay, couldst thou that readest this (whatsoever thou art) if thou hadst but a *Sereptan widows Cruse of Gold*, couldst thou let a diligent and affectionate *servant*, that ever waited on thee, want necessaries? Couldst thou endure to see him shamed in



in disgracing rags; nipt to a benumbing, with the *Icy thumbs* of *winter*; complaining for want of *sustenance*; or neglected in the times of *sickness*? I appeal to thy inward and more noble *acknowledgement*; I know, thou could'st not. O *perverse thought of perverted man*! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canst want such things as these from so unbounded a *bounty* as his is? Serve him, and but *believe*; and upon my soul, he will never fail thee, for what is most *convenient*, O my *God*! my *Refuge*, my *Altar*, and my *souls Anchor*: I beg that I may but *serve* thee, and *depend upon* thee: I need not beg *supply* to the other two, thou givest that without asking. Thou knowest, for my self, my *souls* wishes are not for a *vast abundance*. If ever I should wish a *plenty*; it should be for my *friends*, not me. I care not to *abound* in *abounding*; and I am perswaded, I shall never *want*; not *necessaries*, not *conveniencies*. Let me finde my *heart* dutiful, and my *faith* upon trial stedfast: and I am sure these will be *ground* enough for sufficient *happines*s, while I live here.

## XII.

*That a wise Man may gain by any Company.*

**A**S there is no *Book* so poorly furnished, out of which a man may not gather something for his *benefit*; so is there no *company* so savagely *bad*, but a wise man may from it learn something to make himself *better*. *Vice* is of such a *toady complexion*, that she cannot chuse but teach the *soul* to hate: So loathsome, when she's seen in her own ugly *dress*: that, like a man fallen in a pit before us, she gives us warning to avoid the *danger*. So admirably hath *God* disposed of the wayes of *Man*; that even the *sight of Vice* in others, is like a *Warning-arrow* shot, for us to take heed. When she thinks by publishing of her self, to procure a *train*; *God*, by his secret working, makes her turn her *weapons* against her self: and strongly plead for her *Adversary*, *Vertue*. Of which take *Balaam* for a type: who intending to *curse* the *Israelites*, had enforced  *blessings*, put in his dissenting *tongue*. We are wrought to *good* by *contraries*. *Foul acts, keep Vertue from the charms of Vice*. Says *Horace*,

— *Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me,*  
*Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum queque notando.*  
*Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque*  
*Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi ipse parasset:*  
*Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius? utque*  
*Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem*  
*Perdere quis velit. At turpi meretricis amore*  
*Quum deterreret, Sectani dissimilis sis.*

— *Sic me*

*Formabat puerum dictis.* —

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— Thus my best *Father* taught  
 Me to flye *Vice*; by noting those were naught  
 When he would charge me thrive, and sparing be,  
 Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:  
 See't not how ill young *Albus* lives? how low  
 Poor *Barrus*? Sure, a weighty *Item*, how  
 One spent his means. And when he meant to strike  
 A hate to *whores*; To *Sectan* be not like.

— thus me a childe  
 He with his Precepts fashion'd —

I confesse, I do not learn to *correct faults* in my *self*, by any thing more, than by seeing how uncomely they appear in *others*. Who can but think what a *naughty Beast* he is in *drunkenness*, that hath seen how noysome it hath made another? How like a *ruined top*, *sponged*, even to the cracking of a *skin*? Who will not abhor a *choleric passion*, and a *savvy pride* in himself; that sees how *ridiculous* and *contemptible* they render those, that are infested with them? Why should I be so besottedly blinde, as to believe, others should not spy those *vices* in *me*, which I can see, when they do disclose in *them*? *Virtue* and *Vice*, whensoever they come to *act*, are both margin'd with a pointing *finger*; but in the *intent*, the difference is much: when 'tis set against *Virtue*, it betokens then *respect* and *worth*: but against *Vice*, 'tis set in *scorn*, and for *aversion*. Though the *bad man* be the worse, for having *Vice* in his *eye*: yet the *good man* is the better, for all that he sees, is *ill*. 'Tis certain, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (unless it be in matters *wholly religious*) can be the absolute *guides* of the true *wise man*. 'Tis only a *knowing*, and a *practical judgment* of his own, that can direct him in the *maze of life*: in the *labyrinth of the world*: in the *twitches* and the *twirls of Fate*. The other may help us something in the *general*; but cannot be sufficient in *particulars*. *Mans* life is like a *State*, still casual in the *future*. No man can leave his *Successor* rules for *severals*; because he knows not how the *times* will be. He that lives always by *Book-rules*, shall draw himself *affected*, and a *fool*. I will do that which I see comely, (so it be not dishonest) rather than what a *grave Philosopher* commands me to the contrary. I will *take* what I see is fitly good from *any*: but I think there was never any one *man*, that liv'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things I may go beyond him. We feed not the *body*, with the food of one *dish* only: nor does the *sedulous Eec*, *thrive* all her *thighs* from one *Flowers* single *vertues*. She takes the best from *many*; and together, she makes them serve: not without working that to *honey*, which the *putrid Spider* would convert to *poysen*. Thus should the *wise* mando. But, even by this, he may better learn to love the *good*, than avoid that which is *offensive*. Those that are thoroughly arted in *Navigation*, do as well know the *Coasts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flaws*, the *Sands*, the *Shallows*, and the *Rocks*;

as the *secure depths*, in the most *unperillous Channel*. So, I think, those that are *perfect men* (I speak of *perfection* since the fall) must as well know *bad*, that they may *abtrude* it; as the *good*, that they may *embrace*. And this *knowledge* we can neither have so *cheap*, or so *certain*, as by seeing it in others, with a *pitiful dislike*, Surely we shall know *Vertue* the better, by seeing that, which is not *she*. If we could pass the world, without meeting *Vice*: then the knowledge of *Vertue* only were sufficient. But 'tis not possible to live, and not encounter her. *Vice* is as a *God* in this world: whither can we go to fly it? It hath an *ubiquity*, and *ruleth* too. I wish no man to know it, either by *use*, or by *intrusion*: but being unwittingly cast upon it, let him observe, for his own more safe direction. Thou art *happy*, when thou mak'st another mans *vices* steps for thee, to climb to *Heaven* by. The wise *Physitian* makes the *poysen* medicinable. Even the *mud* of the world, by the industrious *Hollander* is turned to an useful *fuel*. If I light on *good company*, it shall either induce me to a *new good*, or confirm me in my liked *old*. If I light on *bad*, I will, by considering their dull *stains*, either *correct* those *faults* I have, or *shun* those that I might have. As the *Mariner* that hath *Sea-room*, can make any *wind* serve to set him forward, in his wished *voyage*: so a *wise-man* may take advantage from *any company*, to set himself forward to *Vertues Religion*. *Vice* is subtil, and weaving, for her own preferment: why should not *Vertue* be plotting for *hers*! It requires as much *policy* to grow *good*, as *great*. There is an *innocential providence*, as well as the slyness of a *vulpine craft*. There are *vices* to be *displac'd*; that would stop us, in the way of our *Rise*. There are parties to be made on our side; *good Memento's*, to uphold us when we are declining, through the private *lists* of our *unjust maligners*. There is a *King* to be pleased; that may protect us against the shock of the *envious Plebeians*: the reigning humours of the *time*, that plead *custom*, and not *reason*. We must have *Intelligencers* abroad, to learn what practices, *Sins*, (our *Enemies*) have on foot against us: and beware what *suits* we entertain, lest we dishonour our selves in their grant. Every *good man* is a *Leiger* here for *Heaven*: and he must be wise and circumspect, to vain the sleek *navations* of those, that would undo him. And, as those that are so for the Kingdoms of *Earth*, will gain something from all *Societies* that they fall upon: So, those that are for this *higher Empire*; may gather something beneficial, from all that they shall converse with; either for *prevention*, or *confirmation*: either to *strengthen themselves*, or *confound their opposers*.

## XIII.

## Of Man's unwillingness to dye.

What should make us all so unwilling to dye, when yet we know, till death, we cannot be accounted happy? Is it sweetness

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we finde in this *lifes solaces*? Is there pleasure in the *lulbious blood*? Is it the *horrou*, or the *pain*, that doth in *Death* affright us? Or, is it our *fear*, and doubt of what shall become of us after? Or, is it the *guilt* of our mis-guided souls, already condemning us, by the pre-apprehension of a *future punishment*? If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I should think there were something more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, than yet we do imagine. But, I find one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can be willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly leave *this world*, as the wise man, being old, can forbear the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth seem no more than a *blood-letting*: and these, I finde, are of the sort of men, which we generally do esteem for *wise*.—Every man, in the *Play* of this world, besides an *Actor*, is a *Spectator* too: when 'tis *new begun*, with him, (that is, in his *youth*) it promiseth so much, that he is loth to *leave* it: when it grows to the middle, the *Act* of *virility*, then he sees the *Scenes* grow thick, and fill, he would gladly understand the *end*: but, when that draws near, and he findes what that will be; he is then content to *depart*, and leave his room to *succeeders*. Nay, many times, while before this, he considers, that 'tis all as it were *delusion*, and a *dream*, and passeth away as the *consumed dew*, or as the sound of a *Bell* that is *rung*; he then grows weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *dislike of it self*. Oh the un-fetled *conceit of Man*! that seeking after *quiet*, findes his *unrest* the more: that knows neither what *he is*, nor what he *shall be*! We are like men benighted in a *wilderness*: we wander in the tread of several *paths*: we try one, and presently finde another is more *likely*: we follow that, and meet with more, that *cross* it: and while we are distracted about these various *wayes*, the fierce *Beast*, *Death*, devours us. I finde two sorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of *Death*. One lives in a *full joy* here: he *sings*, and *revels*, and *pleasants* his *spleen*, as if his *harvest* were perpetual; and the whole *worlds* face fashioned to a *posture*, laughing upon him. And this man would do any thing, rather than *dye*: whereby he tells us, (though his tongue expresse it not) that *he expects a worse estate hereafter*. Another lives hardly here, with a heavy *heart*, furrowing of a mournful *face*: as if, like the *Beast*, he were yeaned into the world, only to act a *sad mans* part, and *dye*: and this *man* seeks *Death*, and misses him; intimating, that he expects a *better condition* by *Death*: for 'tis sure, *Natura semper in meliorem tendit*: Nature ever aims at better; nor would she with a change, if she did not think it a benefit. Now, what do these two tell us? but that there is both a *misery*, and a *joy* attending *Man*, when he is vanish hence. The like is shewed by the *good man*, and the *bad*: one avoiding what the other would wish; at least not *refuse*, upon offer. For the *good man* I must reckon with the *wise*; as one that equally can *dye*, or *live*. He knows, while he is here, *God* will protect him; and when he goes hence, *God* will receive him. I borrow it from the *Father*:

Non

*Non ita vixi, ut me vixisse pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum.* I have not so liv'd, as I should be ashamed: nor fear I to dye, for God is merciful. Certainly, we are never at quiet, in any thing long, till we have conquered the fear of death. Every spectacle of Mortality terrifies, Every casual danger affrights us. Into what a dump, did the sight of Cyrus Tomb, strike the most noble Alexander? It comes, like an arrest of Treason in a Jollity: blasts us, like a Lightning-flash, and like a Ring put into our Noses, checks us in the frisks and levaltoes of our dancing blood. Fear of death kills us often, when Death it self, can do it but once. I love therefore, the saying of the dying Emperour Julian, *He that would not dye when he must, and he that would dye when he must not, are both of them Cowards alike.* That which we know we must do, once; why should we be afraid to do it at any time? What we cannot do till our time comes, why should we seek to do it before? I like the man that can dye willingly, whensoever God would have him dye; and that can live as willingly, whensoever God would have him not to dye. To fear Death much, argues an evil man; at best a man that is weak. How brave did Socrates appear, when he told the Athenians they could do nothing; but what Nature had ordain'd, before them, condemn him to dye? How unmovedly did he take his poyson? as if he had been drinking of a Glory to the Deity. Into what a trepidation of the soul, does fear decline the Coward? how it drowns the head in the intrembled bosom? But the Spanish Tragick tells us.

*Qui vultus Acherontis atrī,  
Qui Styga tristem, non tristis videt,  
Audetque vitæ ponere finem,  
Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.*

He that smiling can gaze on  
Styx, and black-wav'd Acheron;  
That dares brave his ruine; he  
To Kings, to Gods, shall equal be.

'Tis a Fathers sentence, *Nihil est in morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vita commisit:* Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. He that hath liv'd well, will be seldom unwilling to dye. Death is much facilitated, by the vertues, of a well-led life. To say the good man fears not God, I think may be good Divinity. Faith approaches Heaven with confidence. Aristippus told the Sayers, that wondered why he was not, as well as they, afraid in the storm; that the odds was much: for, they feared the torments due to a wicked life; and he expected the rewards of a good one. Vice draws Death with a horrid look, with a whip, and flames, and terrors. It was cold comfort Diogenes gave a lewd liver; that banisht, complain'd he should dye in a forreign soyl; Be of good cheer, man, wheresoever thou art, the way to Hell is the same. I confesse, take a man, as Nature hath made him, and there is some reason why he should fear Death; because

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cause he knows not what it *will do* with him. What he findes here, he *sees*, and *knows*; what he shall finde after *death*, he knoweth not. And no man, but would rather continue in a *moderate delight*, which he knows; than indure *pain*, to be delivered to *incertainties*. I would *live*, till God would have me *dye*: and then, I would *do* it without either *fear* or *grudging*. It were a shame for me, being a *Christian*, and believing *Heaven*, to be *afraid* of removing from *Earth*. In *resolving* thus, I shall *triumph* over other *casualties*. All things that we *fear* here, we *fear* as *steps*, that descend us towards our *Graves*, towards *Infamy*, and *Deprivation*. When we get the *victory* over this great *terror*; all the small ones are *conquered* in it. Great *Cities* once *expurged*, the *Dorpes*, and *Villages* will soon come in of *themselves*.

## XIV.

## Of the Worship of Admiration.

W<sup>H</sup>atsoever is *rare*, and *passionate*, carries the *soul* to the thought of *Eternity*. And, by *contemplation*, gives it some *glympses* of more absolute *perfection*, than here 'tis *capable* of. When I see the *Royalty* of a *State-show*, at some unwonted *solemnity*, my thoughts *present* me something, more *royal* than this. When I see the most *inchanting* beauties, that *Earth* can shew me; I yet think, there is something far more *glorious*: methinks I see a kinde of higher *perfection*, peeping through the *frailty* of a *face*. When I hear the *ravishing-strains* of a *sweet-tuned voyce*, married to the *warbles* of the *artful* Instrument; I apprehend by this a higher *Diapason*: and do almost believe, I hear a little *Deity* whispering, through the *pory substance* of the *tongue*. But, this I can but *grope* after. I can neither *finde*, nor *say*, what it is. When I read a *rarely sententious man*, I admire him, to my own *impatency*. I cannot read some parts of *Seneca*, above two leaves together. He raises my *soul* to a *contemplation*, which sets me a *thinking*, on more, than I can *imagine*. So I am forced to cast him by, and *subside* to an *admiration*. Such *effects* works *Poetry*, when it looks to tousing *Vertues*. It gives up a man to *raptures*; and *inradiates* the *soul*, with such high *apprehensions*: that all the *glories* which this *world* hath, hereby appear, *contemptible*. Of which the soft-soul'd *Ovid* gives a touch, when he complains the *want*.

*Impetus illè Sacer, qui vatam Pectora nutrit,  
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

That Sacred vigor, which had wont, alone,  
To flame the *Poets* noble brest, is gone.

But this is, when these *excellencies* incline to *gravity*, and *seriousness*. For otherwise, light *airs* turn us into *sprightful actions*; which breathe away in a loose *laughter*, not leaving half that *impression* behind them, which serious *considerations* do. As if *Mirth* were the  
*excel-*

*excellency* for the *body*, and *meditation* for the *soul*. As if one were, for the *contentment* of his *life*; and the other, *eying* to that of the *life* to *come*. All *endeavours* aspire to *Eminency*; all *Eminencies* do beget an *Admiration*: And, this makes me believe, that *contemplative Admiration*, is a large part of the *worship* of the *Deity*. 'Tis an *adoration*, purely, of the *Spirit*: a more *sublime* bowing of the *soul* to the *God-head*. And this is it, which that *Homer* of *Philosophers* avowed, could bring a man to *perfect happiness*, if to his *Contemplation* he joyned a constant *Imitation* of *God*, in *Justice*, *wisdom*, *Holiness*. Nothing can carry us so near to *God*, and *Heaven*, as this. The *minde* can walk, beyond the *sight* of the *eye*; and (though in a *cloud*) can lift us into *Heaven*, while we live. *Meditation* is the *souls Perspective Glass*: whereby, in her long *remove*, she discerneth *God*, as if he were nearer hand. I perswade no man to make it his whole *lifes* business. We have *bodies*, as well as *souls*. And even this *world*, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those *States* are likely to *flourish*, where *execution* follows sound *advise-ments*: So is *Man*, when *contemplation* is seconded by *action*. *Contemplation* generates; *Action* propagates. Without the first, the latter is *defective*. Without the last, the first is but *abortive*, and *embryous*. Saint *Bernard* compares *contemplation* to *Rachel*, which was the more *fair*: but *action* to *Leah*, which was the more *fruitful*. I will neither alwayes be *busie*, and *doing*: nor ever *shut up* in nothing but *thoughts*. Yet, that which some would call *Idleness*, I will call the *sweetest part* of my *life*: and, that is, my *Thinking*. Surely, *God* made so many *varieties* in his *creatures*, as well for the *inward soul*, as the *outward senses*; though he made them *primarily*, for his own *free-will*, and *Glory*. He was a *Monk* of an *honest age*, that being asked how he could indure that *life*, without the *pleasure* of *books*, answered: The *Nature* of the *Creatures* was his *Library*: wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon *Gods deep Oracles*.

## XV.

## Of Fame.

IT may seem *strange*, that the whole *world* of *men*, should be carried on with an *earnest desire* of a *noble Fame*, and *Memory* after their *deaths*: when yet we know it is not *material*, to our *well*, or *ill* being. what *cenfures*, pass upon us. The *tongues* of the *living*, avail nothing, to the *good*, or *hurt*, of those that *lie* in their *graves*. They can neither adde to their *pleasure*, nor yet diminish their *torment*, if they finde any. My *account* must pass upon my own *actions*, not upon the *reports* of others. In vain men labour'd, to *approve* themselves to *goodness*, if the *Palaces* which *Virtue* rears, could be *unbuilt* by the *taxes* of a *wounding tongue*. *False witnesses* can never finde *admission*, where the *God* of *Heaven* sits *judging*. There is no *Common Law* in the

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the *New Jerusalem*. There *Truth* will be received, though either *Plantiffe* or *Defendant*, speaks it. Here we may *article* against a man, by a *common fame*: and by the *frothy buzze* of the *world*, cast away the blood of *Innocents*. But *Heaven* proceeds not after such *incertainties*. The *single man* shall be believed in *truth*, before all the *bumming* of *successive Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Advocate*, but *Truth*, shall be *admitted*? *Fame*, shall there be *excluded*, as a lying *witness*: though here, there is nothing which we do *possess*, which we reckon of an equal *value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleasure*, our *lives*, will not all hold *weight* against it, when this comes in *competition*. Nay, when we are *circled* round with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *constant friend*, takes us by the hand, and cheers us, against all our *miseres*. When *Philip* ask't *Democritus*, if he did not fear to lose his *head*, he answer'd no; for if he did, the *Athenians* would give him one *immortal*. He should be *Statued*, in the *treasury* of *eternal fame*. See if it were not *Ovids comforter*, in his *Banishment*.

————— *Nil non mortale tenemus,*  
*Pectoris exceptis, ingeniique bonis.*  
*En ego, cum patria, caream, vobisque, demoque :*  
*Raptaque sint, adimi que potuere mihi ;*  
*Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorque frorque :*  
*Cesar, in hoc potuit juris habere nihil,*  
*Quilibet hanc sevo vitam mihi finiat ense ;*  
*Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.*

————— All that we hold will dye,  
 But our brave thoughts, and Ingenuity.  
 Even I that want my Countrey, House, and Friend :  
 From whom is ravi'd t, all that Fate can rend ;  
 Possess yet my own *Genius*, and enjoy  
 That which is more, than *Cesar* can destroy.  
 Each Groom may kill me : but whens'ere I dye,  
 My *Fame* shall live to mate *Eternity*.

*Plutarch* tells us of a *poor Indian*, that would rather endure a *doom- ing to death*, than *shoot* before *Alexander*, when he had *discontinued*; left by *shooting* ill, he should marr the *Fame* he had gotten. Doubtless, even in this, *Man* is ordered by a *power* above him; which hath *instincted* in the mindes of all men, an ardent *appetition* of a lasting *Fame*. Desire of *Glory*, is the last *garment*, that, even *wise men*, lay aside. For this, you may trust *Tacitus*, *Etiam sapientibus, Cupido glorie, novissima exuitur*, Not, that it *better* himself, being *gone*; but that it *stirs* up, those that *follow* him, to an *earnest Endeavour* of *Noble Actions*; which is the only *means*, to win the *fame* we wish for. *Themistocles* that *streamed* out his *youth*, in *wine*, and *venery*; and was *sodainly changed*, to a *vertuous*, and *valiant* man, told one, that ask't what did so *strangely change* him: that, the *Trophy* of *Miltiades* would



would not let him sleep. *Tamberlain* made it his practice, to read often the *Heroick deeds* of his own *Progenitors*; not as *boasting* in them: but as *glorious examples* propounded, to intire his *Vertues*. Surely, nothing awakes our *sleeping vertues*, like the *Noble Acts* of our *Predecessors*. They are flaming *Beacons*, that *Fame*, and *Time*, have set on *Hills*, to call us to a defence of *Vertue*; whensoever *Vice* invades the *Commonwealth* of *Man*. Who can indure to *skulk* away his life in an idle *corner*, when he has means, and finds how *Fame* has blown about *deserving names*? *Worth* begets in weak and base minds, *Envy*: but in those that are *Magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Roman* vertue, made *Roman* vertues, *lasting*. Brave men never dye; but like the *Phoenix*: From whose *preserved ashes*, one, or other, still doth *spring* up, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader* make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many constant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confess, I finde more eagerly pursued by the *Heathen*, than by the *Christians* of these times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *soul* to us: A strong *Reason*, to perswade to *worthiness*. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them *sacrifice* their lives to that, which they *esteem'd* above their lives, their *Fame*. *Christians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledge*, causes them to give but a *secondary* respect to *Fame*; there being no *reason*, why we should *neglect* that, whereon all our future *happinefs* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and *empty air*. *Vertue* were a kind of *miserie*, if *Fame* only were all the *Garland*, that did *crown* her. *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toils* of industrious *Man*. This follows him but on *Earth*, in *Heaven* is laid up a more *Noble*, more *Essential* recompense. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that *springs* from good *actions*, I must think, he that *loves* that, *loveth* also that which *causeth* it, *worthiness*. In others; I will honour the *Fame*, for the *deserving deeds* which caused it. In my self, I will *respect* the *actions*, that may *merit* it. And, though for my own *benefit*, I will not much seek it: yet, I shall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others; that they may go *beyond* me, I will, if I can, tread the *path* which leads to't. If I find it, I shall think it a *blessing*: if not, my endeavour will be enough for *discharging* my self within, though I *miss* it. *God* is not bound to *reward* me any way; if he *accepts* me, I may count it a *mercy*. The other I will not look for. I like him, that does things that deserve a *Fame*, without either *search* or *caring* for it. *Christ*, after many *miraculous cures*, injoyed his *patients* silence; perhaps to *check* the *world*, for the too too *violent quest*, of this *vacuum*. For a mean *man* to *thirst* for a mighty *fame*, is a kind of fond *ambition*. Can we think a *Mouse* can cast a *shadow* like an *Elephant*? Can the *sparrow* look for a *train* like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*; and such as for their parts, are the *Glories* of *Humaniety*: Good ones may *crown* the *private*. The same *fire* may be in the *waxen Taper*, which is in the *flaved Torch*; but 'tis not *equal* either in *quantity*, or *advancement*. Let the world speak well of me, and I will

never care, though it does not speak much. *Check thy self, thou Air-monger; that with a madding thought, thus chasest fleeting shadows. Love substances, and rest thy self content with what Boetius tels thee:*

*Quicumque solam, mente praecipiti, petit  
Sammumque credit, Gloriam:  
Latè patentès, atheris cernat plagas,  
Arctumque terrarum-situm.  
Breve replete non valentis ambitum,  
Pudebit aucti nominis.*

He that thirsts for Glorious prize,  
Thinking that, the top of all:  
Let him view th' expanded skies,  
And the Earth's contracted Ball.  
He'l be ashamed then, that the name he wan,  
Fils not the short walk, of one healthful man.

## XVI.

*Of the choice of Religion.*

**V**ariety, in any thing, *distracteth the mind*, and leaves it *waving* in a *dubious trouble*; and then, how easie is it to *sway the mind* to either side? But, among all the *diversities* that we meet with, *none* trouble us more, than those that are of *Religion*. 'Tis *rare* to find two *Kingdoms* one; as if every *Nation* had (if not a *God*, yet at least) a *way* to *God* by it self. This *stumbles* the *unsettled soul*; that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of *erring*, sticks to none; so *dies*, ere he does that, for which he was made to *live*, the *service of the true Almighty*. We are born as *men* set down in the midst of a *wood*; circled round with several *voyses* calling us. At first, we see not, which will *lead* us the right *way* out; so divided in our selves, we sit still, and follow none: remaining *blind* in a flat *Atheism*, which strikes deep at the *foundation*, both of our *own*, and the whole worlds *happinefs*. 'Tis true, if we let our *dimmed understanding* search in these *varieties* (which yet is the only *means*, that we have in our selves, to do it with) we shall certainly lose our selves in their *windings*; there being in every of them something to *believe*, above that *reason* which leads us to the *search*. *Reason* gives us the *Anatomy* of things, and *illustrates* with a great deal of *plainness*, all the *ways* that she goes: but her *line* is too short, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. *Religion* carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Soveraignty*, awes the inquisitive *tongue* of *Nature*; and when she would *murmur* privately, she will not let her *speak*. *Reason*, like a mild *Prince*, is content to shew his *Subjects* the causes of his *commands*, and *rule*. *Religion*, with a *higher strain* of *Majesty*, bids do it, without inquiring further then the *bare command*: which, without doubt, is a means of procuring mighty *reverence*.

*reverence*. What we know not, we *reverently admire*; what we do know, is in a sort subject to the triumphs of the *soul*, that hath discovered it. And, this *not knowing*, makes us not able to judge. Every one tells us, his own is the truest: and there is none, I think, but hath been *seal'd* with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how we may more than *probably*, prove any: they being all set in such *heights*, as they are not *subject* to the *demonstrations* of *Reason*. And as we may easier say what a *soul* is not, than what it is: so we may more easily disprove a *Religion* for *false*, than prove it for one that is *true*: There being in the *world*, far more *Error*, than *Truth*. Yet is there besides, another *miser*, near as great as this; and that is, that we cannot be our own *chusers*: but must take it upon *trust*, from others. Are we not oft, before we can discern the *true*, brought up and grounded in the *false*, sucking in *Heresie*, with our milk in *childhood*? Nay, when we come to years of *abler judgment*, wherein the mind is grown up *complete Man*: we examine not the soundness; but retain it meerly, because our Fathers taught it us. What a lamentable *weakness* is this in Man, that he should build his *Eternal welfare*, on the *approbation* of perhaps a weak and ignorant *Parent*? Oh! why is our *neglect* the most, in that, wherein our care should be *greatest*? How few are there which fulfil that *Precept* of trying all *things*, and taking the *best*? Assuredly though *Faith* be above *Reason*, yet is there a *Reason* to be given of our *Faith*. He is a *Fool* that believes he knows neither *what*, nor *why*. Among all the *Diversities of Religion*, that the *world* holds, I think it may stand with most safety, to take that, which makes most for *Gods glory*, and *Mans quiet*. I confess, in all the *Treatises of Religion* that I ever saw, I find none that I should so soon follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I never found so sound a *Foundation*, so sure a *direction* for *Religion*, as the *Song of the Angels* at the *Birth of Christ*; *Glory be to God on high*. There is the *Honour*, the *reverend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the *Adoration*, which we ought to give him. *On earth peace*: This is the *effect* of the former; working in the *hearts of men*, whereby the *world* appears in his noblest *beauty*, being an entire *chain of inter-mutual amity*. And *good will toward men*: This is *Gods mercy*, to *reconcile Man* to himself, after his fearful *desertion* of his *Maker*. Search all *Religions* the *world* through, and you will finde none that ascribes so much to *God*, nor that *constitutes* so firm a love among Men, as does the *establish'd Doctrine* of the *Protestant Church* among us. All other either *detract* from *God*: Or *infringe* the *Peace of Men*. The *Jews* in their *Talmud* say, Before *God* made this, he made many other *worlds*, and marr'd them again; to keep himself from *Idleness*. The *Turks* in their *Alchoran* bring him in, *discouraging* with the *Angels*, and they telling him, of things which before he knew not: and after, they make him *swear* by *Mahomets Pen*, and *Lines*; and by *Figgs*, and *Olives*. The *Papists* *pourtray* him as an *old Man*; and by this means, *dis-despise* him, *derogating* also from his *Royalty*, by their odious *interposing* of *meant*. And for the *Society* of men; what bloody *Tenents* do they all hold?

as, That he deserves not the *name* of *Rabbi*, that hates not his Enemy to the death. That 'tis no *sin* to *revenge injuries*: That 'tis *meritorious* to kill a *Heretick*, with whom no *faith* is to be kept: Even to the ungluing of the whole *worlds frame*; Contexted only, by *Commerce*, and *Contracts*. What abhorred *barbarisms* did *Selymus* leave in *Prescept*, to his Successor *Solyman*? which, though I am not certain they were ratified, by their *Mufties*; I am sure, are practiced by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire*. By this *taste*, learn to *detect* them all.

*Ne putet esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem:*

*Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.*

*Jura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo superfit*

*Æmulus, haud turbent religione animum.*

*Hæc ratio est, quæ sola queat regale tueri*

*Nomen, & expertem te sinit esse metus.*

Think not thy kindreds murder ill, 'tis none:

By thy slain brothers, to secure thy Throne.

Law, Faith, Religion, while no Rivals aim

Thy ruine, may be practic'd, else they maim.

This is the way, how kingly names may be

Infam'd, and from distractivè terrors free.

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond *opinions* have they held of their *Gods*? reviling with unseemly *threats*, when their affairs have *thwarted* them. As if allowing them the *name*, they would conserve the *Numen* to themselves. In their *sacrifices*, how *Butcherly* cruel? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appease the *wrath* of an offended *Deity*. The *Religion* which we now profess, establisheth all in another *strain*. What makes more for *Gods glory*? what makes more for the *mutual love* of *Man*, than the *Gospel*? All our *abilities* of good, we offer to *God*, as the *Fountain* from whence they *stream*. Can the *day* be *light*, and that *light* not come from the *Sun*? Can a *Clock* go, without a *weight* to move it, or a *Keeper* to set it? As for *Man*: it teaches him to tread on *Cottons*, mild's his wilder *temper*: and learns him in his *patience*, to affect his *Enemies*. And for that which doth partake on both: it makes *Just God*, a friend to *unjust man*, without being *unjust*, either to himself, or *Man*. Sure, it could be no other, then the *Invention* of a *Deity*, to find out a *way*, how *Man*, that had *justly* made himself *unhappy*, should, with a full *satisfaction* to exactest *Justice*, be made again most *happy*. I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his *Religion* upon others words: but once resolved in it, 'tis dangerous to *neglect*, where we know we do owe a *service*,

*Dii multa neglecti dederunt,*

*Hesperie mala luctuose.*

God neglected, plenteously

Plagued mournful *Italy*.

And this, before *Horace his time*; when *God is neglected of Man*; *Man* shall

shall be *contemned of God*. When *Man* abridgeth *God* of his *honour*; *God* will shorten *Man* of his *happiness*. It cannot but be best, to give all to *him*, of whom whatsoever we have, we hold. I believe it *safest* to take that *Religion*, which most *magnifies God*, and makes most, for the *peaceable conversation of men*. For, as we cannot *ascribe* too much to *him*, to whom we owe more then we can *ascribe*: so I think the most splendid *estate of Man*, is that, which comes nearest to his first *Creation*: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleasant *embracements of mutual love*, and *concord*.

## XVII.

## Of Petitions and Denials.

**D**enials in *suits*, are *Reprehensions*, to him that asketh. We seem thereby to tell him, that he craves *that*, which is not *convenient*, so errs from that *station*, he should rest in. In our *demands*, we uncover our own *desires*; in the answers we receive, we gather how we are *affected*. Beware what thou askest; and beware what thou *deniest*. For if *discretion* guide thee not, there is a great deal of *danger* in both. We often, by one request, open the *windows* of our *heart* wider, then all the *indeavours* of our *observers* can. 'Tis like *giving* of a man our hand in the *dark*; which directs him better where we are, then either our *voyce*, or his own *search* may. If we give *repulses*, we are presently held in *suspicion*; and *insearched* for the cause: which if it be found trenching on *discourtesie*; *Love* dyes and *Revenge* springs from the *ashes*. To a *friend* therefore, a man never ought to give a rough *denial*: but alwayes, either to grant him his *request*, or an able *reason* why we *condescend* not; by no means suffering him to go away *unsatisfied*: For that, ever leaves *fire*, to kindle a *succeeding jarr*. *Deny* not a just *suit*; nor *prefer* thou one, that is *unjust*: Either, to a wise man, stamps unkindness in the *Memory*. I confess, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*; so 'tis *harsh* to be *denyed*. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither *beg injurious* favours, nor be *importunate*; and when thou beest to receive of such, grate not too much on a yielding *friend*; though thou maist have thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a *loser* in the *sequel*. Those that are readily daunted upon a *repulse*, I would with first to try by *circumstances*, what may be the speed of their *suit*. 'Tis easier to bear *collected unkindness*, than that which we meet in *affronts*: the one we may wrap to death in a still *silence*; the other we must, for *honours* sake, take notice on. For this cause, 'twill be best, never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability of obtaining*. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest petit*: When we ask what is not likely to be had, before we ask, we give our selves the *denial*. All *Questions* are the *mints* for *worser Answers*. Our *refusal* is deservedly, while our *demands* are either *unfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought we to be offended with any but our *selves*, when we have in such *requests*, transgressed the bounds

bounds of *modesty* : though in some I have known the denial of *one* favour, drowning the memory of *many* fore-performed ones. To think ill of any man, for not giving me that, which he needs not, is *injustice* : but for *that*, to blot out *former benefits*, is *extreme ingratitude*. The good *mans* thanks for *old favours*, live, even in the *blows of injury*. Why should a *disfounted unkindness* make me ingrate for *wonted benefits* ? I like not those *dispositions*, that can either *make unkindnesses*, and *remember them* : or unmake *favours*, and *forget them*. For all the *favours* I receive, I will be thankful, though I meet with a stop. The *failing of one*, shall not make me neglectful of *many* : no, not though I find *upbraiding* ; which yet hath this effect, that it makes *that an injury*, which was before a *benefit*. Why should I, for the *abortion of one child*, kill all the *elder issue* ? Those *favours* that I can do, I will not do for *thanks*, but for *Nobleness*, for *Love* ; and that with a free *expression*. *Grumbling* with a *benefit*, like a *hoarse voice*, mars the *musick* of the *song* : Yet, as I will do none for *thanks* ; so I will receive none without *paying* them. For *Petitions* to others, I will never put up *undecent ones* ; nor will I, if I fail in those, either *vex my self*, or *distaste* too much the *denyer*. Why should I think he does me an *injury*, when he only but keeps his *own* ? I like *Padaretus* his mirth well, who when he could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and said, *He was heartily glad, that the Republicque had three hundred better men than himself*. I will neither importune too much upon *unwilling minds* ; nor will I be slow in yielding what I mean to give. For the first, with *Ovid*,

*Et pudet, & metuo, semperque eademque precari,  
Ne subeant animo tædia iusta tuo.*

I shall both fear and shame, too oft to pray,  
Lest urged *minds* to just *disdain* give way.

For the other ; I am confident, *Ausonius* gives good *counsel*, with *perswading* reasons :

*Si bene quid facias, facias citò : nam citò factum,  
Gratum erit ; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.*

Dispatch thy purpos'd good : quick *courteous deeds* ,  
Cause *thanks* : slow *favour*, men unthankful breeds.

## XVIII.

## Of Poverty.

**T**He poverty of the *poor man*, is the least part of his *misery*. In all the storms of *Fortune*, he is the first that must stand the shock of *extremity*. *Poor men* are *perpetual Sentinels*, watching in the depth of *night*, against the incessant assaults of *want* ; while the *rich* lye stoved in *secure repeses* : and compass'd with a large *abundance*. If the *Land* be ruffled with a *bloudless Famine* ; are not the *poor* the first that *sacrifice* their lives to *Hunger* ? If *War* thunders in the trembling *Countries*

lap, are not the *poor* those that are exposed to the *Enemies Sword* and *outrage*? If the *Plague*, like a *loaded sponge*, flies, sprinkling *poysen* through a *populous Kingdom*; the *poor* are the *fruit* that are shaken from the burthen'd *Tree*: while the *rich*, furnish'd with the helps of *Fortune*, have means to wind out themselves, and turn these sad indurances on the *poor*, that cannot avoid them. Like salt *marshes*, that lye low; they are sure, whensoever the *sea* of this *World* rages, to be first under, and imbarren'd with a *fretting care*. Who like the *poor* are harrowed with *oppression*, ever subject to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightiness*? Continuall *care* checks the *spirit*; continuall *labour* checks the *body*; and continuall *insultation* both. He is like one rowled in a *Vessel* full of *Pikes*; which way soever he turns, he something finds that pricks him. Yet besides all these, there is another *transcendent misery*: and this is, that maketh men *contemptible*.

*Nil habet infelix, &c.*

Unhappy *want* hath nothing harder in it,  
Then that it makes men *scorn'd*. ———

As if the *poor man* were but *Fortunes Dwarf*; made lower then the rest of men, to be *laughed at*. The *Philosopher* (though he were the *same mind*, and the *same man*) in his *squallid rags*, could not find admission, when *better robes* procured both an open door and *reverence*. Though outward things can add nothing to our *essential worth*: yet, when we are judged on, by the help of others *outward senses*, they much conduce to our *value* or *dis-esteem*. A *Diamond* set in *brass*, would be taken for a *Crystal*, though it be not so, whereas a *Crystal* set in *Gold*, will by many be thought a *Diamond*. A *poor man wife*, shall be thought a *fool*; though he have nothing to condemn him, but his being *poor*: The complaint is as old as *Solomon*: *the wisdom of the poor is despised; and his words not heard*. *Poverty* is a *gulf*, wherein all good parts are swallowed. *Poor men*, though *wise*, are but like *Sattens* without a *gloss*; which every man will refuse to look upon. *Poverty* is a *reproach*, which clouds the lustre of the *purest vertue*. It turns the *wise man fool* to humour him that is a *fool*. *Good parts* in *Poverty*, shew like *beauty* after *sickness*; *pallid* and *pulingly deadish*. And if all these calamities be but *attendants*, what may we judge that she is in *herself*? Undoubtedly, whatsoever we preach of *contentedness in want*; no precepts can so gain upon *Nature*, as to make her a *Non-sensitive*. 'Tis impossible to find *content* in gnawing *penury*. Lack of things necessary, like a *heavy load*, and an *ill saddle*, is perpetually wringing of the back that bears it. Extream *poverty* one calls a *Lanthorn*, that lights us to all *miserics*. And without doubt, when 'tis urgent and importunate, it is ever chafing upon the very *heart of nature*. What pleasure can he have in life, whose whole *life* is griped by some or other *misfortune*? Living no time free, but that, wherein he does not live, his *sleep*. His *mind* is ever at jarre, either with *desire*, *fear*, *care*, or *sorrow*: his *appetite* unappeas'dly craving *supply of food*, for his *body*; which is either nummed with *cold*, in  
*idleness*;

*idleness*; or stew'd in *sweat*, with *labour*: nor can it be, but it will im-  
base even the purest *metal* in *man*: it will *Alchimy* the *gold* of *virtue*,  
and mix it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those  
*course wayes*, which another estate would scorn: nay, it will not suffer  
the *soul* to exercise that *generous freedom*, which equal *Nature* has gi-  
ven it; but hales it to such low *undecencies*, as pull *disdain* upon it.  
*Counsell* and *discretion*, either quite leave a man; or else are so limited,  
by unresistable *necessity*, as they lose the *brightness* they use to shine  
withall,

*Crede mihi miseros, prudentia prima reliquit,  
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.*

Believe it, *Wisdom* leaves the man distressed:  
With *wealth*, both *wit* and *counsell* quits the breast.

Certainly, *extreme poverty*, is worse then *abundance*. We may be  
*good* in *plenty*, if we *will*; in biting *penury* we cannot, though we  
would. In one, the danger is *casual*: in the other, 'tis *necessitating*. The  
*best* is that which *partakes* of *both*, and *consists* of *neither*. He that hath  
*too little*, wants *feathers* to *flie* withall: He that hath *too much*, is but  
cumbred with too large a *taile*. If a flood of *wealth* could profit us, it  
would be good to swim in such a *Sea*: but it can neither lengthen our  
*lives*, nor enrich us after the *end*. I am pleased with that *Epigram*,  
which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his *grave*.

*Effigiem, Rex Cræse, tuam, ditissime regum,  
Vidit apud Manes Diogenes Cynicus:  
Constitit utque procul, solito majore cachinno  
Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi divitiæ  
Nunc profunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cum sis  
Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior?  
Nam quæcumque habui, mecum fero, cum nihil ipse  
Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, feras opibus.*

When the *Tubb'd Cynick* went to *Hell*, and there,  
Found the pale *Ghost* of *golden Cræsus* bare,  
He stops, and jeering till he shruggs again,  
Says; O thou richest *King of Kings*, what gain  
Have all thy large heaps brought thee, since I spy  
Thee here alone, and poorer now then I?  
For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,  
Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little use does he make the *mines* of this same opulent man?  
Surely, *Estates* be then best, when they are likest *mindes* that be worst:  
I mean, neither *hot*, nor *cold*: neither distended with too *much*, nor  
narrowly pent with too *little*: yet nearer to a *plenty* then *want*. We  
may be at ease in a room *larger* then our selves: in a room that is *less*,  
we cannot. We need not use *more* then *will serve*: but we cannot use  
*less*. We see all things grow *violent*, and *struggle*, when we would im-  
prison



prison them in any thing *less* than themselves. *Fire*, shut up, is furious. *Exhalations* included, break out with *Thunder*. *Water* compressed, spurreth through the stretched *strainer*. 'Tis harder to contract *many grains* into *one*, then to cause many spring out of *one*. Where the *channel* is too little for the *floud*, who can wonder at the *over-flowing*?

*Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus,*

He is less guilty, that offends for want,

was the charity of *Petronius Arbitor*. There is not in the *world*, such another object of *pity*, as the *pinched state*; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants braves*, and *contempt*. Questionles, I will rather with *charity* help him that is *miserable*, as *I may be*; then despise him that is poor, as *I would not be*. They have flinty and steeled *hearts*, that can add *calamities* to him, that is already but one intire *maß*.

## XIX.

## Of the Evil in Man from himself, and occasions.

**T**IS not so much *want of good*, as *excess of ill*, that makes man post to lewdness. I believe there are *sparks* enow in the *soul*, to flame a man, to the moral life of *vertue*: but that they are quenched by the *putrid fogs of corruption*. As fruits of *hotter Countries*, transferr'd in *colder Climates*, have vigour enough in themselves to be *fructuous* according to their *nature*: but that they are hindred by the *chilling nips* of the *air*, and the *soil*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *soul* hath the *reliqu'd Impressa's* of *Divine Vertue* still so left within her, as she would mount her self to the *Towre of Nobleness*, but that she is depressed, by an unpassable *Thicket* of hindrances; the *frailties* of the *Body*; the *current* of the *world*; and the *Armies* of *Enemies* that continually war against *goodness*, are ever checking the *production* of those *motions*, she is pregnant with. When we run into *new crimes*, how we school our selves when the *act* is over? as if *Conscience* had still so much *justice* left; as it would be upright in *sentencing* even against it self. Nay many times to gratulate the *company*, we are fain to force our selves to *unworthiness*. *Ill actions* run against the grain of the *undefiled soul*: and, even while we are a doing them, our *hearts* chide our *hands* and *tongues* for transgressing. There are few, that are bad at the first, meerly, out of their love to *vice*. There is a *nobleness* in the mind of *man*, which of it self, intitles it to the *hatred* of what is *ill*. Who is it, that is so *bottomlessly ill*, as to love *vice*, because it is *vice*? Yet we find, there are some so *good*, as to love *goodness* purely for *goodness* sake. Nay, *vice* it self is loved, but for the *seeming good* that it carries with it. Even the first *sin*, though it were (as *Saint Augustine* sayes) originally from the *soul*: yet it was by a *wilful blindness*, committed, out of a respect to a *good*, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the *bodies contagion*, which makes the *soul* leproous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing, 'tis *spotless* and *immaculate*: and where we see, there be means to second the *pro-*

*gressions* of it, it flies to a glorious height; scorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the *body*. And when we have performed any *honourable action*, how it *cheers* and *lightens* it self, and *man*? As if it had no *true joy*, but in such things, as transcending the sense of the *druggish flesh*, tended to the *blaze*, and *aspiring flame* of *vertue*: Nay, then, as if she had dispatched the intent of her *creation*, she rests full, in her own approvement, without the *weak worlds* reedy *under-propping*. *Man* has no such *comfort*, as to be conscious to himself, of the noble deeds of *Vertue*. They set him almost in the Throne of a *Deity*; ascend him to an *unmovedness*; and take away from him those black *fears*, that would speak him still to be but *fragile man*. 'Tis the sick and diseased soul that drives us unto unlimited *passions*. Take her as she is in her self, not dimm'd and thickned with the mists of *corporality*; then is she a *beauty*, displayed in a full and divine *sweetness*.

*Amat, sapit, rectè facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.*

When *man* obeys his mind, he's wise, loves, and does right.

But this is not to be understood at large. For, says the same *Comedian*, *Da mi modo fiat bono*, Nor does it only manifest it self in it self; but even over the *body* too; and that so far, that it even converts it to a *spirituality*: making it indetachable in *travails*, in *toils*, in *vigilancies*; insensible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

*Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit;  
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit:*

Says the grand *Love-Master*.

Though all things want; all things the *mind* subdues,  
And can new strength in fainting *flesh* infuse.

When we find it seconded with the *prevalent incitations* of *Literature* and *sweet Morality*: how courageous, how comfortable, how towering is she? *Socrates* calls *Nature*, the *reason of an honest man*: as if *man*, following her, had found a *square*, whereby to direct his *life*. The *soul* that takes a delight in *lewdness*, is gain'd upon by *custom*: and after an *undoing*, dulling *practice* takes a joy in that, which at first did daunt with *terror*. The first *acts* of *sin*, are for the most part *trembling*, *fearful*, and *full of the blush*. 'Tis the *iteration of evil* that gives *forehead* to the *soul offender*. 'Tis easie to know a *beginning swearer*; he cannot *mouth* it like the *practiced man*. He *oaths* it, as a *cowardly Fencer* plays; who as soon as he hath offer'd a *blow*, shrinks back: as if his *heart* suffer'd a kind of *violence* by his *tongue*: yet had rather take a step in *Vice*, then be left behind for not being in *fashion*. And, though a man be plunged in *wickedness*, yet would he be glad to be *thought good*. Which may strongly argue the *Intentions* of the *Soul* to be *good*; though unable to mature that *seed* that is in it. Nay, and that like a kind of *Captive*, she is carried by *corruption*, through *boggs*, and *Deserts*, that at first she fears to tread upon. *Sin* at first does a little startle the *blood*. *Vice* carries *horror* in her considered look, though we find a

*short plausibility*, in the present *imbraces*. There is no man, but in his *soul* dislikes a *new vice*, before he acts it. And this distaste is so general, that when *custom* has dull'd the *sense*; yet the *mind* shames to transmit it self to the *tongue*; as knowing, he which holds *Tenents* against *Natures Principles*; shall, by shewing a *quick wit*, lose his *honest name*. *Goodness* is not so quite extinct in *man*, but that he still flashes out a glimmering light, in *morality*. Though *vice* in some souls, have got the start on her; yet she makes every mans *tongue* fight for *Vices extirpation*. He that maintains *Vice* lawfull, shall have *mankind* his *Enemy*. 'Tis *gain*, not *love to Treason*, that makes man fall a *Traitor*. A *noble deed* does bear a *spur* in it self. They are *bad works*, that need *rewards* to crane them up withall. I believe, if we examine *Nature*, those things that have a pleasure in their performance, are *bad* but by mis-use; not simply so in themselves. *Eating, drinking, mirth*, are *ill*, but in the *manner*, or the *measure*; not at all in the *matter*. *Mans wisdom* consists not in the *not using*, but in the *well using* of what the world affords him. *How to use*, is the most weighty lesson of *man*. And of this we sail, for want of seconding the *seeds* that be in the *soul*: The *thorns* do first choke them; and then, they *dwindle*, for lack of *watering*. Two things I will strongly labour for: *To remove annoyance*; and *to cherish the growth of budding Vertue*. He spends his time well, that strives to reduce *Nature* to her first perfection. Like a *true friend*, she wishes well to *man*, but is grown so *poor*, and fallen into such *decay*, as indeed she is not *able*. I will help her what I can in the way; though of my self, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in *spiritual things*, not able to begin. As man has not that free power in himself, which first he had: so I am far from thinking him so dull, to be a *patient* meerly: it was not in the first fall *slain*, but irrecoverably *lamed: debilitated, not annihilated*. But whether this be true or no, I think it cannot be ill, of whatsoever *good* we do, to give our *God* the glory on't.

XX.

## Of Preaching.

**T**He *excess* which is in the *defect of preaching*, has made the *Pulpit* slighted, I mean, the much bad *Oratory* we find it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me, how men can *preach so little*, and so *long*: so *long a time*, and so *little matter*: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vain *Tautologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princess* as *Divinity* is, should be presented to the *people* in the *sordid rags* of the *tongue*: nor that he which speaks from the *Father of languages*, should deliver his *Embassage* in an *ill one*. A man can never speak *too well*, where he speaks not *too obscure*. Long and distended *clauses*, are both tedious to the *ear*, and difficult for their retaining. A *Sentence* well couch'd, takes both the *sense* and the *understanding*. I love not those *Cart-ropes speeches*, that are longer then the memory of man can fathom. I see not, but that *Divinity*, put into apt

*significants*, might ravish as well as *Poetry*. The weighty *lines* men find upon the *Stage*, I am perswaded, have been the *lures* to draw away the *Pulpits followers*. We complain of drowziness at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled length, leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selves. If we saw *Divinity* acted, the *gesture* and *variety* would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by *Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *ear* and the *eye*: and through this *latter sense*, the *Soul* drinks deeper draughts. Things *acted*, possess us more, and are too more retainable, then the *passable tones* of the *tongue*. Besides, here we meet with more *composed language*: The *Dulcia sermonis*, moulded into curious *phrase*; though 'tis to be lamented, such *wits* are not set to the right *tune*, and conformed to *Divinity*; who without doubt, well deckt, will cast a far more radiant *lustre*, then those *obscene scurrilities*, that the *Stage* presents us with, though o'e'd and spangled in their *gawdiest tyre*. At a *Sermon* well dress'd, what *understander* can have a motion to *sleep*? *Divinity* well ordered, casts forth a *bait*, which angles the *soul* into the *ear*: and how can that close, when such a guest sits in it? They are *Sermons* but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. And should we hear a *continued Oration*, upon such a Subject as the *Stage* treats on, in such words as we hear some *Sermons*, I am confident, it would not only be far more tedious but *nauseous* and *contemptfull*. The most advantage they have of other places, is, in their good *Lives* and *Actions*; For 'tis certain, *Cicero* and *Roscius* are most compleat, when they both make but one Man. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that *Action* was the chiefest part of an *Orator*. Surely, the *Oration* is most powerful, where the *Tongue* is diffusive and speaks in a *native decency*, even in every *lim*. A good *Orator* should pierce the *ear*, allure the *eye*, and invade the *mind* of his *hearer*. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: *Fit words* are better then *fine ones*: I like not those that are *in-judiciously made*; but such as be *expressively significant*: that lead the *mind* to something, beside the naked *term*. And he that speaks thus, must not look to speak thus every day. A *kemb'd Oration* will cost both *sweat* and the *rubbing of the brain*. And *kemb'd* I wish it, not *frizzled*, nor *curl'd*. *Divinity* should not *lascivate*. *Unwormwooded Jest*s I like well; but they are fitter for the *Tavern*, then the Majesty of a *Temple*, *Christ* taught the *People* with *Authority*. *Gravity* becomes the *Pulpit*. *Demosthenes* confess he became an *Orator*, by spending more *Oyl* then *wine*. This is too fluid an *Element* to beget *substantials*. *Wit*, procur'd by *wine*, is, for the most part, like the *sparklings* in the *cup*, when 'tis filling: they *brisk* it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the *valour* of some men, that before their *Studies*, dare ascend the *Pulpit*; and do there take more pains, then they have done in their *Library*. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes *three hours*, but to weary the *People* into *sleep*. And this makes some such *fugitive Divines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Text*. *Words* are not *all*, nor *matter* is not *all*; nor *gesture*: yet *together*, they are. 'Tis much

moving

moving in an *Orator*, when the *Soul* seems to speak, as well as the *tongue*. Saint *Augustine*, sayes *Tully*, was admired more for his *tongue*, then his *mind*; *Aristotle* more for his *minde*, then his *tongue*: but *Plato* for both. And surely, nothing decks an *Oration* more, then a *Judgement* able well to conceive and utter. I know, *God* hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wise: yet I see not but in all times, a washed *Language* hath much prevailed. And even the *Scriptures*, (though I know not the *Hebrew*) yet I believe they are penn'd in a *tongue* of deep expression: wherein, almost every word, hath a *Metaphorical sense*, which does illustrate by some *allusion*. How *political* is *Moses* in his *Pentateuch*? How *Philosophical* *Job*? How *massie* and *sententious* is *Solomon* in his *Proverbs*? how *quaint* and *flamingly amorous* in the *Canticles*? how *grave* and *solemn* in his *Ecclesiastes*? that in the *world*, there is not such another dissection of the *world* as it. How were the *Jews* astonished at *Christs Doctrine*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Bar*? in *disputation* how *subtle*? And he that reads the *Fathers*, shall find them, as if written with a *crisped pen*. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a *Philosopher* or a *Poet*, come in and wait, and give a *Trencher* at this *Banquet*. Saint *Paul* is Precedent for it. I wish no man to be *too dark*, and full of *shadow*. There is a way to be *pleasingly plain*, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a total neglect of his *hearers*. Some *Stomacks* rise at *sweet-meats*. He prodigals a *Mine of Excellency*, that lavishes a *terse Oration* to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himself may move his *tongue* in vain, if he has none to hear him, but a *Non-intelligent*. They that speak to *children*, assume a pretty *lissing*. *Birds* are caught by the counterfeit of their own *shrill notes*. There is a *Magick* in the *Tongue*, can charm the *wilde mans motions*. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, wherewith a wise man rides the *Monster* of the *world*, the *People*. He that hears, has only those *affections* that thy *tongue* will give him.

Thou maist give *smiles* or *tears*, which *joyes* do blot:  
Or *wrath* to *Judges*, which themselves have not.

You may see it in *Lucans* words:

*Flet, si flere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus:*  
*Et te dante, capit Judex, quum non habet iram.*

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as *Divinity* is, should fall into a *sluttish* handling. Sure, though other interposures do *eclipse* her; yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a *good Tongue*, that wanted *ears* to hear it. I will honour her, in her *plain trim*: but I will wish to meet her in her *gracefull Jewels*: not that they give addition to her *goodness*: but that she is more *perswasive* in working on the *soul* it meets with. When I meet with *worth* which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that *Art*, which is a means to heighten liking. *Confections* that are *cordial*, are not the worse, but the better for being *gilded*.

of

## XXI.

## Of Reconciling Enemies.

**T**Is much safer to *reconcile* an *Enemy*, then to *conquer* him. *Victory* deprives him of his *power*; but *Reconciliation*, of his *will*: and there is less danger in a *will* which *will not hurt*, then in a *power*, which *cannot*. The *power* is not so apt to tempt the *will*, as the *will* is studious to find out *means*. Besides, an *Enemy* is a *perpetual Spie*, upon thy actions; a *watch*, to observe thy *fails*, and thy *excursions*. All which, in time of his *Captivity*, he treasures up, against the *day of advantage*, for the confounding of him that hath been his *Detainer*. When he is free from thy power, his *malice* makes him *nimble-eyed*: apt to note a *fault*, and publish it: and with a *strained construction*, to deprave those things, that thy *intents* have told thy *soul* are *honest*. Like the *Crocodile*, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art down, he insidiates thy *intrapped life*; and with the warmest blood of thy *life*, fattens his insulting *envy*. Thy *ways* he strews with *Serpents* and *invenomings*. Thy *vices* he sets, like *Pauls*, on high: for the gaze of the *world*, and the scatter'd *City*: Thy *vertues*, like *Saint Faiths*, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainly, 'tis a misery to have any *Enemy*, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound upon *proofs*, they will do it yet upon *likelihoods*: and so by degrees and sly ways corrupt the fair temper of our *Reputations*. In which, this *disadvantage* cannot be helped; that the *Multitude* will sooner believe them than our selves. For *Affirmations* are apter to win belief, than *Negatives* to uncredit them. It was a *Spawn* of *Machiavel*, that a *slander once raised*, will scarce ever dye, or fail of *finding some*, that will allow it both a *harbour*, and *trust*. The *baggage-world* desireth of her self to scar the *face*, that is fairer than she: and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leaps, and flies then to imbracement of the thing she wish'd for: where, with a sharp-set *appetite*, she *quarries* on the prey she meets withall. When *Seneca* asked the Question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum?* *Seneca* answers, *Alter Homo*. Our *Enemies studies* are the *plots* of our *ruine*: nor is any thing left unattempted, which may induce our *damage*. And many times the *danger* is the more, because we see it not. If our *Enemy* be *Noble*, he will bear himself *valiantly*, and scorn to give us an *advantage* against him: though his own judicious *forwardness*, may put us to the *worse*, let his *worth* perswade thee to an *atonement*. He that can be a *worthy Enemy*; will, *reconcil'd*, be a *worthier Friend*. He that in a *just cause*, can *valiantly fight against thee*; can in a *like cause*, *fight as valiantly for thee*. If he be *unworthy*, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but *stilling of a scandalous tongue*; even that will be worth *any labour*. Use him as a *Friend* in *outward fairness*: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-assume his *Arms*. He that is a *base foe*, will hardly be but false in *friendship*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are ever working, to blow up our untainted *names*. They spit a *poysen*, that will freckle  
the

the beauty of a good report : and that fame which is white and pure, they spot with the puddled sprays of the tongue : For, they cannot but sometime speak as they think : and this S. Gregory will perswade us to believe : That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat* : All men think their Enemies ill. If it may be done with honor, I shall think it a work of good discretion, to regain a violent Adversary. But to do it so, as it puts a poorness on a mans self ; though it be safe, is worse then to be conquer'd in a manful contestation. Friendship is not commendable, when it rises from dishonorable Treaties. But he that upon good terms, refuses a reconcilement, may be stubborn, but not valiant, nor wise. Whosoever thou art, that wilfully continuest an Enemy, thou teachest him to do thee a mischief if he can. I will think that endeavour spent to purpose, that either makes a Friend, or unmakes an Enemy. In the one, a Treasure is won ; in the other, a Siege is raised. When one said, he was a wise King, that was kind to his friends, and sharp to his Enemies : Sayes another, He is wiser, that can retain his friends in their love ; and make his Enemies like them.

## XXII.

## Of our sense of absent Good.

SURELY, the Mad-worm hath wilded all Humanity ; we sweat for what we lose, before we know we have it. We ever dote most on things when they are wanting ; before we possess them, we chase them with an eager run : When we have them, we slight them : When they are gone, we sink under the wring of sorrow, for their loss. Infatuated estate of Man ! That the enjoyment of a pleasure, must diminish it : That perpetual use must make it, like a Pyramide, lessening it self by degrees, till it grows at last to a punctum, to a nothing. With what undelayable heat, does the lime-twig'd Lover court a deserving Beauty ? Which, when he obtains, is far short of that content it promised him : Yet he again no sooner loses it, but he over-esteems it, to an hyperbolical sum. Presence drowns, or mightily cools contentment : and absence seems to be a torture, that afflicts most, when most stretched. Want teacheth us the worth of things more truly. How sweet a thing seems liberty, to one immur'd in a case of walls ; How dear a jewel is health to him that tumbles in distempred blood ? Is it so, that Pleasure, which is an airy constitution, cannot be grasped by a real body ? Or do we so empty our selves in the fruition, that we do in it, pour out our appetites also ? Or is content such a slender title, that 'tis nothing but the present now ; fled sooner then enjoy'd ? Like the report of a loud-ton'd Gun, ceas'd as soon as heard, without any thing to shew it has been, save remembrance only. We desire long, and please our selves with hope. We enjoy and lose together : and then we see what we have forgone and grieve. I have known many, that have lov'd their dead friends better, then ever they did in their life time. There is

is (if I have given you the right sense) a like *complaint* in the *francie* Lyrick.

O quisquis velit impias  
 Cades, & rabiem tollere cynicam;  
 Si querit, Pater urbium  
 Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat  
 Refrenare licentiam,  
 Clarus post genitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)  
 Virtutem incolumem odimus,  
 Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.

They that strive to chase away  
 Slaughters and intestine Warre:  
 That would have dumb Statues say,  
 These their Cities Fathers are:  
 Let them their own wilde lusts tame,  
 They shall not live, till dead. (O Fate!)  
 We envious, hate safe Vertues name:  
 She dead, we sigh our widowed state.

We adore the  *blessings*  that we are *depriv'd* of. An *estate* squander'd in a *wanton waste*, shews better in the *miss*, then while we had the *use* on't, *Possession* blunts the *thought* and *apprehension*. *Thinking* is properest to *that*, which is *absent*. We enjoy the *present*: but we think on *future things*, or *passed*. When *benefits* are lost, the *mind* has time to recount the several *worths*: Which, after a considerate *search*, she finds to be many more, then the *unexamining possession* told her of. We see more in the *discomposure* of a *watch*, then we can, when 'tis *set together*. 'Tis a true one; *Blessings* appear not, till they be *vanisht*. The *Comedian* was then *serious*, when he writ,

Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,  
 Cum que in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.

Fond men, till we have lost the goods we had,  
 We understand not what their values were.

'Tis *folly* to neglect the *present*; and then, to grieve that we have *neglected*. Surely, he does best, that is *careful* to preserve the  *blessings*  he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their *leaves*, to let them go without *sorrowing*, or *over-summing* them. Vain are those *lamentations* that have no better fruit, then the *displeasenting* of the *soul*, that owns them. I would add a thirteenth *real labour*, to the *feigned twelve*: or do any thing that lies in *noble man*, to pleasure or preserve the *life* of a *friend*. But *dead* once; all that *tears* can do, is only to shew the *world* our *weakness*. I speak but my self a *fool*, to do that which *reason* tells me is *unreasonable*. It was the *Philosophers dictate*, That he which laments the *death* of a *Man*, laments, that that *Man* was a *Man*. I count it a *deed-royal*, in the *Kingly David*, who began to warm his *joyes* again, when the *Infants* blood was cold: As if the  
 breath



*breath* which the *child* lost, had *disclouded his indarkned heart*. I will apply my self to the *present*; to *preserve* it, to enjoy it. But, never be *passionate* for the loss of *that*, which I cannot *keep*; nor can *regain*. When I have a *blessing*, I will *respect* it, I will *love* it, as ardently as any *man*. And when 'tis gone, I confess, I would *grieve* as little. And this I think I may *well* do, yet owe a dear *respect* to the *memory* of that I *lost*.

## XXIII.

*That no Man can be good to all.*

I Never yet knew any man so *bad*, but some have thought him *honest*; and afforded him *love*. Nor ever any so *good*, but some have thought him *vile*; and *hated* him. Few are so *stigmatical*, as that they are not *honest* to some. And few again are so *just*, as that they seem not to some *unequal*: either the *ignorance*, the *envy*, or the *partiality* of those that *judge*, do constitute a *various man*. Nor, can a man in himself, *alwayes appear alike* to all. In some, *Nature* hath invested a disparity. In some, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Judgement*. And in some, *accident* is the cause of disposing us to *love*, or *hate*. Or, if not these, the variation of the *bodies humours*. Or *perhaps*, not any of these. The *soul* is often led by secret *motions*, and *loves*, she knows not why. There are impulsive *privacies*, which urge us to a liking, even against the *Parliamental Acts* of the two Houses; *reason*, and the *Common Sense*. As if there were some *hidden beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*, then all that the *eye* can see. And this too, more powerful at one *time*, than another. Undiscovered influences *please* us now, with what we would sometimes *contemn*. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcom'd me with a *free expression of love*, and *courtesies*: and another time hath left me *unsaluted* at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound *affection*: and have found this, not an *intended neglect*; but an *indisposedness*, or, a *mind*, seriously *bused* within. *Occasion* reins the *motions* of the stirring *mind*. Like men that walk in their *sleeps*, we are led about, we neither know *whither* nor *how*. I know there is a *generation*, that do thus, out of *pride*; and in *strangers*, I confess, I know not how to *distinguish*. For there is no *disposition*, but hath a *varnish'd vizor*, as well as an *unpencil'd face*. Some people cozen the *world*: are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the *world* is cozened: believing them ill, when they are not. Unless it hath been some few of a *Family*; I have known the whole *Atole-hill of Pismires* (the *World*) in an *error*. For, though *Report* once vented, like a *stone* cast into a *Pond*, begets *circle* upon *circle*, till it meets with the *bank*, that bounds it: yet *Fame* often plays the *Curve*, and *opens*, when she *springs* no *game*. *Censures* will not hold out *weight*, that have life only from the *spongie cels* of the *common brain*. Why should I *definitively* censure any man, whom I know but *superficially*? as if I were a *God*, to see the *inward soul*. *Nature*, *Art*, *Report*, may all fail: Yea, oftentimes

*probabilities.* There is no certainty to discover *Man* by, but *Time*, and *Conversation*. Every *man* may be said in some sort, to have two *souls*; one, the *internal mind*; the other, even the outward *air* of the *face*, and *bodies* gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they differ? I have known a *wise look* hide a *fool* within: and a *merry face*, inhold a *discontented soul*. *Cleanthes* might well have fail'd in his *judgement*, had not accident have helped him, to the *obscured truth*. He would undertake to read the *mind* in the *body*. Some to try his *skill*, brought him a *luxurious fellow*, that in his *youth*, had been expos'd to *toyl*: seeing his *face* cann'd, and his hands *leather'd* with a hardened skin, he was at a *stand*. Whereupon departing, the man *sneezed*, and *Cleanthes* says, Now I know the man, he is *effeminate*. For great labourers rarely *sneeze*. *Judgement* is apt to *erre*, when it passeth upon *things* we know not. Every man keeps his *mind*, if he lists, in a *Labyrinth*. The heart of *Man*, to *Man*, is a room *inscrutable*. Into which, *Nature* has made no certain *window*, but as himself shall please to *open*. One man shews himself to me, to another, he is shut up. No man can either *like all*, or be *liked of all*. *God* doth not please *all*. Nay, I think it may stand with *Divinity*, as men are, to say, he cannot. *Man* is infinitely more *impotent*. I will speak of every man as I find. If I hear he hath been *ill* to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemn* him, till I hear his own *Apologie*.

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,  
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus est.*

Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,  
Though he judge right, is no good Justicer.

The *Nature* of many men is *abstruse*: and not to be esp'd, at an *instant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing*, that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not too far believe *reports* from others: So I will never *condemn* any man, whom I know not *internally*; nor ever those, but *sparing*, and with *modesty*.

## XXIV.

*That Man ought to be extensively good.*

**I** Find in the *Creation*, the first blessing *God* gave *Man*, was, *Be fruitful and multiply*. And this I find imposed by a *precept*, not a *promise*. It being a thing so necessary, as *God* would not leave it, but almost in an *impulsive quality*. And withall to shew us that (even from the beginning) *mans happiness* should consist, in obeying *Gods commands*. All men love to live in *posterity*. *Barrenness* is a *curse*; and makes men unwilling to dye. *Men*, rather then they will want insuing *memory*, will be spoken by the *handed Statue*: Or by the *long-lasting* of some *insensate Monument*. When bragging *Cambyses* would compare himself with his *Father Cyrus*, and some of his *flatterers* told him, he did excel him: Stay, sayes *Cræsus*; you are not his *equal*, for he left a *son* behinde him. As if he were an *imperfect Prince*, that leaveth an *unbel-*  
*med*

*med State.* When *Philip* viewed his young son *Alexander*, he said, he could then be content to *dye*. *Conceit* of a surviving name, sweetens *Deaths* aloed *potion*. 'Tis for this, we so love those that are to *preserve* us in extended *successions*. There was something more in it, then the naked *jeer*, when *Cæsar* (seeing strangers at *Rome*, with *whelps* and *Monkies* in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the *children* that the *women* of those *Lands* brought forth. For he thought such *respectful* love, was due to none, but a self-extracted *off-spring*. Nor is this only in the *baser part of man*, the *body*; but even in the *sagacious soul*. The first *Act* *God* requires of a *Convert*, is *Be fruitful*. The good mans *goodness*, lies not hid in himself alone: he is still strengthening of his *weaker brother*. How soon would the *world* and *Christianity* fail, if there were not *propagation* both of it and *man*? Good *works*, and good *instructions*, are the *generative acts* of the *soul*: Out of which spring new *posterity* to the *Church* and *Gospel*. And I am perswaded, to be a means of bringing more to *heaven*, is an inseparable desire of a *soul*, that is rightly *stated*. Good men, wish all that they *converse* with, in *goodness*, to be like themselves. How ungratefully he *flies* away, that *dyes* and does nothing, to reflect a *glory* to *Heaven*? How barren a *tree* he is, that *lives*, and *spreads*, and *cumbers* the ground; yet leaves not one *seed*, not one good *work*, to *generate* another after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave something, answering their *proportion*, their *kindes*. They be *dead*, and *withered grains of Corn*, out of which, there will not one *Ear* spring. The *Physitian* that hath a *Sovereign Receipt*, and *dyeth* unrevealing it, robs the *world* of many *blessings* which might *multiply* after his *death*: Leaving this *Collection*, a *crutch* to all *survivers*, That he did *good* to others, but to do himself a *greater*. Which, how contrary it is to *Christianity*, and the *Nature of explicative Love*, I appeal to those minds where *Grace* hath sown more *Charity*. *Vertue* is distributive, and had rather *pleasure* many with a *self-injury*, then bury *benefits* that might *pleasure* a *multitude*. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to *Heaven*, that desires to go thither alone. They are envious *Favorites*, that wish their *Kings* to have no *loyal Subjects*, but themselves. All *heavenly hearts* are *charitable*. *Inlightned souls* cannot but disperse their *rayes*. I will, if I can, do something for others, and *heaven*; not to deserve by it: but to express my *self*, and my *thanks*. Though I cannot do what I *would*, I will labour to do what I *can*.

## XXV.

## Of the horror Sin leaves behind.

**N**O willing *sin* was ever in the *act displeasing*; yet, is it not sooner *past*, then *distastful*. Though *pleasure* merries the *Senses* for a while: yet *horror* after vultures the *unconsuming heart*; and those which carry the most *pleasing tastes*, fit us with the *largest reluctations*. Nothing so soon, can work so strange a *change*: Now, in the *height of delight*;

*delight*; Now, in the *depth of horror*. *Damned Satan!* tra with *Orphean airs*, and *dextrous warbles*, lead't us to the *Flames of Hell*: and then, with a *contempt* deridest us. Like a cunning *Courtizan*, that dallies the *Ruffian* to undo himself; and then payes him with a *fleer*, and *scorn*. Or, as some men will do to a *desired beauty*, vow, and promise that, in the *heat of passion*, which they never mind to stand unto. Herein only is the *difference*: *Gratitude*, and good *nature*, may sometimes make them *penitent*, and seek some way to *satisfie*; whereas, he that yields to the *wooing Devil*, does but more augment his *tyranny*. For when we meet with *ignoble spirits*, the more *obedience*, is a cause of the *worser use*. How *often*, and how *infinitely* are we *abused*? with what *Masques* and *Triumphs* are we led to destruction? *Foolish, besotted, degenerate Man!* that having so often experimented his *juggling*, wilt yet believe his *fictions*, and his turfed *Mines*: as if he had not many wayes to one *destroying end*: or could bring thee any *pleasure*, and in it not aim at thine *overthrow*. Knowest thou not, that he sows his *tares by night*; and in his *Baits*, hides all he knows may *hurt thee*? Are not all those *delights* he brings us, like *traps* we set for *Vermine*, *charitable*, but to *kill*? Does he not first pitch his *toils*, and then *train* us about to *insnare* us? He shews us nothing but a *tempting face*; where he hath counterfeited *Natures excellency*, and all the *graces* of a *modest countenance*: while whatsoever is *infective*, is veiled over with the exactest *dress of comeliness*. When our *souls* thirst after *pleasure*, we are call'd as *Beasts* with *fodder* to the *slaughter-house*: or as *Boyes* catch *Horses* with *provender* in their hands to *ride* them. *All actions* are *perpetual perturbations*: the *punishment* that follows, is far more *grievous*, then the *performance* was *delightful*: and the *guilt* is worse then the *punishment*.

*Estque pati pœnam, quàm meruisse, minus.*

The most smart is, to think we have deserv'd it.

I'll give you the *Story*. A *Pythagorean* bought a pair of *Shoes* upon trust; the *Shoemaker* dyes: the *Philosopher* is glad, and thinks them *gains*: but a while after, his *conscience* twitches him, and becomes a perpetual *chider*: he repairs to the *house of the dead*, casts in his *money*, with these words; *There, take thy due, Thou livest to me, though dead to all beside*. Certainly, *ill gotten gains* are far worse then *losses* with *preserved honesty*. These grieve but once, the other are continually *grating* upon our quiet. He *diminishes* his own *contentment*, that would add to it, by *unlawfulness*; looking only on the *beginning*, he thinks not to what end, the end *extendeth*. 'Tis *indiscretion* that is *Hare-sighted*.

*O Demea, istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modò est  
Videre; sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt prospicere.*

I tell thee *Demea*, *Wisdom* looks as well,  
To things to come as those that present are.

This *differenteth* a wise man and a fool. The first, *begins* in the *end*; the other *ends* in the *beginning*. I will take a part of both, and fix one

eye on the *Act*, another on the *Consequence*. So if I spy the *Devil* be sbrowded in the following train, I will shut the dore against the pleasure it self, though it comes like a *Lord*, under a pretence of honouring me.

## XXVI.

## Of Man's Imperfection.

OF my self, what can I do without the hazard of erring? Nay, what can I think? Nay, what can I not do, or not think? even my best business, and my best vacancy, are works of offence and error. Uncomfortable constitution of man; that canst not but be bad, both in action, and forbearance. Corruption mixeth with our purest devotions: and not to perform them, is neglect. When we think not of God at all, we are impious, and ungrateful: when we do, we are not able to think aright. Imperfection swaves in all the weak dispatches of the palsied soul. If the Devil be absent, our own frailties are his tempting deputies. If those forbear, the Meretricious world claps our cheeks, and fonda us to a cozening fail. So which way soever we turn, we are sure to be bitten with the one, or the other head of this Cerberus. To what can we intend our selves, wherein there is not a Devil to intrap us? If we pray, how he casts in wandring thoughts, or by our eyes, steals away our hearts, to some other object then God! If we hear, he hath the same policy, and prejudicates our opinion with the Man, or part of his doctrine. If we read, he perswades us to let Reason judge, as well as Faith: So, measuring by a false rule, he would make us believe, Divinity is much short of what it shews for. If we do good works, he would poyson them with Pharisaism, and makes us, by over-valuing, lose them. If we do ill, he encourages us to a continuance: and at last accuses us. If nothing, we neglect the good we should do. If we sleep, he comes in dreams, and wantoneth the ill-inclining soul. If we wake, we mis-spence our time; or, at best, do good, not well. So, by bad circumstances, poyson a well intended principle. Even Actions of necessity, we dispatch not without a stain; we drink to excess; and the drowning of the brain. We eat, not to satisfie Nature, but to over-charge her, and to venerate the unbridled spirits. As a Mill-wheel is continually turn'd round, and ever drenched with a new stream: so are we alwayes hurried with successions of various sins. Like Arrows shot in mighty windes, we wander from the Bow that sent us. Sometime we think we do things well: but when they are past, we are sensible of the transgression. We progress in the wayes of Vice, and are constant in nothing, but perpetual offending. You may see the thoughts of the whipping Satyrist, how divine they are:

*Nobilis, & varia est serme natura malorum:  
Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,  
Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis  
Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrit  
Damnatos fixa, & mutari nescia: nam quis  
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit*

*Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?  
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno  
Flagitio?—*

*Nature* is motive in the quest of ill :  
Stated in mischief : all our ablest skill  
Cannot know *right* from *wrong*, till *wrong* be done :  
Fixt *Nature*, will to condemn'd customs run  
Unchangedly. Who to his *sins* can set  
A certain end ? When hath he ever met  
Blushes once from his hardned forehead thrown ?  
Who is it *sins*, and is content with one ?

Surely there will not a *man* be found, that is able to answer to these *queries*. Their *souls* have *cieled eyes*, that can see nothing but perfection, in their own *labours*. It is not to any *man* given, absolutely to be *absolute*. I will not be too forward in *ensuring* the *works* of *others* ; nor will I ever do any, that I will not submit to *judgment*, and *correction* ; yet so, as I will be able to give a *reason*, why I have *order'd* them, as the *world* sees.

## XXVII.

## Of curiosity in Knowledge.

**N**othing wraps a man in such a *mist* of *Errors*, as his own *curiosity*, in searching things beyond him. How *happily* do they live, that know nothing, but what is *necessary* ? Our *knowledge* doth but show us our *ignorance*. Our most *studious scrutiny*, is but a *discovery* of what we cannot *know*. We see the *effect*, but cannot guess at the *cause*. *Learning* is like a *River*, whose *head* being far in the *Land*, is, at first *rising*, *little*, and *easily viewed* : but, still as you go, it *gapeth* with a *wider bank* : not without *pleasure*, and *delightful winding* ; while it is on both sides set with *trees*, and the beauties of various *flowers*. But still the *further* you *follow* it, the *deeper* and the *broader* 'tis ; till at last, it *innaves* it self in the *unfathom'd Ocean* ; There you see more *water* ; but no *shore*, no end of that *liquid fluid vastness*. In many things we may sound *Nature*, in the shallows of her *revelations*. We may *trace* her to her second *causes* ; but beyond them, we meet with nothing but the *puzzle* of the *soul*, and the *dazle* of the *minds dim eyes*. While we speak of things that are, that we may *dissect*, and have *power*, and *means* to find the *causes*, there is some *pleasure*, some *certainity*. But, when we come to *Metaphysicks*, to long buried *Antiquity*, and unto *unreveal'd Divinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is *deeper* then the thort reach of the *line of Man*. Much may be gained by *studious inquisition* ; but more will ever rest, which *Man* cannot *discover*. I wonder at those, that will assume a *knowledge* of all ; they are *unwisely ashamed* of an *ignorance*, which is not *disgracive*. 'Tis no *shame* for man not to know that, which is not in his *possibility*. We fill the *world* with cruel *brewls*, in the *obstinate defence* of that, whereof we might with more  
honour,

honour, confes our selves to be *ignorant*. One will tell us our *Saviours disputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moses* doody. A third, in what place *Paradise* stood: and where is *local Hell*. Some will know *Heaven* as perfectly, as if they had been *hurried* about in every *Sphear*: and I think they may. Former Writers would have the *Zones* inhabitable; we find them by *experience*, temperate. Saint *Augustine* would by no means indure the *Antipodes*: we are now of nothing more certain. Every *Age* both *confutes* old *Errors*, and begets *new*. Yet still are we more *intangled*, and the further we go, the nearer we approach a *Sin* that *blindes* us. He that went furthest in these *things*, we find ending with a *censure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis questionable, whether the *progrëss* of *Learning* hath done more hurt, or good, whether the *Schools* have not made more *Questions* then they have *decided*; where have we such peaceable, and flourishing *Common-wealths*, as we have found among those, which have not so much as had the *knowledge* of *Letters*? Surely, these *fruitless* and *enigmatique questions*, are *bones* the *Devil* hath cast among us, that while we *strive* for a vain *conquest*, in these *toyes* we forget the *prize* we should run for. The *Husbandman* that looks not beyond the *Plough*, and the *Sythe*, is in much more *quiet*, then the *divided brain* of the *Statist*, or the *Scholar*. Who will not approve the *judgement* of our *Modern Epigrammatist*?

*Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati  
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.*

If I may judge, they only happy show,  
Which do or nothing, or else all things know.

In *things* whereof I may be certain, I will *labour* to be *instructed*. But, when I come where *reason* loseth her *self*; I will be content with retiring *admiration*. Why should I rack my brains, for unprofitable *impossibilities*? Though I cannot *know* how much is *hid*; I may soon judge what may be *discovered*.

## XXVIII.

## Of being Overvalued.

**T**IS an *inconvenience* for a *Man* to be counted *wiser* then *ordinary*. If he be a *Superior*, it keeps him from discerning what his *inferiors* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing *judgment*, makes them to *dissemble* themselves; and fits them with a *care*, not only to hide their *defects*, but to shew him only, the best of themselves. Like *ill complexion'd women*, that would fain be mistaken for *fair*; they *paint* most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skar*; especially, when they are to *incounter* with those, that be naturally *beautiful*. *Worth* in others, and *defect* in our selves, are two *motives*, that induce us to the *gilding* of our own *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, and *kersies* himself in his *Holly-day*

ly-day cloathes. When the Gentleman comes to him, he does *fine* up his *homely house*, and covers his *clayed floor*, with the freshness of a *russy carpet* : and all is, that he may appear as above *himself* : while he is to meet with one that is so *indeed*. If he be an *equal*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politick man* : and in any matters of *weighty commerce*, they will study how to be more *cautelous* of him, than they would of an *unesteemed man*. So he shall be sure to *conclude* nothing, but upon harder *conditions* for himself. General *Fames* warn us to advised *contracts*. He that is to play with a cunning *Fencer*, will heed his *Wards*, and *Advantage* more ; who, were he to meet with one *unskilful*, he would *neglect*, or not *think* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to be so. I have seen a rising *Favorite* laid at, to be trod in the *dust* : while the *unnoted man*, hath pass'd with the greater *quiet*, and *gain* : *Report* both makes *Jealousies* where there are *none*, and increaseth those that there *are*. If he be an *inferiour*, he is often a man of *unwelcome society*. He is thought one of *too prying an observation* : and that he *looks* further into our *actions*, then we would have him search. For there be few, which do not sometimes do such *actions*, as they would not have *discretion* scan. *Integrity* it self, would not be awed with a *blabbing Spie*. I know, the *observer* may fail as well as the *other* : but we all know *Natures* to be so composed,

*Aliena melius ut videant, & judicent, quam sua.*

That they see more of others then their own.

We judge of others, by what they *should be* : of our selves, by what we are. No man has *preeminence*, but wishes to preserve it in unpruned *state* ; which while an *inferiour* notes of *imperfection*, he thinks, doth suffer *detriment* : so he rather seek to be rid of his *company*, then desires to keep him, as the *watch of his wayes*. Let me have but so much *wisdom*, as may orderly manage my *self*, and my *means* ; and I shall never care to be digited, with a *That is He*. I wish, not to be esteemed wiser then usual : They that are so, do better in *concealing* it, then in telling the *world*. I hold it a greater injury to be *over-valued*, then *under*. For, when they both shall come to the *touch*, the one shall *rise* with *praise*, while the *other* shall decline with *shame*. The *first* hath more incertain'd *honor* ; but less *safety* : The *latter* is *humbly secure*, and what is wanting in *renown*, is made up in a better blessing, *quiet*. There is no *detractiion* worse then to *over-praise* a man. For whilest his *worth* comes short of what *report* doth speak him : his own *actions* are ever giving the *lye* to his *honour*.

XXIX.

*That Mis-conceit has ruin'd Man.*

OUR own *follies* have been the only *cause*, to make our lives *uncomfortable*. Our *error of opinion*, our *cowardly fear* of the *worlds* *worthless censure*, and our *madding after unnecessary gold*, have brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it far more difficult then indeed it



is. *Vertue* hath suffered most by those which should uphold her: That now we feign her to be, not what she *is*, but what our fondness makes her, a *Hill* almost unascendable, by the roughness of a *craggy way*. We force *indurance* on our selves, to wave with the wanton *tail* of the *world*: We dare not do those things that are *lawful*, lest the *wandering world* mis-constreue them: As if we were to look more to what we should be *thought*, than to what we should *resolvedly be*. As if the *Poet* writ *untruth*, when he tells his *friend*, that,

*Virtus, repulse nescia sordide,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:  
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis Auræ.*

*Vertue, muddy censures* scorning,  
With unstained *Honour* shines:  
Without *vulgar breath's* suborning,  
Takes the *Throne*, and *Crown* resignes.

Not does she live in *penury*; as some have ill imagined: though she lives not in *Palaces*, yet she does in *Paradise*: and there is the *Spirit of joy*, youthful in *perpetual life*. *Vertue* is a *competent fruition* of a *lawful pleasure*; which we may well use so far, as it brings not any *evil* in the *sequel*. How many have thought it the *Summum bonum*? *Antisthenes* was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly *happy*: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a *Socratic strength*. Shall we think *Goodness* to be the *height of pleasure* in the other *world*; and shall we be so mad, as to think it here the *sufferance of misery*? Surely 'twas none of *Gods* intent, to square *man* out for *sorrows*. In our *salutes*, in our *prayers*, we wish and invoke *heaven* for the *happiness* of our *friends*: and shall we be so unjust, or so uncharitable, as to withhold it from our *selves*? As if we should make it a *fashion*, to be kind *abroad*, and discourteous at *home*. I do think nothing more *lawful*, than *moderately* to satisfy the *pleasing desires* of *Nature*; so as they infringe not *Religion*, hurt not *our selves*, or the *commerce of humane society*. *Laughing* is a faculty peculiar to *Man*: yet as if it were given us for *inversion*, no creature lives so *miserable*, so *disconsolate*. Why should we deny to use that *lawfully*, which *Nature* hath made for *pleasure* in *employment*? *Vertue* hath neither so crabbed a *face*, nor so austere a *look*, as we make her. 'Tis the *world*, that choking up the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthful do those things live, that follow harmless *Nature*? They weigh not what is *past*, are intent on the *present*, and never solicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleased with *convenient food* then *dainty*: and that they eat not to *distemper*, but to *nourish*, to *satisfie*. They are well arayed with what *Nature* has given them: and for *rayment*, they are never clad in the *spoils of others*; but the *Flies*, the *Beasts*, the *Fishes*, may, for all them, welcome *Age* in their own *Silks*, *wools*, and

*Scarlets*. They live like *Children*, innocently sporting with their *Mother, Nature*: and with a pretty kind of *harmlesness*, they hang upon her *nursing breast*. How rarely find we any *diseased*, but by *ill-mans* mis-using them? Otherwise, they are *sound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *blessedness* they have here above *Man*; that never seeking to be more than *Nature* meant them, they are much nearer to the *happiness* of their *first estate*; Wherein this, I confess, may be some reason: *Man* was curs'd for his *own sin*: they but for the *sin of Man*: and therefore they decline less into *worse*, in this the *crazed age* of the *world*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplier of his own *calamities*: and what at first *undid him*, does constantly increase his *woes*; *Search*, and *self-presumption*. He hath sought means to wind himself out of *miserly*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. He hath left *Vertue* which the *Stoicks* have defined to be *honest Nature*; and is lanced into *by-devices* of his own *ingiddied brain*: nor do I see, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not abolish *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at first fell desperately, yet we read not of any *Law* he had to live by, more than the *Instinct of Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moses* time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to do *Sacrifice*? as if we should almost believe, that *Nature* could find out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once falln) was by degrees grown to a height of *prevarication*: Then *God* commanded *Moses*, to give them *rules*, to check the madding of their *ranging minds*. Thus, *God* made *Man* *righteous*; but he sought out *vain Inventions*; among all which, none hath more befooled him, than the setting up of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* swaying all) they that serve *Vertue*, like those of another *Faction*, are pusht at by those that run with the *general stream*. Incogitable *calamity* of *Man*; that must make that for the hinges of his *life* to turn on, which need not in any thing be conducent to it. I applaud that in the *Western Indies*; where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd: whose *Inhabitants* esteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into necessary *vessels*; and that no more, than they would alike of any *inferiour metal*; esteeming more of the *commodiousness*, than they did of the thing it self. Is it not miserable, that we should set up such an *Idol*, as should destroy our *happiness*? And that *Christians* should teach *Heathen* to undo themselves by *covetousness*! How happily they liv'd in *Spain*, till *fire* made some *Mountains* vomit *Gold*! and what miserable *discord*s followed after, *Vives* upon *Augustine* doth report. If this were put down, *Vertue* might then be *Queen* again. Now, we cannot serve her as we ought, without the leave of this *Godling*. Her access is more difficult, because we must go about to come to her. As when an *Usurper* hath deposed the *rightful King*; those that would shew their love to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for fear of the *false ones might*. Some things I must do that I would not; as being one among the rest, that are involved in the *general necessity*. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the *Laws of Hu-*

manity, I will never deny my self an honest *solace*, for fear of an airy *censure*. Why should another mans *injustice* breed my *unkindness* to my self? As for *gold*, surely the *world* would be much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the *Fountain* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Pass*, to travel the *world* by, without *begging*. If I have none, I shall have so much the more misery; because *custom* hath plaid the *fool*, in making it *material*, when it needed not.

## XXX.

## Of Women.

SOME are so *uncharitable*, as to think *all women bad*: and others are so credulous, as they believe, they *all are good*. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole *Sex*: which in a *strict examination*, makes more for their *honor*, then most men have acknowledged. At first, she was created his *Equal*; only the difference was in the *Sex*: otherwise, they both were *Man*. If we argue from the *Text*, that *male and female made man*: so the *man* being put *first*, was *worthier*. I answer, *So the evening and the morning was the first day*: yet few will think the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Governour*, and so *above her*; I believe rather the punishment of *her sin*, then the *Prerogative of his worth*. Had they both stood, it may be thought, she had never been in that *subjection*: for then it had been no *curse*, but a *continuance of her former estate*; which had nothing but *blessedness* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *priority*. But *Chrysostom*, he says, does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautiful* then *Mans*: fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble Natures wonder*: both for *conception*, and *fostering* the produced *birth*. And can we think *God* would put a *worser soul* into a *better body*? When *Man* was created, 'tis said, *God made man*: but when *woman*, 'tis said, *God builded her*; as if he had then been about a *frame of rarer Rooms*, and more *exact composition*. And, without doubt, in her *body*, she is much more *wonderful*: and by this, we may think her so in her *mind*. *Philosophy* tells us, Though the *soul* be not caused by the *body*; yet in the general it follows the temperament of it: so the *comeliest out-sides*, are naturally (for the most part) *virtuous within*. If *place* can be any *priviledge*; we shall find her built in *Paradise*, when *Man* was made *without* it. 'Tis certain, they are by *constitution* colder then the *boyling Man*: so by this, more *temperate*; 'tis *heat* that transports *Man* to *immoderation* and *furie*; 'tis that, which hurries him to a *savage and libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more *modest*: and *modesty* is the *seat and dwelling place of Vertue*. Whence proceed the most *abhorred villanies*, but from a *masculine unblushing impudence*? What a deal of *sweetness* do we find in a *mild disposition*? When a *woman* grows bold and daring, we

dislike her, and say, *she is too like a man*: yet in our selves, we magnifie what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes nearer to God. Man in nothing is more like Him; then in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful then Man: It being a sex, wherein pity and compassion have dispers'd far brighter rays. God is said to be Love; and I am sure, every where woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found, but in two men only, that their love exceeded that of the feminine sex: and if you observe them, you shall find, they were both of melting dispositions. I know, when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures: Yet still the same reason gives it: for, *Optima corrupta pessima*: The best things corrupted, become the worst. They are things, whose souls are of a more ductible temper, then the harder metal of man: so may be made both better and worse. The Representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not, but at meetings, men may very well vie words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions. Natural heat does more actuate the stirring Genius of Man. Their easie Natures make them somewhat more unresolute; whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have alwayes held the Parliament, and have enacted their own wills, without ever hearing them speak: and then how easie is it to conclude them guilty? Besides, Education makes more difference between men and them, then Nature: and, all their aspersions are less noble, for that they are only from their Enemies, Men. Diogenes snarled bitterly, when walking with another, he spied two women talking, and said, *See the Viper and Asp are changing poyson*. The Poet was conceited that said, *After they were made ill, that God made them fearful, that Man might rule them; otherwise they had been past dealing with*. Catullus his conclusion was too general, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his own.

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle*

*Quam mihi: non si se Jupiter ipse petat.*

*Dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,*

*In vento & rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.*

My *Mistress* swears, she'd leave all men for me:

Yea, though that *Jove* himself should *Suiter* be.

She sayes it: but what women swear to kind

Loves, may be writ in rapid streams and wind.

I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women, then men; though weaker, and more infirmly guarded. I believe, they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many, make me uncharitable to all: nor the goodness of some, make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more

*sweet*

sweet and constant goodness in Man, then I have found in woman: and yet of these, I have not found a number.

## XXXI.

## Of the loss of things loved.

NO crosses do so much affect us, as those that befall us in the things we love. We are more grieved to lose *one child of affection*, then we should be for *many* that we do not so neerly care for, though *every* of them be alike to us, in respect of *outward Relations*. The *soul* takes a *freedom*, to indear what it *liketh*, without discovering the *reason* to *Man*: and when that is taken from her, she *mourns*, as having lost a *son*. When the *choyce of the affections* dyes, a *general lamentation* follows. To some things we so dedicate ourselves, that in their *parting*, they seem to take away even the *substance of our soul* along: as if we had laid up the *treasure of our lives*, in the frail and moveable hold of *another*. The *Soul* is fram'd of such an *active nature*, that 'tis impossible but it must assume *something* to it self, to delight in: We seldome find any, without *peculiar delight* in some *peculiar thing*; though *various*, as their *fancies* lead them, *Honour*, *War*, *Learning*, *Musick*, do all find their several *rotaries*: who, if they fail in their *souls wishes*, mourn immoderately. *David* had his *Abfalom*: *Hannahs wish* was *children*: *Hamans thirst* was *Honour*: *Achitophel* took the glory of his *Counsel*. Who would have thought, that they could, for the miss of these, have expressed such *excessive passions*? Who would have believed, that one neglect of his *Counsel*, would have trufs'd up *Achitophel* in a *voluntary Halter*? We then begin to be *miserable*, when we are totally bent on some one *temporal object*. What one *sublunary Center* is there, which is able to receive the *circles of the spreading soul*? All that we find here, is too *narrow*, and too *little*, for the *patent affections* of the *mind*. If they could afford us *happines* in their *possession*, it were not then such *fondness* to inleague our selves with an *undividable love*: but, being they cannot make us *truly happy* in their *injoying*; and may make us *miserable* by their *parting*; it will be best, not to *concenter* all our *rayes* upon them. Into how many *ridiculous passages* do they precipitate themselves, that dote upon a *Rosy face*? Who looks not upon *Dido*, with a kind of *smiling pity*, if *Virgil's Poetry* does not injure her with *love* to *Aeneas*, rather then tell the truth of her *hate* to *Iarbas*.

*Vritur infelix Dido, totaq; vagatur  
Urbe furens: qualis coniectâ Cerva sagittâ;  
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit  
Pastor agens telis, liquitq; volatile ferrum  
Nescius: illa fugâ sylvas saltusq; peragrat  
Dictæos: heret lateri Lethalis arundo.*

Scorch'd in fierce flames, through Cities several wayes,  
Lost *Dido* wanders: like some *Deer* that strays,

And

And unawares, by some rude *Shepherds Dart*,  
In her own *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearful heart,  
Flies tripping through all *Dicte's Groves and Plains*;  
Yet still the deadly *Arrow* sticks, and pains.

But for such *high-fed Love* as this, *Crates triple-remedy* is the best that I know: either *Fasting*, or *Time*: and if both these fail, an *Halter*. And surely he deserves it, for robbing himself of his *soul*. Certainly they can never live in *quiet*, that so vehemently intend a peculiar *quest*. *Fear* and *suspicion* startle their *affrighted minds*; and many times, their *over-loving* is a cause of their *loss*: *Moderate care* would make it last the longer. Often handling of the *withering Flower*, adds not to the *continuance*, but is a properation of more swift *decay*. Who loves a *Glass* so well, as he will still be playing with it, *breaks* that by his *childishness*, which might have been found in the *cellar* or *case*. But when in this we shall lay up all our *best contentments*, what do we, but like *foolish Merchants*, venture all our *estate* in a *bottom*? It is not good to bring our selves into that absolute *necessity*, that the failing of *one aim* should *perish* us. Who, that cannot swim well, would with one *small thred*, hazard himself in the faithless and unfounded *Sea*? How pleasantly the *wise Man* laughs at that, which makes the *Lady weep*; *The death of her little Dog*? The *loving part* in her, wanted an object: so *play*, and *lapping on it*, made her place it *there*: and that so *deeply*, that she must bedew her *n'yes* at parting with't. How improvident are we, to make that, *affliction* in the *farewell*, which while we had, we knew was not alwaies to *stay*? nor could (if we so pleas'd not) thieve the least *mite* from us. He is unwise, that lets his *light spleen* clap his *wanton sides*, which knows it needs must *dye*, when're the *Musick* ceases. I like him, that can both *play*, and *win*, and *laugh*, and *lose*, without a *chafe* or *sighs*. Our *loves* are not alwaies *constant*: their *objects* are much more *uncertain*; and *events* more *casual* then they. *Something* I must *like* and *love*: but, *nothing* so violently, as to undo my self with wanting it. If I should ever be intangled in that *snare*; I will yet cast the *worst*, and prepare as well for a *parting journey*, as *cobabitation*. And to prevent all, I will bend my *love* toward that, which can neither be *lost*, nor admit of *excess*. Nor yet will I ever love a *Friend* so *little*, as that he shall not command the *All* of an *honest man*.

## XXXII.

## Of the uncertainty of life.

**M**iserable brevity! more miserable uncertainty of life! We are sure that we cannot *live long*: and uncertain that we shall *live at all*. And even while I am writing *this*, I am not sure my *pen* shall end the *sentence*. Our *life* is so *short*, that we cannot in it *contemplate* what our selves are: so *uncertain*, as we cannot say, we will *resolve to do it*. *Silence* was a full *answer* in that *Philosopher*, that  
being

being asked, *what he thought of humane life*; said nothing, turn'd him round, and *vanisht*. Like *leaves on trees*, we are the sport of every *puff* that blows: and with the least *gust*, may be shaken from our *life* and *nutriment*. We *travail*, we *study*, we think to dissect the *world* with *continued searches*: when, while we are contriving but the *nearest way* to't, *Age*, and *consumed years* o'rtake us; and onely *labour* payes us the *losses* of our *ill-expended time*. Death whisks about the *unthoughtful world*, and with a *Pegasean speed*, flies upon *unwary Man*; with the *kick* of his *heel*, or the *dash* of his *foot*, springing Fountains of the tears of *Friends*. *Juvenal* does tell us, how *life* wings away:

———*Esstinat enim decurrere velox  
Flosculus angustæ, miseræq; brevissima vitæ  
Portio: dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta, puellas  
Pescimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.*

———The short-liv'd *Flowre*, and *portion*  
Of poor, sad *life* post-hasteth to be gone:  
And while we *drink*, seek *women*, *wreaths* and *earn'd*  
*Applause*, *old age* steals on us *undiscern'd*.

If *Nature* had not made *Man* an *active creature*, that he should be delighted in *employment*, nothing would convince him of more *folly*, than the durance of some *enterprizes* that he takes in hand: for they are many times of such a future length, as we cannot in reason hope to live till their *conclusion* comes. We *build*, as if we laid *foundations* for *Eternity*: and the *expeditions* we take in hand, are many times the length of three or four *lives*. How many *warriors* have expir'd in their *expagnations*; leaving their *breath* in the places where they laid their *Siege*? Certainly, he that thinks of *lives casualties*, can neither be *careless*, nor *covetous*. I confess, we *may* live to the *spectacle*, and the *bearing-staff*, to the *slooping back*, to the *snow*, or to the *sleekness* of the *declining crown*: but, how few are there, that can unfold you a *Diary* of so many *leaves*? More do dye in the *Spring* and *Summer* of their years, than live till *Autumn*, or their *growned winter*. When a man shall exhaust his very *vitality*, for the hilling up of *fatal Gold*; and shall then think, how a *Hair* or *Fly* may snatch him in a moment from it; how it quells his *laborious hope*, and puts his *posting mind* into a more safe and quiet pace. Unless, we are sure to enjoy it, why should any man strain himself, for more than is *convenient*? I will never care too much, for that I am not sure to *keep*. Yet I know, should all men respect but their *own time*, an *Age* or two would find the *World* in *ruine*: so that for such actions, men may plead their *charity*, that though they live not to enjoy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficial to *posterity*. And I rather think this an *Instinct* that God hath put in *Man*, for the conservation of things; than an *intended good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus, as in *propagation* we are often more beholding to the *pleasure* of our *Parents*, than their

their desire of having us: so in matters of the *world*, and *Fortune*, the aims of our *Predecessors* for themselves, have by the secret work of *Providence*, cast benefits upon us. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins *things lasting*. Though they be *vanities* to him, because he knows not who shall enjoy them: yet they will be things well fitted for some that shall succeed them. They that do me *good*, and know not of it, are causes of my *benefit*, though I do not owe them my *thanks*: and I will rather *bles*s them, as *instruments*; than *condemn* them, as not *intenders*.

## XXXIII.

*That good counsel should not be valued by the person.*

**T**O some, there is not a *greater vexation*, than to be advised by an *Inferior*. *Directions* are unwelcome, that come to us by *ascensions*: as if *wealth* only were the full accomplishment of a *soul* within; and could as well infuse an *inward judgement*, as procure an *outward respect*. Nay, I have known some, that being advised by such, have run into a *worser contradiction*; because they would not seem to learn of one below them: or if they see no other way convenient, they will delay the *practice*, till they think the *Prompter* has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather fly in a perillous height, then seem to decline at the voyce of one *beneath* them. *Pitiful!* that we should rather *mischief* our selves, than be content to be *unprided*: For had we but so much *humility*, as to think our selves but what we are, *Men*; we might easily believe, another might have *brain* to equal us. He is sick to the ruin of himself, that refuseth a *Cordial*, because presented in a *spoon of wood*. That *wisdom* is not *lastingly good*, which stops the *ear* with the *tongue*: that will command and *speak* all, without hearing the voice of another. Even the *Slave* may sometimes light on a way to *inlarge* his *Master*, when his own *invention* fails. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by *men below our state*: For, while a *Superior* is *sudden* and *fearless*, an *Inferior* premeditates the *best*; lest being found *weak*, it might displease by being too light in the *poize*. *Job* reckons it a part of his *integrity*, that he had not refused the *judgment of his servants*. 'Tis good to *command*, and *hear* them. Why should we shame, by any *honest means*, to meet with *that* which benefits us? In things that be *difficult*, and not of important *secrecy*, I think it not amiss to consult with *Inferiors*. He that lies under the *Tree*, sees more than they that sit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eyes* to look *upward* with more ease than *down*: So. *the eye of the soul* sees better in *ascensions*, and things *meanly raised*. We are all, with a kind of *delectation*, carried to the *things above us*: and we have also better means of observing them, while we are admitted their *view*, and yet not thought as *Spies*. In *things beneath us*, not being so *delighted* with them, we pass them over with *neglect*, and *not observing*.

*Servants*



*Servants* are usually our *best friends*, or our *worst enemies*: *Neuters* seldom. For, being known to be privy to our *retired actions*, and our more *continual conversation*, they have the advantage of being *believed*, before a *removed friend*. *Friends* have more of the *tongue*, but *Servants* of the *hand*: and *actions* for the most part, speak a *man* more truly than *words*. *Attendants* are like to the *locks* that belong to a *house*: while they are *strong* and *close*, they preserve us in safety: but *weak* or *open*, we are left a *prey* to *thieves*. If they be such as a *stranger* may pick, or another open with a *false key*; it is very fit to *change* them instantly: But if they be well *warded*, they are then good *guards* of our *fame* and *welfare*. 'Tis good, I confess, to consider how they stand *affected*; and to *handle* their *counsels* before we *embrace* them: they may sometimes at once, both *please* and *poyson*. *Advice* is as well *the wise mans fall*, as *the fools advancement*: and is often *most wounding*, when it stroaks us with a *silken hand*. All *families* are but *diminutives* of a *Court*; where most men respect more their own *advancement*, than the *honour* of their *Throned King*. The same thing, that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foul Lady*, that she looks *lovely*: makes a *base Lord*, sooth up his *ill King* in *mischief*. They both counsel, rather to *insinuate themselves*, by floating with a *light-dov'd humor*; than to profit the *advised*, and imbetter his *fame*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counsellor*, so shall we better judge of his *counsel*; which yet if we find *good*, we shall do well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the *good counsel*, even of a *bad man*. We think not *gold* the worse, because 'tis brought us in a *bag of leather*: No more ought we to condemn *good counsel*, because it is presented us, by a *bad man*, or an *underling*.

## XXXIV.

## Of Custom in advancing Money.

*Custom* misleads us all: we magnifie the *wealthy man*, though his *parts* be never so *poor*; the *poor man* we despise, be he never so well otherwise *qualified*. To be *rich*, is to be three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To be *poor*, is to be made a *pavement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the only *Coverlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fools Curtain*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *world*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speak*, against the native *genius* of the *groaning heart*: It supples more than *Oyl*, or *Fomentations*: and can stiffen beyond the *Summer Sun*, or the *winters white-bearded cold*. In this we differ from the ancient *Heathen*; They make *Jupiter* their *chief god*; and we have crowned *Pluto*. He is *Master of the Muses*, and can buy their *voices*. The *Graces* wait on him: *Mercury* is his *Messenger*: *Mars* comes to him for his *pay*: *Venus* is his *Prostitute*: He can make *Vesta* break her *vow*: He can have *Bacchus* be *merry* with him; and *Ceres* feast him, when he lifts: He is the *sick mans Aesculapius*: and the *Pallas* of an *empty brain*. Nor can *Cupid* cause *love*, but by his

*Golden-headed Arrow.* Money is a general Man : and, without doubt, excellently parted. *Petronius* describes his Qualities :

*Quisquis habet nummos, securâ naviget aurâ :  
 Fortunamq; suo temperet arbitrio.  
 Uxorcm ducat Danaen, ipsumq; licebit  
 Acrisium jubeat credere quod Danaen :  
 Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes  
 Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.  
 Jurisconsultus, paret, non paret, habetor ;  
 Atque esto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.  
 Multa loquor : quidvis nummis presentibus opta,  
 Et veniet : clausum possidet arca Jovem.*

The moneyed-man can safely sail all Seas ;  
 And make his Fortune as himself shall please.  
 He can wed Danae, and command that now  
 Acrisius self that fatal match allow.  
 He can declaim, chide, censure, verses write ;  
 And do all things, better than Cato might.  
 He knows the Law, and rules it : hath, and is  
 Whole Servius, and what Labeo could possess.  
 In brief ; let rich men wish whats'ere they love,  
 'Twill come ; they in a lockt Chest keep a Jove.

The time is come about, whereof *Diogenes* prophesied ; when he gave the reason why he would be buried groveling ; We have made the Earths bottom powerful to the lofty skies : Gold, that lay buried in the buttock of the world ; is now made the Head and Ruler of the People ; putting all under it, we have made it extensive, as the Spanish Ambition : and, in the mean, have undeservedly put worth below it. Worth without wealth, is like an able servant out of employment ; he is fit for all busineses, but wants wherewith to put himself into any : he hath good Materials for a foundation : but misseeth wherewith to rear the wals of his fame. For, though indeed, riches cannot make a man worthy, they can shew him to the world, when he is so : But when we think him wise, for his wealth alone, we appear content to be misled with the Multitude. To the Rich, I confess, we owe something ; but to the wise man, most : To this, for himself, and his innate worthiness : to the other, as being casually happy, in things that of themselves are blessings ; but never so much, as to make Virtue mercenary, or a flatterer of Vice. Worth without wealth, beside the native Nobleness, has this in it ; That it may be a way of getting the wealth which is wanting : But as for wealth without worth, I count it nothing but a rich Saddle, for the State to ride an Ass withal.

That

## XXXV.

*That Sin is more crafty than violent.*

**B**Efore we *sin*, the *Devil* shews his *policy*; when we have *sinned*, his *baseness*: he makes us first revile our *Father*, and then steps up, to *witness* how we have *blasphemed*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faults* which had not been, but for his own *intisement*. He was never such a *Souldier*, as he is a *Politician*: He blows up more by *one mine*, than he can kill by *ten assaults*: He prevails most by *Treaty*, and *facticus wayes*. *Presents* and *Parlies* win him more than the *cruel wound*, or the *drag* of the *compulsive hand*. All *sin* is rather *subtil*, than *valiant*. The *Devil* is a *coward*; and will, with thy *resisting*, fly thee: nor dare he shew himself in a *noted good mans* company; if he does, he comes in *seeming-virtues*; and the garments of *belyed Truth*. *Vice* stands abash't at the glorious *Majesty* of a good confirmed *soul*. *Cato's* presence stopt the practices of the *Romans* brutish *Floralia's*, *Satan* began first with *hesitations*, and his tly-couch'd *Oratory*: and ever since, he continues in *wiles*, in *stratagems*, and the *fetches* of a toying *brain*; rather perswading us to *sin*, than urging us: and when we have done it, he seldom lets us see our *folly*, till we be plunged in some deep *extremity*: then he writes it in *capital Letters*, and carries it as a *Pageant* at a *show*, before us. What could have made *David* so heartless, when *Abalom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented *sins*; when he *fled*, and *wept*, and *fled* again? It appears a *wonder*, that *Shimei* should rail a *King* to his face; and, unpunisht, brave him, and his host of *Souldiers*, casting *stones*, and spitting *taunts*, while he stood incompass'd with his *Nobles*. Surely, it had been impossible, but that *David* was full of the horror of his *sins*, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, he acted but the *Devils* part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. *Calamity*, in the sight of *worthiness*, prompts the *hand*, and opens the *purse*, to relieve. 'Tis a *hellish disposition*, that watcheth how to give a *blow* to the man that is already reeling. When we are in danger, he galls us with what we have done; and on our *sick beds*, shews us all our *sins* in *multipling-Glasses*. He first draws us into *hated Treason*; and when we are taken, and brought to the *Bar*, he is both our *accuser*, and *condemning witness*. His *close policy*, is now turn'd to declared *baseness*. Nor is it a wonder: for, *unworthiness* is ever the end of *unhonest deceit*: yet sure this *cozenage* is the more condemned, for that it is so *ruinous*, and so *easy*. Who is it but may *cozen*, if he minds to be a *Villain*? How poor and inhumane was the craft of *Cleomenes*, that concluding a *league* for seven dayes, in the *night* assaulted the secure *Enemy*? alleging, The *nights* were not excluded from *slaughter*. Nothing is so like to *Satan*, as a *Knave* furnish'd with *dishonest fraud*: the best way to avoid him, is to disdain the *league*. I will rather labour for *villour*, at the first, to resist him; than after *yielding*, to endeavour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the *Devil*, or his *Match-avel*. For though the *Devil* be the more secret *Enemy*, yet the base *Poli-*

*tician* is the more familiar : and is indeed but a *Devil* in *Hose* and *Doublet*, fram'd so, in an acquainted shape, to advantage his *deceit* the more.

## XXXVI.

## Of Discontents.

**T**He *discontented man* is a *Watch* over-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false. *Grief* is like *Ink* poured into *water*, that fills the whole *Fountain* full of *blackness* and *disuse*. Like *mist*, it spoils the *burnish* of the *silver-mind*. It casts the *Soul* into the *shade*, and fills it more with consideration of the *unhappiness*, than thought of the *remedy*. Nay, it is so busied in the *mischief*, as there is neither room, nor time for the ways that should give us *release*. It does dissociate *Man*, and sends him, with *Beasts*, to the loneliness of *unpathed Desarts*, who was by *Nature* made a *Creature* *companionable*. Nor is it the *mind* alone, that is thus mudded ; but even the *body* is disfaired : it thickens the *complexion*, and dies it into an *unpleasing swarthy*ness : the *eye* is dim, in the *discoloured face* ; and the whole man becomes as if statued into *stone* and *earth*. But, above all, those *discontents* sting deepest, that are such as may not with safety be communicated : For, then the *soul* pines away, and starves for want of *counsel*, that should feed and cherish it. *Concealed sorrows*, are like the *vapours*, that, being shut up, occasion *Earth-quakes*, as if the *world* were plagued with a fit of the *Colick*. That man is *truly miserable*, that cannot but *keep* his *miseries* ; and yet must not *unfold* them. As in the *body*, whatsoever is taken in, that is *distastful* and continues there unvoided, does daily *imposthume*, and gather, till at last it *kills*, or at least *indangers* to extremity : So is it in the *mind* : *Sorrows* entertain'd, and smother'd, do *collect* still, and still *habituate* it so, that all *good disposition* gives way to a *harsh morosity*. *Vexations*, when they daily *billow* upon the *mind*, they froward even the sweetest *soul*, and from a *dainty affability*, turn it into *spleen* and *testiness*. It is good to do with these, as *Jocasta* did with *Oedipus*, cast them out in their *infancy*, and lame them in their *feet* : or, for more safety, *kill* them, to a not reviving. Why should we hug a *poysoned Arrow* so closely in our *wounded bosomes* ? Neither *griefs*, nor *joyes*, were ever ordained for *secresie*. It is against *Nature*, that we should so long go with child with our *conceptions* ; especially when they are such, as are ever striving to quit the *ejecting womb*.

*Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atq; cor astat intus ;*

*Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.*

Untold griefs choak, cynder the *Heart* ; and, by

Restraint, their burning forces multiply.

I think, no man but would willingly tell them, if either *shame* of the *cause*, or *distrust* of the *friend*, did not bridle his *expressions*. Either of these intail a mans mind to *misery*. Every *sorrow* is a *short convulsion* ; but he that it makes a *close prisoner*, is like a *Papist*, that keeps *Good-*

Friday all the year; he is ever *whipping*, and inflicting *penance* on himself, when he needs not. The *sad man* is an *Hypocrite*: for he *seems wise*, and is not. As the *eye*, fixt upon one *object*, sees other things but by halves and glancings: so the *soul* intent on this *accident*, cannot discern on other *contingencies*. *Sad objects*, even for *worldly things*, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like *willows*, if we set them deep, or let them stand too long, they will grow *trees*, and *overspread*, when we intended them but for *staves*, to *uphold*. *Sorrow* is a *dull passion*, and deadens the activeness of the *mind*. Methinks *Crates* shew'd a *braver spirit*, when he danc'd and laugh'd in his *thred-bare Cloak*, and his *wallet* at his back, which was all his *wealth*: than *Alexander*, when he wept, that he had not such a huge *Beast*, as the *Empire of the world*, to govern. He *contemned*, what this other did *cry* for. If I must have *sorrow*, I will never be so in love with it, as to keep it to my *self* alone: nor will I ever so affect *company*, as to live where *vexations* shall daily salute me.

## XXXVII.

## Of Natures recompensing Wrongs.

There be few *bodily imperfections*, but the *beauty of the mind* can cover, or countervail, even to their *not-seeming*. For, that which is *unsightly* in the *body*, though it be our *misfortune*, yet it is not our *fault*. No man had ever power to *order Nature* in his own *composure*: what we have there, is such as we could neither give our *selves*, nor *refuse* when it was bequeathed us: But, what we find in the *soul*, is either the *blur of the man*, or the *blossom* for which we praise him: because a *mind well qualified*, is oft beholding to the *industry* of the *careful man*: and that again which is mudded with a *vicious iniquation*, is so, by the vileness of a *wilful self-neglect*. Hence, when our *soul* finds a rareness in a *tuned soul*, we fix so much on that, as we become charitable to the *disproportion'd body*, which we find containing it: and many times, the *fails of the one*, are *soils*, to set off the *other* with the greater *grace* and *lustre*. The *mind's excellency* can save the *real blemishes* of the *body*. In a man *deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, we use first to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *virtues*, that transcend them: which be, as it were, *things* set off with more *glory*, by the pity and defect of the *other*. 'Tis fit the *mind* should be most magnified. Which I suppose to be the reason, why *Poets* have ascribed more to *Cupid the Son*, than to *Venus the Mother*: because *Cupid* strikes the *mind*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* says, *Minerva* cur'd *Ulysses* of his *wrinkles* and *baldness*; not that she took them away by *supplements*, or the *deceiving focus*: but that he was so *applauded*, for the *acuteness* of an *ingenious mind*, that men spared to object unto him his *deformity*: and if it shall chance to be remembered, it will be allayed with the adjunct of the other's *worth*. It was said of *bald, hook-nos'd, crook-footed Galba*, Only that his *wit* dwelt ill. *Worth* then does us the *best service*,

*service*, when it both *hides the faults of Nature*, and brings us into *estimation*. We often see *blemish'd bodies*, rare in *mental excellencies*: which is an admirable *instinct of Nature*, that being conscious of her own *defects*, and not able to *absterge* them, she uses *diversion*, and draws the consideration of the *beholders* to those parts, wherein she is more confident of her *qualifications*. I do think, for *worth* in many men, we are more beholden to the *defects of Nature*, than their own *inclinary love*. And certainly, for *converse* among men, *beautiful persons* have less need of the *minds commending Qualities*. *Beauty* in it self is such a *silent Orator*, as is ever pleading for *respect* and *liking*: and by the *eyes* of others, is ever sending to their *hearts* for *love*. Yet, even *this* hath this *inconvenience* in it, that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the mind with *Nobleness*. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the *mind* is ill. The *modest sweetness* of a *Lilled face* makes men persuade the *heart* unto *immodesty*: Had not *Dinah* had so good a one, she had come home *unravished*. *Unlovely features* have more liberty to be *good* withal; because they are freer from *solicitations*. There is a kind of *continual combate*, between *Virtue* and *Proportions pleasingness*. Though it be not a *curse*; yet 'tis many times an *unhappinefs* to be *fair*.

— *Vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem  
Ipsa habuit; cuperet Rutile Virginia gibbum  
Accipere, atq; suam Rutile dare. Filius autem  
Corporis egregii miseris, trepidosq; parentes  
Semper habet: rara est adeo concordia formæ  
Atque pudicitie.*—

*Lucretia's* fate warns us to wish no *face*  
Like hers; *Virginia* would bequeath her grace  
To Lute-backt *Rutile*, in exchange: for still,  
The fairest Children do their Parents fill  
With greatest care; so seldom *Modesty*  
Is found to dwell with *Beauty*.—

The words be *Juvenal's*. Above all therefore, I applaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *soul* are met in the *similiary Robe* of *Comelinefs*.: and he is the more to be affected, because we may believe, he hath taken up his *goodness*, rather upon *love to it*, than upon *sinister ends*. They are *rightly virtuous*, that are so, without *incitation*: nor can it but argue, *virtue* is then strong, when it lives *upright*, in the prease of *many temptations*. And, as these are the best in *others eyes*, so are they most composed in *themselves*. For here *Reason* and the *Senses* kiss; *disporting* themselves with *mutual speculations*: whereas those men, whose *minds* and *bodies* differ, are like two that are *married* together, and *love not*: they have ever *secret reluctations*, and do not *part* for any other reason, but because they *cannot*.

## XXXVIII.

## Of Truth, and bitterness in Jests.

IT is not good for a man to be too tart in his Jests. Bitterness is for serious Portions; not for Healths of merriment, and the jollities of a mirthful Feast. An offensive man is the Devils bellows, wherewith he blows up contentions and jars. But among all passages of this nature, I finde none more galling than an offensive Truth, For thereby we run into two great Errors. One is, we childe that in a loose Laughter, which should be grave, and favour both of love and pity. So we rub him with a poyson'd oyl, which spreads the more, for being put in such a flecting suppleness. The other is, we descend to particulars, and by that means, draw the whole company to witness his disgrace we break it on. The Souldier is not noble, that makes himself sport, with the wounds of his own companion. Whosoever will jest, should be like him that flourishes at a show: he may turn his weapon any way, but not aim more at one, than at another. In this case, things like Truth, are better than Truth it self. Nor is it less ill than unsafe, to sling about this wormwood of the brain: some noses are too tender to endure the strength of the smell. And though there be many, like tyled houses, that can admit a falling spark, unawarm'd: yet some again, are cover'd with such light, dry straw, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your troubled ears: and when the house is on fire, it is no disputing with how small a matter it came: it will quickly proceed to mischief *Exitus Ira furor*: Anger is but a step from Rage; and that is wilde fire, which will not be extinguished. I know, wise men are not too nimble at an injury. For, as with fire, the light stuffe, and rubbish, kindles sooner than the solid, and more compacted: so anger sooner inflames a Fool, than a man composed in his resolutions. But we are not sure alwayes to meet discreet ones: nor can we hope it, while we our selves are otherwise in giving the occasion. Fools are the greater number: wise men are like timber-trees in a wood, here and there one: and though they be most acceptable, to men wise like themselves, yet have they never more need of wisdom, than when they converse with the ringing elboes: who, like corrupt air, require many Antidotes, to keep us from being infected: But when we grow bitter to a wise man, we are then worst: For, he sees further into the disgrace, and is able to harm us more. Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow into ruggedness. The birth is then prodigious, when Mischief is the child of Mirth. All should have liberty to laugh at a Jest: but if it throws a disgrace upon one, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the Musick. Flouts we may see proceed from an inward contempt; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a generous mind than scorn. Nature at first makes us all equal: we are differenc'd but by accident, and outwards. And I think 'tis a jealousy that she hath infus'd in Man, for the maintaining of her own Honour against external causes. And though all have not wit to reject the Arrow, yet most have memory to retain the offence; which they will be

content to owe a while, that they may repay it both with more *advantage*, and *ease*. 'Tis but an *unhappy wit*, that stirs up *Enemies* against the *owner*. A man may spit out his *friend* from his *tongue*; or laugh him into an *Enemy*. *Gall* in *mirth* is an *ill mixture*; and sometimes *truth* is *bitterness*. I would wish any man to be *pleasingly merry*: but let him beware, he bring not *Truth* on the *stage*, like a *wanton* with an *edged weapon*.

## XXXIX.

## Of Apprehension in Wrongs.

**W**E make our selves more *injuries* than are offered us: they many times pass for *wrongs* in our *own thoughts*, that were never meant so, by the *heart* of him that speaketh. The *apprehension of wrong*; hurts more, than the sharpest part of the *wrong* done. So, by fallly making of our selves *patients of wrong*, we become the true and first *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *discourtesie*, to dive into a mans *mind*, beyond his own *Comment*: nor to stir upon a doubtful *indignity*, without it: unless we have *proofs*, that carry *weight* and *conviction* with them. *Words* do sometimes fly from the *tongue*, that the *heart* did neither *hatch* nor *harbour*. While we think to *revenge* an *injury*, we many times *begin one*: and after that, repent our *misconceptions*. In things that may have a *double sense*, 'tis good to think, The *better* was intended; so shall we still both keep our *friends*, and *quietness*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent*; yet is it sometimes better to *dissemble* it, than play the *Wasp*, and strive to return a *sting*. A *wise mans glory* is, in passing by an *offence*: and this was *Solomons Philosophy*. A *Fool* strook *Cato* in the *Bath*; and when he was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it: For, sayes *Seneca*, *Melius putavit non agnoscere, quam ignoscere*. He would not come so near *Revenge*, as to acknowledge that he had been *wronged*. *Light injuries* are made *none*, by a not regarding; which with a *pursuing revenge*, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a *generous spirit*, to return a *punishment* for every *abuse*. Some are such, as they require nothing but *contempt* to kill them. The *cuagel* is not of use, when the *beast* but only *barks*. Though *much sufferance* be a *stupidity*; yet a little is of good esteem. We hear of many that are disturbed with a *light offence*, and we condemn them for it: because, that which we call *remedy*, slides into *disease*; and makes *that live* to *mischief* us, which else would *die*, with giving life to *safety*. Yet, I know not what *self partiality* makes us think our selves behind-hand, if we offer not repayment in the *same coin* we received it. Of which, if they may stand for *reasons*, I think, I may give you two. One is the *sudden apprehension of the mind*, which will endure any thing with more patience, than a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits* of the *air* it conveyed a *stab* to the *athereal soul*. Another is, because living among *many*, we would justify our selves, to avoid their *contempt*; and these being most such, as are not able to *judge*, we rather satisfy them by *external actions*, than rely upon



upon a *judicious verdict*, which gives us in for *nobler*, by *contemning it*. Howsoever we may prize the revengeful man for *spirit*; yet without doubt 'tis *Princely* to *disdain a wrong*: who, when *Embassadors* have offered *undecencies*, use not to *chide*, but to deny them *audience*: as if *silence* were the *way Royal* to reject a *wrong*. He enjoys a *brave composedness*, that seats himself above the flight of the *injurious claw*. Nor does he by this shew his *weakness*, but his *wisdom*. For, *Qui leviter sæviunt, sapiunt magis*: *The wisest rage the least*. I love the man that is *modestly valiant*, that stirs not till he must needs; and then *to purpose*. A *continued patience* I commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodness*. For though *God* bears *much*, yet he will not bear *always*.

## XL.

*When vice is most dangerous.*

WHEN *Vice* is got to the *midst*, it is hard to stay her, till she comes to the *end*. Give a hot *Horse* his head at first, and he will surely run away with you. Who can stop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, till he a little hath discharg'd his *passion* either by *intemperate speech* or *blows*? In vain we preach a *patience*, presently after the sense of the loss. What a stir it asks, to get a man from the *Tavern*, when he is but *half-drunk*! *Desire* is dispersed into every *vein*; that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiscible*. And this dies not in the way; but by *discharge* or *recess*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worst. In the *beginning*, he may forbear; in the *end*, he will leave alone: in the *middest*, he cannot but go on to worse; nor will he, in that heat, admit of any thing, that may teach him to desist. *Rage* is no *friend* to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not safe to offer even the *best advice*. Be counsel'd by the *Roman Ovid*.

*Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede furori;*

*Difficiles aditus impetus omnis habet.*

*Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,*

*Pugnat in adversas ire natator aquas.*

When rage runs swiftly step aside, and see  
How hard th' approaches of fierce *Fury* be.  
When danger may be shun'd, I reckon him  
Unwise that yet against the stream will swim.

We are so blinded in the *heat of the Chase*, that we beat back all *preservatives*: or make them means to make our *vices* more. That I may keep my self from the *end*, I will ever leave off in the *beginning*. Whatsoever *Precepts* strict *Stoicism* would give us, for the calming of *untemper'd passion*; 'tis certain, there is none like *running away*. *Prevention* is the best *bridle*. I commend the *policy* of *Satyrius*, of whom *Aristotle* hath this Story; that being a *Pleader*, and knowing himself *choleric*, and, in that *whirre* of the *mind*, apt to rush upon foul *transgression*; he used to stop his ears with *max*, lest the sense of *ill Language* should cause his *fierce blood* to seeth in his *distended skin*. It is in *Man* to avoid the *occasion*; but not the *inconvenience*, when he hath admitted it.

Who can retire in the *impetuous girds* of the *Soul*? Let a *Giant* knock, while the door is shut, he may with ease be still kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a *limb* of himself, then there is no course left to keep out the entirer *bulk*.

## XLI.

*That all things are restrained.*

I Cannot think of any *thing* that hath not some *enemy*, or some *Antagonist*, to restrain it, when it grows to *excess*. The whole *world* is order by *discord*; and every part of it is but a more particular *composed jar*. Not a *Man*, not a *beast*, not a *creature*, but have something to ballast their *lightness*. One *scale* is not always in *depression*, nor the other lifted ever *high*; but the alternate wave of the *beam* keeps it ever in the *play* of motion. From the *Pismire* on the *tufted hill* to the *Monarch* on the *raised Throne*, nothing but hath somewhat to *axe* it. We are all here like *birds*, that *Boys* let fly in strings: when we *mount too high*, we have that which puls us *down* again. What man is it which lives so *happily*, which fears not something, that would sadden his *soul* if it fell? nor is there any whom *Calamity* doth so much *tristitiate*, as that he never sees the *flashes* of some warming *joy*. *Beasts* with *beasts* are *terrified* and *delighted*. *Man* with *man* is *awed* and *defended*. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *upheld*. And in all these it makes greatly for the *Makers* *glory*, that such an admirable *Harmony* should be produced out of such an *infinite discord*. The world is both a perpetual *war*, and a *wedding*. *Heraclytus* call'd *Discord* and *Concord* the universal *Parents*. And to rail on *Discord* (says the Father of the *Poets*) is to speak ill of *Nature*. As in *musick*, sometimes one string is lower, sometimes another; yet never one *long*, nor never all at *once*: so sometimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, sometimes another; sometime one *Element* is violent, now another: yet never was the whole *world* under one long, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Every string has his *use*, and his *tune*, and his *turn*. When the *Assyrians* fell, the *Persians* rose. When the *Persians* fell, the *Grecians* rose. The loss of one *man*, is the gain of another. 'Tis *vicissitude* that maintains the *world*. As in infinite *circles* about one *Center* there is the same *method*, though not the same *measure*: so in the smallest *creature* that is there is an *Epitome* of a *Monarchy*, of a *World*, which hath in it self *Convulsions*, *Arescations*, *Enlargements*, *Erections*: which, like props, keep it *upright*, which way soever it *leans*. Surely *God* hath put these lower things into the hands of *Nature*, which yet he doth not *relinquish*, but *dispose*. The *world* is composed of four *Elements*, and those be contraries. The year is quartered into four different *seasons*. The body both consists, and is nourished by *contraries*. How divers, even in *effect* are the *birds*, and the *beasts* that *feed us*; and how divers again are those things that *feed them*? How many several qualities have the *plants* that they *browse* upon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd *Sallad* do they make? The *mind* too is a

*mixture*

*mixture of disparities* : joy, sorrow, hope, fear, hate, and the like. Neither are those things *pleasing*, which flow to us, in the *smoothness* of a free *prostitution*. A gentle *resistance* heightens the desires of the *seeker*. A friendly *war* doth *indulciate* the ensuing *cloze*. 'Tis *variety* that hits the *humors* of both sides, 'Tis the *imbecillity* of declining *Age*, that commits man prisoner to a *sedentary* settledness. That which is the vigor of his *life*, is *ranging*. *Heat* and *cold*, *dryness* and *moysture*, *quarrel* and *agree* within him. In all which he is but the great *worlds Breviary*. Why may we not think the *world* like a *masquing Battel*, which God commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? Wherein, even a *dying flie* may lecture out the *worlds mortality*. Surely, we deceive our selves, to think, on *earth*, *continued joys* would please. 'Tis a way that crosses that which *Nature* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be glutted with perpetual *Jollities* : were the *body* tyed to one *dish* always, (though of the most exquisite *delicate*, that it could make choise of) yet after a small time, it would complain of *loathing* and *satiety*. And so would the *soul*, if it did ever *epicure* it self in *joy*. *Discontents* are sometimes the better part of our *life*. I know not well which is the more *useful*; *Joy* I may chuse for *pleasure*, but *adversities* are the best for *profit*. And sometimes these do so far help me, as I should, without them, want much of the *joy* I have.

## XLII.

## Of Dissimulation.

**D**issimulation in *Vice* is like the *Brain in man*. All the *Senses* have recourse to *that*, yet is it much *controverted*, whether that at all be *sensitive*, or no: So, all *vices* fall into *dissimulation*, yet is it in a *dispute*, whether that in it self be a *vice*, or no. Sure, men would never act *vice* so freely, if they thought not they could escape the *shame* on't by *disssembling*. *Vice* hath such a *loathed* look with her, that she desires to be ever *masqued*. *Deceit* is a *dress* that she does continually wear. And howsoever the *worlds* corrupted *course* may make us sometimes use it; even this will *condemn* it, that it is not of use, but either when we do ill our selves, or meet with ill from others. Men are *divided* about the question; some disclaim *all*, some admit *too much*, and some have hit the *Mean*. And surely as the *world* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honest policy*. The *heart* is not so far from the *tongue*, but that there may be a *reservation*; though not a *contradiction* between them. All *policy* is but *circumstantial disssembling*; *pretending* one thing, *intending* another. Some will so far allow it, as they admit of an *absolute recess* from a *word* already *passed*, and say, that *Faith* is but a *merchant*, or *mechanick-vertue*: And so they make it higher, by making it a *regal vice*. There is an order that out-goeth *Machiavel*: or else he is *honester* than his wont, where he confesses, *Usus fraudis in ceteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis*, That *fraud* which in *war* is *commendable*, is, in *other actions*, *detestable*. 'Tis certain there is a *prerogative* in

*Princes*, which may *legitimate* something in their *Negotiations*, which is not allowable in a *private person*. But even the grant of this *liberty*, hath encouraged them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Lewis* the eleventh of *France* would wish his son to learn no more *Latine*, than what would teach him to be a *dissenbling Ruler*. The plain *heart*, in *Court*, is but grown a better word for a *Fool*. Great *men* have occasions both more, and of more *weight*, and such as require contrivings, that go not the *ordinary way*; lest, being *traced*, they be *countermined*, and fall to *ruine*. The ancient *Romans* did (I think) *miscal* it, *Industry*. And when it was against an *enemy*, or a bad *man*, they needs would have it *commendable*. And yet the prisoner that got from *Hannibal*, by eluding his *oath*, was by the *Senate* (as *Livie* tells us) *apprehended* and *sent back* again. They *practiz'd* more than some of them *taught*; though in this deed there was a greater *cause* of performance, because there was a *voluntary* trust reposed. Contrary to the *opinion* of *Plato*, that allowed a lye lawful, either to save a *Citizen*, or deceive an *enemy*. There is a *sort*, that the *Poet* bid us *coozen*;

*Fallite fallentes, ex magnâ parte profanum*

*Sunt genus: in laqueos, quos posuere, cadent.*

Coozen the Coozeners; commonly they be

Profane: let their own share their ruine be.

But sure we go too far, when our *coozenage* breeds their *mischief*. I know not well whether I may go along with *Lipsius*; *Fraus triplex: prima levis, ut dissimulatio, & dissidentia: hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tolero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, & injustitia, istam damno*. I had rather take *Peter Martyr's* distinction of good and bad: Good, as the *Nurse* with the *child*, or the *Physician* with his *Patient*, for his *health's* sake: Bad, when 'tis any way author of *harm*. Certainly, the *use* of it any way is as great a *fault*, as an *imperfection*; and carries a kind of *diffidence* of *God* along with it. I believe if *Man* had not *fallen*, he should never need have us'd it: and as he is now, I think no *Man* can live without it. The best way to *avoid* it, is to *avoid* much *business* and *vice*. For, if *men* defend not in some sort, as others *offend*; while you maintain one *breach*, you leave another unmann'd: and for *Vice*, she ever thinks in this *dark*, to hide her abhorred *foulness*. If I must *use* it, it shall be only so, as I will neither, by it, *dishonour Religion*, nor be a *cause* of *hurt* to my *neighbour*.

### XLIII.

#### Of Censure.

**T**Is the *easiest* part to *censure*, or to *contradict* a *truth*. For *truth* is but *one*, and seeming *truths* are *many*: and few *works* are performed without *errors*. No man can *write* six lines, but there may be something one may *carp* at, if he be disposed to *cavil*. *Opinions* are as *various*, as *false*. *Judgment* is from every *tongue*, a *several*. *Men* think by *censuring* to be *accounted* *wise*; but, in my *conceit*, there is nothing  
lays

lays forth more of the *Fool*. For this you may ever *observe*; they that know least, *censure* most. And this I believe to be a *reason*, why men of *precise lives*, are often *rash* in this *extravagancy*. Their *retiredness* keeps them *ignorant* in the *course* of *business*; if they weighed the *imperfections* of *humanity* they would breathe less *condemnation*. *Ignorance* gives *disparagement*, a lower *tongue* than *Knowledge* does. *Wise men* had rather *know*, than *tell*. Frequent *dispraises* are, at best, but the *faults* of *uncharitable* wit. Any *Clown* may see the *Furrow* is but *crooked*, but where is the *man* that can *plow* me a *streight* one? The best *works* are but a kind of *Miscellany*; the cleanest *Corn*, will not be without some *soil*: No not after often *winnowing*. There is a *tincture* of *corruption*, that dies even all *mortality*. I would wish men in *works* of *others*, to *examine* two things before they *judge*. Whether it be more *good*, than *ill*: And whether they themselves could at first have perform'd it *better*. If it be most *good*; we do *amiss* for some *errors* to condemn the *whole*. Who will cast away the whole *body* of the *Beast*, because it in-held both *guts* and *ordure*? As man is not judged *good*, or *bad*, for one *action*, or the fewest *number*; but as he is most in *general*: So in *works*, we should weigh the *generality*, and, according to that, *censure*. If it be rather *good* than *ill*, I think he deserves some *praise*, for raising *Nature* above her ordinary *flight*. Nothing in this *world* can be framed so entirely *perfect*, but that it shall have in it some *delinquencies*, to argue more were in the *comprisor*. If it were not so, it were not from *Nature*, but the immediate *Deity*. The next, if we had never seen that *frame*, whether or no, we think we could have *mended* it. To *espy* the *inconveniences* of a house built, is *easy*: but to lay the *plot* at first, well; is matter of more *pate*, and speaks the *praise* of a good *Contriver*. The *crooked lines* help better to shew the *streight*. *Judgment* is more certain by the *eye*, than in the *fancy*; surer in things *done* than in those that are but in *cogitation*. If we find our selves able to correct a *Copy*, and not to produce an *Original*, yet dare to *deprave*; we shew more *Criticism* than *Ability*. Seeing we should rather magnifie him, that hath gone beyond us; than *condemn* his *worth* for a few *fails*. *Self-examination* will make our *judgments* charitable. 'Tis from where there is no *judgment*, that the heaviest *judgment* comes. If we must needs *censure*, 'tis good to do it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelve *Cesars*; tell both their *vertues*, and their *vices* unpartially: and leave the upshot to *collection* of the private *mind*. So shall we learn by hearing of the *faults* to avoid them: and by knowing the *vertues* practise the like. Otherwise, we should rather *praise* a man for a little *good*, than brand him for his more of *ill*. We are full of *faults*, by *Nature*; we are *good*, not without our *care* and *industry*.

## XLIV.

## Of Wisdom and Science.

Science by much is short of *wisdom*. Nay, so far, as I think you shall scarce find a more *Fool*, than sometimes a meer *Scholar*. He will speak

Speak *Greek* to an *Ostler*, and *Latine* familiarly to women that understand it not. *Knowledge* is the *treasure* of the *mind*, but *Discretion* is the *key*: without which it lies *dead*, in the dulness of a *fruitless rest*. The *practick* part of *wisdom* is the best. A native *ingenuity* is beyond the watchings of industrious study. *wisdom* is no *inheritance*, no not to the greatest *Clerks*. Men *write* commonly more formally, than they *practise*; and they *conversing* only among *books* are put into *affectation*, and *pedantism*. He that is built of the *Press*, and the *Pen*, shall be sure to make himself *ridiculous*. *Company* and *Conversation* are the best *Instructors* for a *Noble* behaviour. And this is not found in a *melancholy* study alone. What is written, is most from *Imagination* and *Fancy*. And how *acry* must they needs be, that are *congeriate* wholly on the fumes, perhaps of *distempered brains*? For if they have not *judgment*, by their *Learning*, to amend their *conversations*; they may well want *judgment* to chuse the worthiest *Authors*. I grant they *know much*: and I think any man may *do so*, that hath but *Memory*, and bestows some time in a *Library*. There is a *flowing nobleness*, that some men be graced with, which far out-thines the *notions* of a *timed Student*. And without the vain *purls* of *Rhetorique*; some men speak more *excellently*, even from *Natures* own *judiciousness*, than can the *Scholar* by his *quiddits* of *Art*. How *fond* and *untunable* are *Fresh-mens* *Brawls*, when we meet them out of their *College*? with many times a long *recited Sentence*, quite out of the *way*, *Arguments* about nothing; or at best, *niceties*. As one would be of *Martin's Religion*, another of *Luthers*, and so quarrel about their *Faith*. How *easie* an *invention* may put false matter into true *Syllogisms*? So I see how *Seneca* laugh at them. *Opneriles ineptias! in hoc supercilis subduximus? in hoc barbiam dimisimus? Disputationes iste, utinam tantum non prodesent, nocent. O most childish folkies! is it for this we knit our brows, and stroke our beards? would God these Disputations only did not profit us; they are hurtful*. In *discourse*, give me a *Man* that speaks *reason*, rather than *Authors*: rather *sense*, than a *Syllogism*, rather his *own*, than *another's*. He that continually *quotes* others, *argues* a barrenness in *himself*, which forces him to be ever a *borrowing*. In the one, a man bewrays *Judgment*; in the other, *Reading*. And in my *opinion*, 'tis a greater *commendation* to say, he is *wise*, than *well-read*. So far I will honour *Knowledge*, as to think, this *art* of the *brain*, when it meets with an able *Nature* in the *mind*, then only makes a *man* compleat. Any *man* shall speak the better, where he *knows* what others have said. And sometimes the *consciousness* of his inward *knowledge*, gives a *confidence* to his outward *behaviour*: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his *carriage*.

## X L V.

*That misapplication makes Passion ill.*

I Read it but of *one*, that 'tis said, He was a *Man* after *Gods* own *heart*. And *Him* among all others, I find extremely *passionate*, and very *valiant*.

valiant. Who ever read such bitter *Curses*, as he *prays* may light upon his *Enemies*? Let *Death* come *hastily* upon them: and let them go *quick* to *Hell*. Let them fall from one *wickedness* to another. Let them be *wiped out* of the *Book of Life*. Let their *prayer* be turned into *sin*. Certainly, should such *imprecations* fall from a *Modern tongue*, we should *reprove* them for want of *charity*: and I think we might do it *justly*. For God hath not given us *Commission* to curse his *enemies*, as he did to *David*. The *Gospel* hath set *Religion* to a sweeter *Tune*. The *Law* was given with *Thunder*, striking *Terror* in the *Hearers*; The *Gospel* with *Musick*, *Voyces*, and *Angel-like apparitions*. The *Law* came in like *War*, threatening *ruine* to the *Land of Man*; The *Gospel* like *Peace*, in the soft *pleasures of uniting weddings*. And this may satisfy for his *rigour*: But if we look upon him in another *trim* of the *mind*: how *smooth* he is, and *mollifying*? how does his *soul* melt it self into his *eyes*, and his *bowels* flow with the *full streams of compassion*? how fixt he was to *Jonathan*? how like a weak and tender *woman*, he laments his *Rebel Absalom*, and *weeps* oftener, than I think we read of any through the whole *Story* of the *Bible*? His *valour*, we cannot doubt: it is so *eminent* in his *killing* of the *Bear* and *Lion*: in his *Duel* with that huge *Polypheme* of the *Philistims*, and his many other *Martial acts* against them. So that there seems to be in him, the highest pitch of *contrary passions*: and yet the man, from *Gods own mouth*, hath a testimony of a true *approvement*. When *passions* are directed to their right *end*, they may fail in their *manner*, but not in their *measure*. When the *subject* of our *hatred* is *sin*, it cannot be *too deep*: When the *object* of our *Love* is *God*, it cannot be *too high*. *Moderation* may become a *fault*. To be but *warm*, when *God* commands us to be *hot*, is *sinful*. We belye *Vertue* into the constant dulness of a *Mediocrity*. I shall never condemn the *nature* of those *men*, that are sometimes *violent*: but those that know not, when 'tis fit to be so. *Valor* is then best temper'd, when it can turn out of a stern *fortitude* into the mild strains of *Pity*. 'Tis written to the *honor* of *Tamberlane*, that conquering the *Muscovites* with expression of a *princely valour*, he falls from the *joy* of the *victory*, to a *lamentation* of the many *casual miseries* they endure, that they are tyed to follow the *leading* of *Ambitious Generals*: And all this, from the sight of the *field*, covered with the *soulless men*. Some report of *Cesar*, that he *wept*, when he heard how *Pompey* dy'd. Though *pity* be a downy *vertue*, yet she never shines more *brightly*, than when she is clad in *steel*. A *Martial man* *compassionate* shall conquer both in *peace* and *war*; and by a two-fold way get *victory*, with *honour*. *Temperate men* have their *passions* so balanced within them, as they have none of either side in their *height* and *purity*. Therefore, as they seldom fall into *soul acts*; so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excelling *deeds of Nobleness*. I observe in the general, the most *famed men* of the *world* have had in them both *Courage* and *Compassion*; and oftentimes wet eyes, as well as wounding hands. I would not rob *Temperance* of her *Royalty*. *Esbius* may conquer by *delaying*, as well as *Cesar*, by *expedition*. As the *casualties* of the

the world are, *Temperance* is a *virtue* of singular worth: But without doubt, *high spirits* directed *right* will bear away the *Eays* for more *glorious actions*. These are best to raise *Common-wealths*: but the other are best to *rule them after*. This, best keeps in *order*, when the other hath stood the *shock* of an *innovation*; of either, there is excellent *use*. As I will not *over-value* the *moderate*: So I will not too much *disesteem* the *violent*. An arrow, *aimed right*, is not the worse for being *drawn home*. That *action* is best done, which being *good*, is done with the *vigour* of the *spirits*. What makes *zeal* so *commendable*, but the *fervency* that it *carryeth* with it?

## XLVI.

## Of the Waste and change of Time.

[ Look upon the lavish *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pity* and *Admiration*, That those things men built for the *honour* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten up by the *steely Teeth* of *Time*, or else rest as *monuments*, but of their *pride*, and *luxury*. Great *works*, undertaken for *ostentation*, miss of their *end*, and turn to the *Authors shame*: if not; the *transitions* of *time*, wear out their engraved *names*, and they last not much longer than *Caligula's Bridge* over the *Baja*. What is become of the *Mausoleum*, or the *ship-beftriding Colossus*? where is *Marcus Scavrus Theater*, the *Bituminated walls* of *Babylon*? and how little *rests* of the *Aegyptian Pyramids*? and of these, how divers does *report* give in their *Builders*? some ascribing them to *one*, some to *another*. Who would not pity the *toyls* of *Vertue*, when he shall find greater *honor* inscribed to loose *Phryne*, then to victorious *Alexander*? who when he had razed the *walls* of *Thebes*, she offer'd to *reedifie* them, with *condition* this *Sentence* might but on them be *inlitter'd*: *Alexander pull'd them down*; but *Phryne did rebuild them*. From whence, some have *jested* it into a *quarrel* for *fame*, betwixt a *whore* and a *Thief*: Doubtless, no *Fortifications* can hold against the cruel *devastations* of *Time*. I could never yet find any *estate* exempted from this *Mutability*. Nay; those which we would have thought had been held up with the strongest *pillars* of *continuance*, have yet suffered the extreme *changes*. The *houses* of the *dead*, and the *urned bones*, have sometimes met with *rude hands*, that have scattered them. Who would have thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *tomb*, that the *Turks* should after *rifle* it, and wear his *bones* for *Jewels*? *Change* is the great *Lord* of the *world*, *Time* is his *Agent*, that brings in all things to suffer his *unstaid Dominion*.

—— Ille tot Regum parens,  
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flammâ indiget.  
Ardente Troja.——

—— He that had a *Prince* each *sonne*,  
Now finds no *grave*, and *Troy* in flames,  
He wants his *Funeral* one.



We are so far from *leaving* any thing certain to *posterity*, that we cannot be sure to *enjoy* what we *have*, while we *live*. We *live* sometimes to see more *changes* in our selves, than we could *expect* could happen to our *lasting off-spring*. As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate*, the *Poet* asks.

*Divitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræsi?*  
*Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit.*  
*Ille, Syracusâ modò formidatus in urbe,*  
*Vix humili duram reppulit arte famem.*

Who has not heard of *Cræsus* heaps of Gold,  
 Yet knows his Foe did him a Pris'ner hold?  
 He that once aw'd *Sicilya's* proud extent,  
 By a poor *Art*, could *Famine* scarce prevent.

We all put into the *world*, as men put *Money* into a *Lottery*. Some lose all, and get *nothing*: Some with *nothing*, get infinite *prize*; which perhaps *ventring* again, with hope *hope* of *increase*, they lose with *grief*, that they did not rest *contented*. There is nothing that we can *confidently* call our own: or that we can surely say, we shall either *do*, or *avoid*. We have not *power* over the *present*: Much less *over* the *future*, when we shall be *absent*; or *dissolved*. And indeed, if we consider the *world* aright, we shall find some *reason*, for these continual *Mutations*. If every one had *power*, to transmit the certain *possession* of all his *acquisitions*, to his own *Succeeders*, there would be *nothing* left, for the *Noble Deeds* of *new aspirers* to *purchase*: Which would quickly betray the *world*, to an *incommunicable dulness*, and utterly *discourage* the generous *designs* of the *stirring*, and more *elementary spirit*. As things now are, every man thinks something may *fall* to his *share*: and since it must *crown* some *indeavours*, he *imagines*, why not his? Thus by the *various* treads of *Men*, every *action* comes to be *done*, which is requisite for the *worlds maintaining*. But since nothing here *below* is certain, I will never *purchase* any thing with too great a *hazard*. 'Tis *Ambition*, not *wisdom*, that makes *Princes* hazard their whole *estates* for an *honor* meerly *titular*. If I find that *lost*, which I thought to have *kept*; I will comfort my self with this, that I knew the *world* was *changeable*; and that as *God* can take away a *less good*: so he can, if he please, confer me a *greater*.

#### XLVII. Of Death.

**T**Here is no *Spectacle* more *profitable*, or more *terrible*, than the sight of a *dying man*, when he lies expiring his *soul* on his *death-bed*: to see how the ancient society of the *body* and the *soul* is *divelled*; and yet to see how they struggle at the *parting*: being in some doubt what shall become of them alter. The *spirits* shrink inward, and retire to the anguished *heart*: as if, like *Sons* prest from an *indulgent Father*, they would come for a *sad Vale*, from that which was their *lives main-tainer*:

tainer : while that in the mean time pants with *afrighting pangs* ; and the *hands and feet*, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *fashionable Clay* : as if *Death* crept in at the *nails*, and by an *insensible surprize*, suffocated the *invirion'd heart*. To see how the *mind* would fain utter it self, when the *Organs of the voice* are so debilitated, that it cannot. To see how the *eye* settles to a fixed *dimness*, which a little before, was swift as the *shoots of Lightning*, nimbler than the *thought*, and bright as the *polisht Diamond* : and in which this *Miracle* was more eminent than in any of the *other parts*, That it, being a *material earthy body*, should yet be conveyed with *quicker motion*, than the revolutions of an *indefinite Soul* ; so suddenly bringing the *object* to *conceits*, that one would think, the *apprehension of the heart* were seated in the *eye* it self. To see all his *friends*, like *Conduits*, dropping *tears* about him ; while he neither knows his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, even the *Physician*, whose whole *life* is nothing but a *study and practice* to continue the *lives of others*, and who is the *Anatomist* of general *Nature*, is now as one that gazes at a *Comet*, which he can reach with nothing, but his *eye* alone. To see the *Countenance*, ( through which perhaps there shin'd a *lovely Majesty*, even to the captivating of *admiring Souls*) now altered to a frightful *paleness*, and the terrours of a *ghastly look*. To think, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdom* ; and kept all in awe, with the moving of a *spongy tongue*, is now become a thing so full of *horror*, that *Children* fear to see it : and must now therefore be transmitted from all these *inchanting blandishments*, to the dark and hideous *grave* : Where, in stead of shaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lyes imprison'd but in five foot of *Lead* : and is become a *nest of worms*, a *lump of filth*, a *box of pallid putrefaction*. There is even the difference of two several *Worlds* betwixt a *King* enamel'd with his *Robes and Jewels*, sitting in his *Chair* of adored *State*, and his condition in his *bed of Earth*, which hath made him but a *Case of Crawlers* : and yet all this change, without the loss of any *visible substantial* : Since all the *limbs* remain as they were, without the least sign, either of *dislocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I think, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to be the *Cessation of the Souls functions* : as if it were rather a *restraint*, than a *missive ill*. And if any thing at all be wanting, 'tis only *colour, motion, heat, and empty air*. Though indeed, if we consider this *dissolution, man* by *death* is absolutely divided and dis-man'd. That gross object, which is left to the spectators eyes, is now only a composition but of the two *baser Elements, water, and Earth* : that now it is these two only, that seem to make the *body*, while the two purer, *Fire and Air*, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an *elemental and ascensive Soul*. When thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose *conversation* had indeared him to thee ; when thou shalt see the *body* put on *Deaths* sad and ashy *countenance*, in the dead age of *night*, when *silent darknes* does encompass the dim light of thy *glimmering Taper*, and thou hearest a *solemn Bell* toled, to tell the *World* of it ; which now, as it were, with this sound, is struck

into

into a *dumb attention*: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to *pleasure*, and the fugitable *toys of life*? O what a *bubble*, what a *puffe*, what but a *wink of Life is man*! And with what a general swallow, *Death* still gapes upon the *general world*! when *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What *Death* was, He answered in these several truths: *It is a sleep eternal; the Bodies dissolution; the rich mans fear; the poor mans wish; an event inevitable; an uncertain Journey; a Thief that steals away man; Sleeps father; Lifes flight; the departure of the living, and the resolution of all.* Who may not from such *sights* and *thoughts* as these, learn, if he will, both *humility* and *loftiness*? the one to vilifie the *body*, which must once perish in a *stenchful nastiness*; The other to advance the *Soul*, which lives here but for a higher, and more heavenly *ascension*? As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the *flesh*, which I must one day yield to the *worms*: So I would ever be studious for such actions, as may appear the issues of a *noble and diviner Soul*.

## XLVIII.

## Of Idleness.

**T**He *Idle man* is the *barrenest piece of Earth* in the *Orb*. There is no *Creature* that hath *life*, but is busied in some *action* for the benefit of the *restless world*. Even the most *venimous* and most *ravenous* things that are, have their *commodities* as well as their *annoyances*: and they are ever engaged in *some action*, which both profiteth the *world*, and continues them in their *Natures* courses. Even the *Vegetables*, wherein *calm Nature* dwells, have their turns and times in *fructifying*: they *leaf*, they *flower*, they *seed*. Nay, *Creatures* quite inanimate are (some) the most laborious in their *motion*. With what a cheery face the *Golden Sun* Chariots thorow the *rounding skie*? How perpetual is the *Maiden Moon*, in her just and horn'd *mutations*? The *Fire*, how restless in his quick and catching *flames*? In the *Air*, what *transitions*? and how fluctuous are the *salted waves*? Nor is the *teeming earth* weary, after so many thousand years *production*? All which may tutor the *couch-stretched man*, and raise the *modest red* to shewing thorow his *unwashed-face*. *Idleness* is the most *corrupting Fly*, that can blow in any *humane mind*. That *Ignorance* is the most miserable, which knows not *what to do*. The *Idle man* is like the *dumb Jack* in a *Virginal*: while all the other dance out a *winning musick*, this, like a *member out of joynt*, fullens the whole *Body*, with an ill disturbing *laziness*. I do not wonder to see some of our *Gentry* grown (well-neer) the *lowedest men* of our *Land*: since they are most of them, so muffled in a *non-employment*. 'Tis *Action* that does keep the *Soul* both *sweet* and *sound*: while lying still does rot it to an *ordur'd noysomness*. *Augustine* imputes *Esau's* loss of the  *blessing*, partly to his *slothfulness*, that had rather receive *meat*, than seek it. Surely, *exercise* is the fatning food of the *Soul*, without which, she grows lank, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of *Great men* are so much debauched, I believe to be want of *employment*:

For the *Soul*, impatient of an *absolute recess*, for want of the wholesome food of *business*, preys upon the *lewd* Actions. 'Tis true, *Men* learn to do ill, by doing what is next it, *nothing*. I believe *Solomon* meant the *field of the sluggard*, as well for the *Embleme of his mind*, as the certain *Index of his outward state*. As the one is over-grown with *Thorns* and *Bryers*; so is the other with *vices* and *enormities*. If any wonder how *Egistus* grew adulterate, the *exit of the Verse* will tell him—*Desidiosus erat*. When one would brag the  *blessings of the Roman state*, that since *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear: Says the best *Scipio*, *We now are most in danger; for while we want business, and have no Foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of Vice and slothfulness*. How bright does the *Soul* grow with *use* and *negotiation*! With what proportioned *sweetness* does that *Family* flourish, where but one *laborious Guide* steereth in an order'd *Course*! When *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten some *coin*, he shews it his *Companions*, and tels them, that *he now, if he will, can nourish another Cleanthes*. Believe it, *Industry* is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not *joy* with the *incoming profit*, it will yet banish *mischief* from thy *busied gates*. There is a kind of *good Angel* waiting upon *diligence*, that ever carries a *Laurel* in his hand, to crown her. *Fortune*, they said of old, should not be pray'd unto, but with the hands in *motion*. The *bosom'd fist* beckens the *approach of poverty*, and leaves beside, the *noble head* ungarded: but the *lifted arm* does frighten *want*, and is ever a *shield* to that *noble director*. How unworthy was that *man of the world*, that ne'r did ought, but only *liv'd* and *dy'd*. Though *Epaminondas* was severe, he was yet exemplary, when he found a *soldier* sleeping in his *watch*, and ran him thorow with his *Sword*; as if he would bring the two *Brothers, Death and Sleep*, to a meeting: And when he was blam'd for that, as *cruelty*, he says he did but leave him as he found him, *dead*. It is none of the meanest happiness, to have a *mind* that loves a *vertuous exercise*: 'Tis dayly rising to *blestness* and *contentation*. They are *idle Divines*, that are not *heav'ned* in their *lives*, above the un-studious man. Every one shall smell of that he is busied in: as those that stir among *perfumes* and *spices*, shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful *odour* with them: so they, that turn the *leaves* of the *worthy writer*, cannot but retain a *smack* of their *long-liv'd Author*. They converse with *Vertues Soul*, which he that writ, did spread upon his *lasting Paper*. Every *good line* adds *finew* to the *vertuous mind*: and withal, heals that *vice*, which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favouring *Heavens*. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that *liberty* well; I think, I may, without *ostentation*, be thankful for it, as a *bounty of the Deity*. Sure, I should be *miserable*, if I did not love this *business* in my *vacancy*. I am glad of that *leisure*, which gives me leisure to *implov my self*. If I should not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue me: I should both keep my self from *verse*, and not have time to entertain the *Devil* in.

That

## XLIX.

*That all things have a like progression and fall.*

There is the same *method* thorow all the *world* in general. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they stay the least of time; then they *decline* as they *rose*: only *mischief*, being more importunate, ruins at once, what *Nature* hath been long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* sung the *fall*.

*Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo,*

*Et subito casu, que valuerunt, ruunt:*

All that *man* holds, hangs but by slender twine;

By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

*Man* may be *kill'd* in an instant; he cannot be made to *live*, but by space of time in *conception*. We are curdled to the fashion of a life, by *time*, and set *successions*; when all again is *lost*, and in the moment of a minute, *gone*. *Plants, fishes, beasts, birds, men*, all grow up by *leisurely progressions*: so *Families, Provinces, States, Kingdoms, Empires*, have the same way of rise by steps. About the *height* they must stay a while, because there is a nearness to the middle on both sides, as they *rise*, and as they *fall*: otherwise, their continuance in that *top*, is but the very *point* of time, the present *now*, which *now* again is *gone*. Then they at best *descend*; but for the most part *tumble*. And that which is true in the *smallest particulars*, is, by taking a *larger view*, the same in the *distended Bulk*. There were first, *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Common-Wealths*, then *Kingdoms, Monarchies, Empires*; which, we find, have been the height of all *worldly dignities*: And as we find those *Monarchies* did *rise* by degrees; so we find they have slid again to *decay*. There was the *Assyrian*, the *Persian*, the *Grecian*, the *Roman*. And sure, the height of the *worlds glory* was in the days of the *Roman Empire*; and the height of that *Empire*, in the days of *Augustus*. *Peace* then gently breathed thorow the *Universe*, *Learning* was then in her *fullest flourish*: no *Age*, either before or since, could present us with so many *towering ingenuities*. And then, when the *whole World* was most like unto *God*, in the sway of one *Monarch*, when they saluted him by the *Title* of *Augustus*; and they then, like *God*, began in rule to be called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the *fulness of time*, wherein *GOD*, the *Saviour of the World*, vouchsafed, by taking *humane nature* upon him, to descend in the *World*. And surely the consideration of such things as these, are not unworthy our *thoughts*: Though our *Faith* be not bred, yet it is much *confirmed*, by observing such *like circumstances*. But then may we think, how small a time this *Empire* continued in this *flourish*. Even the next *Emperor, Tiberius*, began to degenerate; *Caligula* more; *Nero* yet more than he; till it grew to be embroyled and dismembred, to an *absolute division*. Since, how has the *Turk* seized one in the *East*? And the other in the *West*, how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of *France, Britain, Spain*? Some have also observed the *Site* of these *Empires*, how the first was nearest the *East*; the next, a *Degree* further off;

of; and so on in distant *removals*, following the course of the *Sun*: as if beginning in the *morning*, of the *world*, they would make a larger *day*, by declining toward the *west*, where the *Sun* goes down, after his rising in the *East*. This may stand to the *Southern* and *Western* *Inhabitants* of the *world*; but I know not how to the *Northern*: for else how can that be said to *rise any where* which resteth *no where*, but is perpetually in the speed of a *circular motion*? For the *time*, it was when the *world* was within a very little, aged *4000. years*; which, I believe, was much about the *middle age* of the *world*: though seeing there are *promises* that the *latter days* shall be *shortned*, we cannot expect the like *extent of time* after it, which we find did go before it. Nor can we think, but that *decay*, which hastens in the *ruine* of all lesser things, will likewise be more speedy in this. If all things in the *world* *decline* faster by far, than they do *ascend*; why should we not believe the *world* to do so too? I know not what certain *grounds* they have, that dare assume to foretel the *particular time* of the *worlds conflagration*. But surely in *reason*, and *Nature*, the *end* cannot be mightily distant. We have seen the *Infancy*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all past: Nay, we have seen it well step into *years*, and *declination*, the most infallible *premonitors* of a *dissolution*. Some could believe it within less than this *nine and twenty years*, because as the *Floud* destroy'd the *former world*, one thousand six hundred fifty six years after the *first destroying Adam*; so the *latter world* shall be consumed by *fire*, one thousand six hundred fifty and six years after the *second saving Adam*; which is *Christ*. But I dare not fix a *certainty*, where *God* hath left the *world* in *ignorance*. The exact *knowledge* of all things is in *God* only. But surely, by *collections* from *Nature* and *Reason*, *Man* may much help himself, in *likelihood* and *probabilities*. Why hath *Man* an *arguing* and *premeditating Soul*, if not to think on the *course* and *causes* of *things*, thereby to magnific his *Creator* in them? I will often muse in such like *Theams*: for, besides the *pleasure* I shall meet, in *knowing further*; I shall find my *Soul*, by *admiration* of these *wonders*, to love both *Reason*, and the *Deity* better. As our *admiring of things evil*, guides us to a *secret hate* and *decession*: so, whatsoever we *applaud* for *goodness*, cannot but cause some *raise* in our *affections*.

L.

## Of Detraction.

I N some *unlucky dispositions*, there is such an envious kind of *Pride*, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth for *excellent*: so that when they hear one *justly praised*, they will either seek to dismount his *Vertues*; or, if they be like a *clear light*, eminent; they will *stab* him with a *But* of *detraction*: as if there were something yet so *foul*, as did *obnubilate* even his *brightest glory*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot *justly condemn* him, they will leave him in *suspected ill*, by *silence*. Surely, if we considered *detraction*, to be bred of *envy*,

*nestled*

nedged only in *deficient minds*; we should find, that the applauding of *virtue* would win us far more *honor*, than the *seeking* slyly to *disparage* it. That would shew we *lov'd* what we *commended*; while this tells the *world*, we grudge at what we want in our selves. Why may we not think the *Poet* meant them for *Detractors*, which sprung of the *teeth of Cadmus* *poysoned Serpent*? I am sure their *ends* may parallel; for they usually murder one another in their *fame*: and where they find not *spots*, they devise them. It is the *basest* *Office Man* can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *whipper* of the *worthy man*. If we do know *vices* in men, I think we can scarce shew our selves in a *nobler virtue*, than in the *charity* of concealing them: so it be not a *flattery*, perswading to *continuance*. And if it be in *absence*, even sometime that which is *true*, is most unbecoming the report of a *Man*. Who will not condemn him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *society*, that tells the *private fault* of his *friend*, to the *publick* and *depraving world*? When *two friends* part, they should lock up one anothers *secrets*, and interchange their *keys*. The *honest man* will rather be a *grave* to his *neighbours fails*, than any way *uncertain* them. I care not for his *humor*, that loves to clip the wings of a *lofty fame*. The *Counsel* in the *Satyre* I do well approve of.

—— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,*

*Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos*

*Qui captat risus hominum, famamq; dicacis,*

*Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere*

*Qui nequit; hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

—— Who bites his absent Friend,

Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along

With mens loose laughter, and each *praters* tongue;

That feins what was not, and discloaks a *soul*;

Beware him, *Noble Roman*, he is foul.

And for the most part, he is as *dangerous*, in another *vice* as this. He that can *detract unworthily*, when thou canst not answer him; can *flatter* thee as *unworthily*, when thou canst not chuse but *hear* him. 'Tis usual with him to *smooth* it in the *Chamber*, that keeps a *railing tongue* for the *Hall*. And besides all this, it implies a kind of *cowardise*: for who will judge him otherwise, that but then unbuttons his tumor'd *breast*, when he finds none to oppose the bigness of his *looks* and *tongue*? The *valiant mans tongue*, though it never boasteth vainly, yet is ever the greatest *Coward* in *absence*: but the *Coward* is never *valiant* but then: and then too, 'tis without his *heart*, or *spirit*. There is nothing argues *Nature* more *degenerate*, than her secret repining at anothers *transcendancy*. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this *folly*, that by this *act*, she is able less to *discern*. He that *pretending virtue* is busie in the *stains* of men, is like to him that seeks *lost gold* in *ashes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which he better might have found with *stillness*. To *over-commend* a man, I know is not good: but the *Detractor* wounds *three* with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed it is hard to speak a *man* true, as he is: but howsoever, I would not de-  
prave

Prave the fame of the *absent*: 'Tis then a time for *praises*, rather than for *reprehension*. Let *praise* be voyced to the *spreading air*; but *chidings* whisper'd in the *kissed ear*: Which action teaches us, even while we *chide*, to *love*. If there be *Virtues*, and I am call'd to speak of him that owns them, I will tell them forth *unpartially*. If there be *vices* mixt with those, I will be content the *world* shall know them by some *other tongue* than *mine*.

## L I.

## Against Compulsion.

**A**S nothing prevails more than *Courtesie*: so *Compulsion* often is the way to *lose*. Too much *importunity* does but teach men how to *deny*. The more we desire to *gain*, the more do others desire that they may not *lose*. *Nature* is ever jealous of her own *supremacy*: and when she sees that others would *under-tread* it, she calls in all her *powers* for *resistance*. Certainly they work by a wrong *Engine*, that seek to gain their *ends* by *constraint*. Cross *two Lovers*, and you knit but their *affection* stronger. You may *stroak* the *Lyon* into a *bondage*: but you shall sooner *hew* him to *pieces*, than *beat* him into a *chain*. The *Fox* may *praise* the *Crows* meat from her *Bill*: but cannot with his *swiftness* overtake her *wing*. *Easie Nature*, and *free liberty*, will steal a man into a *winy excess*: when *urged healths* do but shew him the way to *refuse*. The *noblest weapon*, wherewith *Man* can conquer, is *love*, and *gentlest courtesie*. How many have lost their *hopes*, while they have sought to *ravish* them with too rude a hand? *Nature* is more apt to be led by the soft motions of the *musical tongue*, than the rustick threshings of a *striking arm*. *Love of life*, and *Follities*, will draw a man to more, than the fear of *death*, and *torments*. No doubt, *Nature* meant *Cesar* for a *Conquerour*, when she gave him both such *courage*, and such *courtesie*; both which put *Marius* into a *maze*. They which durst speak to him, (he said) were *ignorant of his greatness*; and they which durst not, were so of his *goodness*. They are men the *best composed*, that can be *resolute*, and *remiss*. For, as *fearful Natures* are wrought upon by the sternness of a *rough comportment*: so the *valiant* are not gain'd on, but by *gentle affability*, and a shew of *pleasing liberty*. *Little Fishes* are twitched up with the violence of a *sudden pull*; when the like action cracks the *line*, whereon a *great one* hangs. I have known *denials*, that had never been given, but for the *earnestness* of the *requester*. They teach the *petitioned* to be *suspicious*; and *suspicion* teaches him to *hold* and *fortifie*. He that comes with *you must have me*, is like to prove but a *fruitless wooer*. Urge a *grant* to some men, and they are *inexorable*; seem *careless*, and they will force the thing upon you. *Augustus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giving him a *second life*, whereas his *death* could at best but have remov'd an *Enemy*. Hear but his *exiled Poet*.

*Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:*

*Franges, & vires experiere tuas.*

*Obsequio*



*Obsequio tranantur aquae, nec vincere possis  
Flumina, si contra, quam rapit uada, nates.*

*Obsequium Tygresq; domat, timidusq; Leones:  
Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.*

The *Trees* crookt-branches, gently bent, grow right;  
When as the hands full vigor breaks them quite.

He safely swims, that waves along the flood;  
While crossing streams is neither safe nor good.

*Tygers* and *Lyons*, mildness keeps in awe:

And, gently us'd, *Buls* yoakt in *Ploughs* will draw.

Certainly, the *fair way* is the best, though it be something the further *about*. 'Tis less ill for a *Journey* to be long, than *dangerous*. To vex other men, I will think, is but to tutor them, how they should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase ought unequally: What is got against *reason*, is for the most part won, by the meeting of a *Fool* and *Knave*. If ought be fought with *reason*, that may come with *kindness*; for then *Reason* in their own *bosoms*, will become a *pleader* for me: but I will be content to lose a little, rather than be drawn to obtain by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazard* we avoid, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a *slender loss*. *Constraint* is for *extremities*, when all ways else shall fail. But in the *general*, *Fairness* has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the *desire*; yet this does the like, and purchaseth *love*; when that only leaves a *lothsom hate* behind it.

## LII.

## Of Dreams.

**D***reams* are notable *means* of discovering our own *inclinations*. The *wise man* learns to know himself as well by the *nights black mantle*, as the *searching beams* of *day*. In *sleep*, we have the naked and natural thoughts of our *souls*: *outward objects* interpose not, either to thuffle in *occasional cogitations*, or hale out the *included fancy*. The *mind* is then shut up in the *Burrough* of the *body*: none of the *Cinqueports*, of the *Isle of Man*, are then open, to in-let any strange *disturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or rise to *virtue*, we may by observation find in our *dreams*. It was the wise *Zeno*, that said, he could collect a man by his *Dreams*. For then the *soul*, staid in a deep *repose*, bewrayed her true *affections*: which in the *busie day*, she would either *not shew*, or *not note*. It was a custom among the *Indians*, when their *Kings* went to their *sleep*, to pray with *piping acclamations*, that they might have *happy dreams*; and withal consult well for their *Subjects* benefit: as if the *night* had been a time, wherein they might grow *good*, and *wise*. And certainly, the *wise man* is the wiser for his *sleeping*, if he can *order well* in the *day*, what the *eye-less night* presenteth him. Every *dream* is not to be counted of: nor yet are *all*, to be cast away with *contempt*. I would neither be a *Stoick*, *superstitious* in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, *considerate* of none. If the *Physician* may by them judge of the *disease* of the *body*,

I see not, but the *Divine* may do so, concerning the *soul*. I doubt not but the *Genius* of the *Soul* is *waking* and *motive*, even in the *fastest closures*, of the *imprisoning eye-lids*. But to *presage* from these thoughts of *sleep* is a *wisdom* that I would not reach to. The best *use* we can make of *dreams*, is *observation*: and by that, our own *correction*, or *encouragement*. For, 'tis not *doubtable*, but that the *mind* is *working*, in the *dullest depth of sleep*, I am confirmed by *Claudian*,

*Omnia qua sensu voluntur vota diurno,*

*Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies.*

*Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,*

*Mens tamen ad sylvas, & sua lustra redit.*

*Judicibus lites, auriga somnia currus,*

*Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.*

*Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita merces:*

*Et vigil clapsus quarit avarus opes.*

*Blandaque largitur frustra silentibus agris,*

*Irriguus gelido pecula fonte sopor.*

*Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,*

*Artibus Assiduus, sollicitare solet.*

Day thoughts, transwinged from th' industrious brest,

All seem re-acted in the nights dumb rest.

When the tyr'd Huntsman his repose begins,

Then flies his mind to Woods, and wild Beasts dens.

Judges dream cases: Champions seem to run,

With their night Coursers, the vain bounds to shun.

Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffique minds.

The Miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.

And to the thirsty sick some potion cold

Stiffe flattering sleep inanely seems to hold.

Yea, and in th' age of silent rest, even I,

Troubled with *Arts* deep musings, nightly lye.

*Dreams* do sometimes call us to a recognition of our *inclinations*, which *print* the deeper in so *undisturbed times*. I could wish men to *give* them their *consideration*, but not to *allow* them their *trust*, though sometimes 'tis easie to pick out a *profitable Moral*. *Antiquity* had them in much more *reverence*, and did oft account them *prophecies*, as is easily found in the *sacred volume*: and among the *Heathen*, nothing was more *frequent*. *Astyages* had two of his daughter *Mandana*, the *Vine*, and her *Urin*. *Calphurnia* of her *Caesar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*; and almost every *Prince* among them, had his *Fate* shewed in *interpreted dreams*. *Galen* tells of one, that *dream'd* his *thigh* was turn'd to *stone*, when soon after it was struck with a *dead Palsie*. The aptness of the *humors* to the like *effects*, might suggest something to the *mind*, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to *preserve health* or amend the *life*, *dreams*, may, to a *wise observer*, be of *special benefit*. I would neither depend upon any, to incur a *prejudice*, nor yet cast them all away, in a *prodigal neglect* and *scorn*. I find it of one that having long been troubled with

with the *paining spleen*; that he dream'd, if he opened a certain *vein*, between two of his *fingers*, he should be *cured*: which he, *awaked*, did, and *mended*. But, indeed I would rather *believe* this, then be drawn to *practise* after it. These *predictions* are more rare *fore-tellings*, used to be lapp'd in *obscured folds*: and now that *Art* loit, *Christiznity* hath settled us to less *inquisition*; 'tis for a *Roman Soothsayer* to read those *dark-er spirits* of the night, and tell that still *Dictator*; His *dream*, of *copulation* with his *mother*, signified his *subjecting* of the world to himself. 'Tis now so out of use, that I think it not to be *recovered*. And were it not for the *power* of the *Gospel*, in *crying* down the *vains* of men, it would appear a wonder, how a *Science* so pleasing to *humanity*, should fall so quite to *ruine*.

## LIII.

## Of Bounty.

There is such a *Royalty* in the *mind*, as betrays a man to *baseness*, and to *poverty*. Excesses, for the most part, have but ill *conclusions*. There is a *dunghil mischief*, that awaits even the *man of the bounteous soul*: and they, that had store of a *native goodness*, grow at last to the *practice* of the *foulest villanies*. They are free as the *descending rain*, and pour a *plenty* on the *general world*. This *Munificence* consumes them, and brings them to the *miseries* of an *emptied Mine*. Yet, in this *fall* of their *melted demeanors*, they grow *ashamed* to be publickly seen come short of their wonted *revelling*. So, rather than the *world* shall see an *alteration*, they leave no *lewdness* privately *unpractised*. 'Tis a noted *truth* of *Tacitus*. *Erarium, ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplerendum erit. Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supply'd by wickedness.* 'Tis pity, that which bears the name of *Noble*, should be *parent* of such hated *Vileness*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practise*, rather than let her *port* decline? *Vain-glory* ends in *lewdness*, and *contempt*. The *lavish mind* loves any *indirection* better than to *slag* in *state*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *soul*, to *strow* about the *wealth*, and *means*: and, to feed that *dispersive humor*, all ways shall be trodden, though they never so much *unworthy* the man. Surely, we nick-name the same *flooding man*, when we call him by the name of *Brave*. His *striving*, to be like a *God in Bounty*, throws him to the *lowest estate of man*. 'Tis for none, but him that has *all*, to give to all *abundantly*. Where the carrying *stream* is greater, than the bringing *one*, the *bottom* will be quickly *waterless*; and then what *commendation* is it, to say, There is a *plenty* wanted? He has the best *Fame*, that keeps his *estate* unniggardly: The other *flux*, is meerly out of *weakness*. He overvalues the *drunken* and *reeling* love of the *vulgar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of himself, and his *family*. He fears he is not *lov'd*, unless that he be loose and *scattering*. They are *fools* that think their *minds* ill-woven, unless they have *allowance* from the *popular stamp*. The *wise man* is his own both *World* and *Judge*; he gives what he knows is fit for his *estate*, and him, without ever caring

how the *waving Tumult* takes it. To *weak minds*, the *People* are the greatest *Parasites*: they *worship* and *knee* them, to the spending of a fair *inheritance*: and then they crush them with the *heavy load of Pity*. 'Tis the *inconsiderate Man*, that *ravels* out a *spacious Fortune*. He never thinketh how the *heap* will *lessen*, because he looses, but by *grains*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that so *showr* away a *large State*. Says *Democritus*, when he saw one *giving* to all, and that would want *nothing* which his *mind* did *crave*; Mayest thou *perish unpitied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. He made his *liberality*, like a *whore*, to *court* the *Publique*; when indeed she ought to *win* by *modesty*. For, as the *Harlots* offers but procure the *good mans hate*: So when *bounty* proves a *Cartezan*, & offers too *undecently*, it fails of *gaining love*, and gets but the *dislike* of the *wise*. He does *bounty injury*, that shews her so *Much*, as he makes her but be *laugh'd* at. Who gives or spends too much, must *fall*, or else desist with *shame*. To live well of a *little*, is a great deal more *honor*, than to spend a great deal *vainly*. To know both when, and what to part withal, is a *knowledge* that befits a *Prince*. The best *object of bounty*, is either *necessity*, or *desert*. The best *motive*, thy own *goodness*: And the limit, is the *safety* of thy *state*. For, this I will constantly think; The best *bounty* of man, is, not to be too *bountiful*. It is not good to make our *kindness* to others, to be *cruelty* to our  *selves and ours*.

## XLIV.

## Of Mans Inconstancy.

**N**O weathercock under *Heaven* is so *variable*, as *inconstant Man*. Every breath of *wind*, fans him to a *various shape*. As if his *mind* were so near a kin to *Air*, as it must, with every *motion*, be in a *perpetual change*. Like an *Instrument* cunningly *plaid on*, it does *rise*, and *fall*, and *alter*, and all on a *sudden*. We are *Feathers* blown in the *bluster* of our own loose *passions*, and are merely the *dalliance* of the *flying winds*. How many in an instant have *murdered* the *men* they have *lov'd*? as if *Accident* were the *Fate* of things, and the *Epicure* had balked *truth*. How ardently can we *affect* some, even beyond the desire of *dying* for them, when immediately one sudden *Ebullition* of *Choler* shall render them extremely *offensive*? nay, *steep* them in our *hate*, and *curses*? Behold the *hold* which *Man* doth take of *Man*! 'tis lost in a *moment*, with but the *clacking* of the *tongue*, a *nod*, or *frown*, or any such like *nothing*. We cancel *leagues* with *friends*; make new ones with our *Enemies*, and break them ere *concluded*: Our *Favorites* with the places alter: And our *hate* hath wings to *alight*, and *depart*. In our *diet*, how infinitely does the *variation* of *humors* disrellish the *ill tasting palate*? what to *day* we *raven* on, is the *rise* of the next *days stomach*. In our *recreations* how *inconstantly loving*? sometimes *affecting* the *noiseful Hound*; sometimes the *stiller sport* of the *wing*; though ever engaged to a *giddy variety*. In our *Apparel* how *mutable*? as if *fashion* were a *God*, that needs

needs would be ador'd in *changes*. Our whole *life* is but a greater, and longer *child-hood*. What *man living* would not die with *anguish*, were he bound to follow another, in all his *unstedfast motions*; which though they be ever *turning*, yet are never *pleasing*, but when they proceed from the *native freedom* of the *Soul*? which argues her *change* not more out of *object*, than her *self*, and the *humors* wherewith she is *composed*. They first *flowing* to incite *Desire*, then *powred* out upon an *object*, dye in their *birth*, while more succeed them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *Skirmish*, *come up, discharge, fall off, flie*, and *re-inforce* themselves. Only *order* is in their *proceedings*, while *confusion* doth distract the *man*. Surely, there is nothing argues his *imperfection* more. For though the *Nobler Elements* be most *Motive*, and the *Earth* least of all, which is yet *basest*: yet are they never mutable, but as the *object* that they fix on makes them; nor do they ever wander from that *quality*, wherewith *Nature* did at first *invest* them. But *man*, had he no *object*, he would *change* alone; and even to such things, as *Nature* did not once intend him. *Minds* thus temper'd, we use to call *too light*, as if they were *unequally* mixt, and the two nimbler *Elements* had gotten the *predominance*. Certainly, the best is a noble *constancy*. For, *perfection* is immutable. But for things *imperfect*, *change* is the way to *perfect* them. It gets the name of *wilfulness*, when it will not admit of a lawful *change*, to the better. Therefore *Constancy*, without *Knowledge*, cannot be always good. In things ill, 'tis not *virtue*, but an absolute *Vice*. In all *changes*, I will have regard to these three things: *Gods approbation*, *my own benefit*, and the *not-harming of my Neighbour*, where the *change* is not a *fault*, I will never think it a *disgrace*; though the great *Exchange*, the *World*, should judge it so. Where it is a *fault*, I would be *constant*, though outward things should wish my *turning*. He hath but a weak *warrant* for what he does, that hath only the *fortune* to find his bad *actions* plausible.

## L V.

## Of Logick.

Nothing hath spoyl'd *Truth* more than the *Invention of Logick*. It hath found out so many *distinctions*, that it inwraps *Reason* in a *rust of doubts*. 'Tis *Reason* drawn into too fine a *thread*; tying up *Truth* in a *twist of words*, which, being hard to *unloose*, carry her away as a *prisoner*. 'Tis a *net* to *intangle* her, or an *art instructing* you, how to tell a reasonable *lye*. When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno*, with subtle *Arguments*, proving that there was no *Motion*: he suddenly *starts up*, and *walks*. *Zeno* asks the *cause*? Says he again, *I but confute your reasons*. Like an over-curious *workman*, it hath sought to make *Truth* so *excellent*; that it hath marr'd it. *Vives* saith, He doubts not but the *Devil* did invent it. It teaches to *oppose* the *Truth*, and to be falsely *obstinate*, so cunningly *delighting*, to put her to the *worse*, by *deceit*. As a *Conceitist*, it hath laid on so many *colours*, that the *counterfeit* is more *various* than the *pattern*. It gives us so many *likes*, that we know not which

which is the same. *Truth*, in logical arguments, is like a *Prince* in a *Masque*; where are so many other presented in the same attire, that we know not which is *he*. And as we know there is but one *Prince*, so we know there is but one *Truth*; yet by reason of the *Masque*, *Judgment* is distracted, and deceived. There might be a double reason, why the *Areopagite* banisht *Stilpo*, for proving by his *Sophistry*, *Minerva* was no *Goddeſs*: One, to shew their dislike to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to *wanton* with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoever men might first invent it, for the help of truth, it hath prov'd but a help to *wrangle*: and a thing to set the *mind* at *jar* in it self: and doing nothing but confound *conceit*, it grows a *toy* to laugh at. Let me give you but one of our own.

*Nascitur in tenebris animal, puer, inscius, infans,  
Conferat Oxonium se, citò fiet homo.*

A thing born blind, a child, and foolish too,  
Shall be made man, if it to *Oxford* go.

*Aristarchus* his *Quip*, may fall upon our *Times*: Heretofore (says he) there were but seven wise men; and now it is hard to find that number of *fools*. For every man will be a *Sophister*, and then he thinks he's wise; though I doubt, some will never be so, but by help of *Logick*. *Nature* her self makes every man a *Logician*: they that brought in the *Art*, have presented us with one that hath over-acted her: and something strain'd her beyond her genuine plainness. But I speak this of *Logick* at large, for the pure *Art* is an *Excellency*. Since all is in use, 'tis good to retain it, that we may make it defend us, against it self. There is no way to secure a *Mine*, but to *countermine*. Otherwise, like the *Art of Memory*, I think it spoils the *Natural*. How can it be otherwise, when the *Invention of Man*, shall strive with the *investigation of Supream Nature*? In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my means to ascertain, though not comprehend them; For other matters, I will think simple *Nature* the best *Reason*, and naked *reason* the best *Logick*. It may help me to strip off doubts, but I would not have it help to make them.

## LVI.

## Of Thoughtfulness in Misery.

**T**He unfortunate mans wisdom, is one of his greatest miseries. Unless it be as well able to conquer, as discern, it only shews him but the blacker face of mourning. 'Tis no commendation, to have an insight deep in Calamity. It can shew him mischeif which a Fool sees not; so help him to vexation, which he cannot tell how to cure. In temporal things, 'tis one great happiness to be free from miseries: A next to that, is not to be sensible of them. There is a comfort, in seeing but the shell of sorrow. And in my opinion, he does wisely, that, when grief presents her self, lets her wear a vizor, fairer than her naked skin. Certainly, 'tis a felicity to be an honest fool, when the piercing eye of his spirit, shall not see into the bowels of his attendant trouble. I believe

our eyes would be ever *winterly*, if we gave them the *flow* but for every just *occasion*. I like of *Solon's course*, in *comforting* his constant friend: when taking him up to the top of a *Turret*, over-looking all the *piled buildings*, he bids him think, how many *Discontents* there had been in those *houses* since their *framing*, how many *are*, and how many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leave the *world's calamities*, and *mourn* but for his *own*. To *mourn* for none else, were *hardness*, and *injustice*. To *mourn* for all, were *endless*. The best way is, to *uncontract* the *brow*, and let the *world's mad spleen* fret, for that we smile in *woes*. *Sorrows* are like *patrid graves*, the deeper you dig, the fuller both of *stench*, and *horror*. Though *consideration* and a *Fool* be *contraries*, yet nothing increaseth *mifery* like it. Who ever knew a *Fool* dye of a *discontenting melancholy*? So poor a *condition* is man *fallen to*, that even his *glory* is become his *punishment*: and the *rays* of his *wisdom* light him but to see those *anguishes*, which the *darkness* of his *mind* would cover. *Sorrows* are not to be *certtain'd* with *hugs*, and lengthned *complements*; but the cast of the *eye*, and the *put-by* of the *turning hand*. Search not a *wound* too deep, lest you make a *new one*. It was not spoken without some *Reason*, That *fortunate* is better than *wise*; since whosoever is *that*, shall be thought to be *this*. For *vulgar eyes* judge rather, by the *event*, than the *intention*. And he that is *unfortunate*, though he be *wise*, shall find many, that will dew him with that at least *supposed folly*. This only is the *wise man's benefit*: As he sees more *mischiefs*; so he can curb more *passions*: and by this *means hath wit* enough, to endure his *pains* in *secrecy*. I would look so far into *crosses*, as to cure the *present*, and prevent the *future*: But will never care for *searching* further, or *indearing* cares by *thoughtfulness*. They are like *Chiron's Cave* in *Italy*, where you may enter a little *way*, without danger, and further perhaps with *benefit*, but going to the *end*, it stifles you. No *Ship* but may be cast away, by putting too far into *tempestuous Seas*.

## LVII.

## Of Ill Company.

WE have no *Enemy* like *base Company*: it kills both our *fame*, and our *souls*. It gives us *wounds*, which never will admit of *healing*: and is not only *disgraceful*, but *mischievous*. Wer't thou a *King*, it would rob thee of thy *Royal Majesty*: who would reverence thy *sway*, when, like *Nero*, thou should'st *Tavern* out thy time with *wantons*, triumph with *Minstrels* in thy *Chariot*, and *present* thy self upon a *Common stage* with the *buskin'd Tragedian*, and the *Pantomime*? 'Tis like a *Ship* new *trimmed*, wheresoever you but *touch*, it *soyls* you: and though you be *clean*, when you enter, even a little *motion* will fill you with *defiled badges*. And then the *whiter* the *Swan* is, the more is the *black* apparent. How many have died *ignominiously*, and have used their *last breath*, only to *complain* of this; as the *Witch* that had *inchaned* them, to the *evils* that they now must *smart* for? 'Tis an *Engine* where-

wherewith the Devil is ever practising, to lift Man out of Virtues seat. 'Tis the spiritual whore, which toys the good man to his souls undoing. Certainly, if there be any Dalilah under Heaven, it is in bad Society. This will bind us, betray us, blind us, undo us. Many a man had been good that is not, if he had but kept good company. When the Achates of thy life shall be ill, who will not imagine thy life to be so too? even waters change their virtues, by running thorow a changed vein. No man but hath both good and bad in his nature, either of which fortifie, as they meet with their like; or decline, as they find a contrary. When Vice runs in a single stream, 'tis then a passable shallow; but when many of these shall fall into one, they swell a deeper channel to be drown'd in. Good and wise Associates, are like Princes in defensive Leagues; one defends the other against the devices of the common Foe. Lewd ones are like the mistaken Lanthorn in 88. which under pretence of guiding, will draw us unto hazard, and loss among our Enemies. Nor was the fiction of the Syrens any other in the Moral, then pleasant wits, vitiated in accusom'd lewdness; who for that were feign'd to be Monsters of a parted nature, and with sweet tunes, intised men to destruction. Could my name be safe, yet my soul were in danger; could my soul be free, yet my fame would suffer; were my body and estate secure, yet those other two (which are the purest excellencies of Man) are ever laid at the stake. I know, Physicians may converse with sick ones, uninfected: but then, they must have stronger Antidotes, than their nature gives them: else they themselves shall soon stand in need, of, what themselves once were, Physicians. One rotted Apple, will infect the floor. The putr'd Grape, corrupts the whole sound Cluster. Though I be no Hermite, to sit away my days in a dull Cell; yet will I chuse rather to have no Companion, than a bad one. If I have found any good, I will cherish them, as the choise of men: or as Angels, that are sent for Guardians. If I have any bad ones, I will study to lose them: lest by keeping them, I lose my self in the end.

## LVIII.

## That no Man always Sins Unpunisht.

WHEN David saw the delights of the wicked, he was forced to flie to the stop, with a, Fret not thy self, O my soul! The Jollities of the villanous man stagger the religious mind. They live, as if they were passing thorow the world in state: and the stream of prosperity turning it self, to rowl with their applauded ways: When, if we do but look to despised virtue, how miserable, and how stormy is her Sea? Certainly, for the present, the good man seems to be in the disgrace of Heaven; He smarts, and pines, and sadneth his incumbred soul and lives as it were in the frown, and the nod of the traducing world. When the Epicure considered this, it made him to exclude the Providence. And surely to view the virtuous with but Natures eyes, a man would think, they were things that Nature envied, or that the whole world were deluded,

with



with a *poysonous lye*, in making only the *virtuous happy*. 'Tis only the *daring soul*, that *digesting vice* in gross, climbs to the feat of *Honor*. *Innocence* is become a *stair* to let others rise to our *abuse*, and not to raise our *selves* to *greatness*. How rare is it to find one raised for his *sober worth* and *virtue*? What was it but *Joseph's* goodness, that brought him to the *stocks*, and *Irons*? Whereas if he had coap'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like he might have *swam* in *Gold*, and liv'd a *laping* to the *silk*, and *dainties*. The *world* is so much *Knave*, that 'tis grown a *vice* to be *honest*. Men have removed the *Temple of Honor*, and have now set it, like an *arbor*, in a *wilderness*, where unless we trace those *devious ways*, there is no *hope* of finding it. Into what a *sad Complaint*, did these thoughts drive the weighty *Tragedian*?

*Res humanas ordine nullo  
Fortuna regit, spargitque manu  
Munera cecâ, pejora fovens.  
Vincit sanctos dira libido;  
Fraus sublimi regnat in aulâ.  
Tradere turpi fasces populus  
Gaudet: eosdem colit, atque odit.  
Tristis virtus perversa tulit  
Præmia recti: Castos sequitur  
Mala paupertas, vitioque potens  
Regnat Adulter.*

Bent to worse, all humane ways  
Quite at random, *Fortune* sways,  
Her loose *favours* blindly throwing.  
Cruel *lust* the good man kills:  
*Fraud* the *Court* triumphant fills;  
People, *honors* ill bestowing,  
Them they hate, even those they kiss.  
Sad worth ill rewarded is;  
And the *chaste* are poor, while *Vice*  
Lords it by *Adulteries*.

Were these *Ages* chain'd to *ours*? Or why complain we that the *world* is worse, when fifteen hundred years space cannot (for ought I see) alter the *condition*? But, what is past, we *forget*; what is to come, we *know not*: so we only take a spleen at the *present*. 'Tis true, *Vice* braves it with a *boldned face*, and would make one think, it were only the that the *doting world* had chose, to make a *Favorite* on. But, if we have time for *observation*, we shall see her *halting* with a *Crutch*, and *shame*. Have we not seen the *vices* of the *aged Father*, punisht in the *Son*, when he hath been *aged* too? I am perswaded there be few *notorious vices*, but even in this *world* have a certain *punishment*, although we cannot know it. *God* (for the most part) doth neither *punish*, nor *bles*s at once; but by *degrees*, and *warnings*. The *world* is so full of *changings*, that 'tis rare for one *man*, to see the *completed race* of another. We live not long enough to observe, how the *Judgments* of the *justest God* do walk

their rounds in *striking*. Neither always are we able. Some of *Gods corrections* are in the *night*, and *closetted*. Every *offence* meets not with a *Market lass*. Private *punishments* sometimes gripe a *man* within, while men, looking on the outer *face of things*, see not how they smart in *secret*. And sometimes those are deep *wounds* to one *man*, that would be *Balm* and *Physick* to another. There are no *Temporal blessings*, but are sometimes had in the *nature* of *perverted curses*. And surely all those *creatures* that *God* hath put *subordinate* to *Man*, as they (like inferior servants) obey him while he is a *true Steward*: so when he grows to injure his great *Master*, they send up *complaints* against him, and forsake him: chusing rather to be true to their *Maker, God*; than assisting to the *vileness* of his *falsest Steward, Man*. So that though men, by lewd ways, may start into a short *preferment*; yet sure there is a secret *chain* in *Nature*, which draws the *universal* to revenge a *vice*. Examples, might be infinite; every *Story* is a *Chronicle* of this *Truth*; and the whole *world* but the *practice*. How many *Families* do we daily see, wherein a *whipping hand* scourgeth the stream of all their *lineal bloud*? As if there were *curses, hereditary* with the *Lands* their *Fathers* left them. I confess, they have a *valour* beyond mine, that dare forage in the wilds of *vice*. Howsoever I might for a while, in my self, *sleep* with a *dumb conscience*; yet I cannot think, the *All of Creatures* would so much cross the *current* of their *natures*, as to let me go unpunished. And, which is more than this, I find a *soul* within my *soul*, which tells me, that I do *unnobly*; while I love *Sin* more for the *pleasure* of it, than I do *Virtue* for the *amiable sweetness* that she yields in her self.

## LIX.

## Of Opinion.

NOT any *Earthly pleasure* is so essentially *full* in it self, but that even *bare conceit* may return it much *distasteful*. The *world* is wholly set upon the *Gad* and *waving*: meer *Opinion* is the *Genius*, and, as it were, the *foundation* of all *temporal happiness*. How often do we see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *fights* and *frays* of *Nature*: every one maintaining the *Faction* which he liketh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *Airy soul*: another findeth *something amiable* in the saddest look of *Melancholy*. This man loves the *free* and open-handed; that the *grasped fist*, and *frugal sparing*. I go to the *market*, and see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are exercised in things different, yet either pleas'd with his *own*; when I, standing by, think it my *happiness*, that I do neither of these. And in all these, nothing frames *Content* so much as *Imagination*. *Opinion* is the *shop* of *pleasures*, where all *humane felicities* are forged, and receive their *birth*. Nor is their *end* unlike their *beginning*: for, as they are begot out of an *airy phantasm*; so they dye in a *sume*, and disperse into *nothing*. Even those things which in them carry a shew of *reason*, and waerein (if *Truth* be Judge) we may discern *solidity*, are made *placid* or *disgustful*, as fond

*Opinion*

*Opinion* catches them. *Opinion* guides all our *passions* and *affections*, or, at least, begets them. It makes us *love*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *fear*, and *vary*: for, every thing, we light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing, but an *uncertain prejudgment of the mind*, mis-informed by the *outward senses*; yet we see it can work wonders. It hath *untongued* some on the sudden; and from some hath snatcht their natural *abilities*. Like *Lightening*, it can strike the *Child* in the *womb*, and kill it ere 'tis worlded; when the *Mother* shall remain unhurt. It can cast a man into *speedy diseases*, and can as soon *re-cure* him. I have known some, but *conceiting* they have taken a *Potion*, have found the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeed*. If we believe *Pliny*, it can change the *Sex*: who reports himself to have seen it; and the *running Montaigne* speaks of such another. Nor is it only thus powerful, when the *object* of the *mind* is at *home* in our *selves*; but also when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *women fair*, and *Men* lovely: *Opinion* makes *men wise*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay *any thing*. And whatsoever it can do on one side to *please* and *flatter* us; it can do the same on the other side, to *molest* and *grieve* us. As if every man had a *several seeming truth* in his *soul*, which if he follows, can for a time render him, either *happy*, or *miserable*. Here lies all the *difference*; If we light on things but *seeming*, our *felicity* fades; if on things *certain* and *eternal*, it *continues*. 'Tis sure, we should bring all *opinions* to *Reason*, and true *Judgment*, there to receive their *doom* of *admittance* or *ejection*: but even that, by the former is often *seduced*, and the grounds that we follow, are *erroneous*, and *false*. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that is swayed with *particular affections*, to things *sublunary*. There are not more *objects* of the *mind*, than *dispositions*. Many things I may *love*, that I can yield no *Reason* for: or, if I do, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coin that for a *Reason*, which another will not assent unto. How vain then are those, that assuming a *liberty* to themselves, would yet tie all men to their *Tenents*? Conjuring all men to the trace of their *steps*; when, it may be, what is *Truth* to them, is *Error* to another as wise. I like not men that will be *Gods*, and have their *Judgments* absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my *mind* informs me, let me never desire to take away the like from *another*. If *fair arguments* may persuade, I shall with quiet shew what *grounds* do lead me. If those cannot satisfy, I think I may with any man to satisfy his *own Conscience*. For that, I suppose, will bear him out in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be *violent* for *that*, which is more diverse, than the *wandering judgments* of the *hurrying Vulgar*, more changing than the *love of inconstant women*; more *multivariuous* than the *sports and plays of Nature*, which are every minute *fluctuous*, and returning in their *new varieties*? The best guide that I would chuse, is the *reason of an honest man*: which I take to be a *right-informed Conscience*: and as for *Books*, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as *discourses* but of *private men*, that must be judged by *Religion*, and *Reason*; so not to tie me, unless *these* and my *conscience* joyn, in the *consent* with them.

## LX.

*That we are govern'd by a Power above us.*

**T**HAT which we either *desire* or *fear*, I observe, doth *seldom happen*; but something, that we think not on, doth for the most part *intervene*, and *conclude*: or if it do fall out as we expect, it is not till we have given over the *search*, and are almost out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befall us *unawares*, and *mischiefs* when we think them *scaped*. Thus *Cambyfes*, when *Cyrus* had been *King of the Boys*, he thought the *predictions* of his *rule* fulfilled, and that he now might sit and *sleep* in his *Throne*; when suddenly he was awaked to *ruine*. So, *Sarah*, was *fruitful*; when she could not *believe* it: and *Zachary* had a *son*, when he was stooped into *years*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Dioclesian* thought himself *deluded* by the *Prophecie*, having kill'd many *wild Bores*, at last he lights on the right *Aper*, after whose *death* he obtained the *Empire*. As if *God*, in the *general* would teach, that we are not wise enough to chuse for our *selves*, and therefore would lead us to a *dependency* on *Him*. Wherein he does like *wise Princes*, who feed not the *expectations* of *Favourites* that are apt to *presume*; but often *cross* them in their *hopes* and *fears*: thereby to tye them faster in their *duty*, and *reverence* to the *hand* that giveth. And certainly, we shall find this *infallible*: Though *God* gives not our *desires*, yet he always imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely should we intangle our selves, if we could *sit down*, and obtain our *wishes*? Do we not often wish that, we after see would be our *confusion*: and is not this, because we ignorantly follow the *flesh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, which look to nothing, but the *shell* and *outside*? Whereas *God* respecteth the *soul*, and distributeth his *favour*, for the good of *that*, and his *glory*. *God* sees and *knows* our hearts, and things to come in *certainty*: *We*, but only by our *weak collections*, which do often *fail* of finding *truth*, in the *Croud* of the *Worlds occasions*. No man would be more *miserable*, than he that should cull out his *own ways*. What a *specious shew* carryed *Atidas* his *wish* with it, and how it paid him with *ruine* at last! Surely, *God* will work alone, and *Man* must not be of his *counsel*. Nothing pulls *destruction* on him sooner, than when he presumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If we can be *patient*, *God* will be *profitable*: but the *time* and *means* we must leave to him, not challenge to our selves. Neither must our own *indcours* wholly be laid in the *couch* to *laze*. The *Moral* of the *Tale* is a kind of an *instructive Satyre*, when the *Carter* prayed in vain to *Jupiter*, because he did not put his *shoulder* to the *wheel*. Do thy part with thy *industry*, and let *God* point the *event*. I have seen *matters* fall out so *unexpectedly*, that they have tutor'd me in all *affairs*, neither to *despair*, nor *presume*: Not to *despair*; for *God* can *help me*: Not to *presume*; for *God* can *cross* me. It is said of *Marius*, that *one day* made him *Emperer*, the next saw him *rule*; and the third he was *slain* of the *Souldiers*. I will never *despair*, 'cause I have a *God*: I will never *presume*, 'cause I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* has *counsel*, which I hold is worth the *following*:

*Nemo confidat nimium secundis,  
Nemo desperet meliora, lapsus ;  
Miseret haec illis, prohibetq; Clotho  
Stare fortunam.*——

Let none false, despair to rise,  
Nor trust too much prosperities.  
*Clotho* mingling both, commands  
That neither stands.——

## LXI.

## Of Misery after Joy.

**A**S it is in *Spiritual proceedings*, better never to have been *righteous*, than, after *righteousness*, to become *Apostate* : So in *temporal* it is better never to have been *happy*, than after *happiness*, to be drown'd in *calamities*. Of all *objects* of *sorrow*, a *distressed King* is the most *pitiful*; because it presents us most the *frailty* of *Humanity*; and cannot but most midnight the *soul* of him that is false. The *sorrows* of a *deposed King*, are like the *distorquements* of a *darted Conscience*; which none can know, but he that hath lost a *Crown*. Who would not have *wept*, with our *Second Edward*, when his *Princely tears* were all the *warm water* his *Butchers* would allow to *shave* him with? when the *hedge* was his *cloth of State*; and his *Throne*, the *humble*, though the *honour'd ground*. *Misery* after *Joy*, is killing as a *sudden damp*; terrible, as *fire* in the *night*, that startles us from a *pleasing repose*. *Sudden changes*, though to *good*, are *troublesome*, especially if they be *extreme*: but when they plunge us into *worse*, they are then the *Strapadoes* of a *humane soul*. A *palpable darkness* in a *Summers day* would be a *dismal thing*. *Diseases*, when they do happen, are most violent in the *strongest constitutions*. He that meets with *plagues* after a *long prosperity*, has been but *fatted*, like a *beast*, for *slaughter*: he is more *mollified*, only to make the pains and pangs of *death* more *sensible*: as if we should first *supple* a *limb* with *Oyls* and *Unguents*; and then dab it with *Aqua fortis*, *toothed waters*, and *corroding Minerals*. It is better never to have been *fair*, than after a *rare beauty*, to grow into *ugliness*: The *memory* of thy *blessedness*, makes thy *misery* more deplorable; which like *dead Beer*, is never more distastful, than after a *Banquet* of *Sweet-meats*. Nor is this *misery* meerly *opinionate*, but truly argued from the measure of *pity* that it meets with from *others*. For you may *period upon this*; That where there is the *most pity* from *others*; there is the *greatest misery* in the *party pitied*. Toward those that have been *alway poor*, *pity* is not so *passionate*: for they have had no *elevation* to make their *depression* seem the *greater wonder*. The *tann'd slave*, that hath ever tugg'd at the *Oar*, by a long use, hath mingled *Misery* with *Nature*; that he can now endure it uncomplaining. But when a *soft wanton* comes to the *Galley*, every *stroke* is a *wounding Spear* in the *side*. I wonder not to hear *Dionysius* say, *They are happy, that have been unblest from their youth*. It was the opinion

opinion of *Diogenes*, that the most lamentable *spectacle* that the world had, was an *old man* in misery : whereunto, not only a *present impotency*, but also a remembrance of a *passed youth*, gave addition. Even the absence alone of fore-gone *joy*, is troublesome : how much more, when they wind downward, into *smartful extremities*? *Death* and *Darkness* both are but *privations*; yet we see how deep they terrifie. *Wax*, when it takes a *second impression*, receives it not without *new passion*, and more *violence* : so the *mind*, retaining the *prints* of *Joy*, suffereth a *new Creation*, in admitting a *contrary stamp*. For *Bajazet* to change his *Seraglio* for a *Cage*; for *Valerian* to become a *Footstool* to his *proud foe*; are *calamities* that challenge the *tributes* of a *bleeding eye*. I shall pity any man that meets with *misery*; but they that find it after continual *bleessedness*, are so much the more to be *wailed*, by how much they are unacquainted with the *gloominess* of *downfalls*. That which *Sophonisba* return'd, when her *Husband* sent her *poysen*, the day after her *wedding*, as it shew'd *resolution* in her, so it incites *compassion* in others : *Hoc nuntia, melius me morituram fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem.* Tell him, *I had died more willingly, if I had not met my Grave in Marriage.*

## LXII.

## Of the temper of Affections.

EVERY *Man* is a vast and *spacious Sea* : his *passions* are the *winds*, that swell him into *disturbant waves* : How he tumbles, and roars, and fomes, when they in their *fury* trouble him ! Sometimes the *west* of *pleasure*, fanning in *luxurious gales* : sometimes the *madid South*, *sorrowful*, and full of *tears* ; sometimes the *sharp East*, piercing with a *testy spleen* : sometimes the *violent and blustering North*, swelling the *cheek*, with the *Angers boyling bloud*. Any of these, in *extremes*, makes it become *unnavigable*, and full of *danger* to the *vessel* that shall coast upon it. When these are too lowd, 'tis *perillous* : but when again they are all laid in the *stilness* of an *immotive calm*, 'tis *useless* : and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is far from *availing*, to the *profit* of a *Voyage* : and the *passengers* may sooner *famish*, by being *becalmed*, than coast it over for the *advantage* of their *Mart*. Surely, the man that is always *still* and *reposed* in his *own thoughts*, though he be *good*, is but a piece of *deadned charity*. I care not for the *planed Stoick*, there is a *Seēt* between him and the *Epicure*. An *unmoved man*, is but a *motive Statue*; harmless and unprofitable. Indeed *fury* is far the *worser extreme*; for, besides the trouble it puts on the *company*, it always delivers the *Author* into *successive mischiefs*. He that is *raging* in one thing, seeds his *business* with many *inconveniencies*. *Fury* is like *false position* in a *Verse*, at least *nine faults* together.

Says *Claudian*,

——— *Caret eventu nimius furor :*

——— *Rage knows not when, nor how to end.*

I like neither a *devouring Stork*, nor a *Jupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conversation*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent and unstirring calm*. The *Sea* is best in a *pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are alive, without *raging*. *GOD* implanted *passions* in the *Soul*, as he gave his *Talents* in the *Gospel*, neither to be *lavisht* out impetuously, nor to be *buried* in *Napkins*. We may warn us at these *fires*: though we burn not. *Man* without any, is no better than a *speaking Stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperor* was, *Qui potuit imperare affectibus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions* are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*; without which, the *Soul* finds nothing like it self to *love*. A *Horse*, too hot and fiery, is the danger of his *Rider*; one too *dull*, is his trouble: And as the *first* will not *endure* any *man*; so the *last* will be *indur'd* by no *man*. One will suffer none to *back him*; the other admits each child to *abuse him*. A *good temper* is a sure *expression* of a *well-compos'd Soul*. Our *wild passions* are like so many *Lawyers*, wrangling and bawling at the *Bar*; *Discretion* is the *Lord-Keeper of Man*, that sits as *Judge*, and moderates their *contestations*. Too great a *spirit* in a man born to *poor means*, is like a *high-heeld shoe* to one of mean *stature*: It advanceth his *proportion*, but is ready to fit him with *falls*. The *flat sole* walks more sure, though it abates his *gracefulness*: yet, being too *low*, it is subject to be mire the *foot*. A little *elevation*, is the best *mediocrity*; 'tis both raised from the *Earth*, and sure: and for his *talness*, it disposeth it to an equal *competency*. I will neither walk so *lifted*, as to occasion *falling*; nor so *dejected*, as at every step to take *soil*. As I care not for being *powder*, or the *cap of the Company*; so I would not be *Earth*, or the *Fools Foot-ball*.

## LXIII.

## That Religion is the best Guide.

**N**O man lives *conveniently*, unless he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his *actions*. There must be something for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his *cavilling senses*, and *corrupted reason*: otherwise, he shall waver in his ways, and ever be in a *doubtful unsetledness*. If he takes *policy*, that is both *endless* and *uncertain*: and many times depends more upon the *circumstance*, than the *main Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *unsaving*: what *benefits one*, may be the *undoing of another*; though to an *eye* that is not *curious*, the *matter* may appear the *same*. How like the *Ass* it shew'd, when he thought by leaping in his *Masters lap*, to be made much on, because he had seen the *Dog* do the like, before him? Besides, *Policy* is not a *Flowre* growing in every mans *Garden*. All the *world* is not *wit* and *stratagem*. If it were, *Policy* is but a *fight of wit*, a *brain-war*: and in all wars, how doubtful, how inconstant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning, in the resolving *Sphinx's Riddle*, did but betray him to the fatal *marriage* of his *Mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Ulysses* *fained madness*; and  
Ulysses

*Ulysses* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *means* to have him *stoned*; even while he made shew of *defending* him. No man has a *Monopoly* of *craft* alone. Again, in *private men* it is infinitely *shorten'd*; both in respect of *means* and *lawfulness*. Even those that have allowed *deceit* lawful in *Princes*, have yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *private persons*. And believe it, *Policy* runs smoothest, when it turns upon a *golden hinge*: without the supply of *means*, 'tis but like a *Clock* without a *weight* to set it going: *Curious workmanship*, but it wants a *mover*. If a man takes *Nature*, she is both *obscure* and *insufficient*: and will, with a *pleasing breath*, waft us into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, she that, before *Man* fell, was his sufficient *Genius*, is since become his *Parasite*, that smoothing his *senses*, serves them, as the *tyrannous Emperor* did his *servants*, let them fall into a *chamber* fill'd with *Roses*; that, being *smother'd* in them, they might meet the *bitterness* of *death*, in *sweetness*. Nor is *Nature*, for the most part, without the over-bearing of *predominant humors*. *Cicero* is in one place doubtful, whether she be a *mother*, or a *step-dame*; she is sometimes so weighing a man to *extremities*. Nor, if she were able, could we have her *pure* alone. *Custom* hath so mingled her with *Art*, that we can hardly sever her: if we do, we shall so differ from the *world*, as we shall but, by it, make our selves a *prey* to the *nature* that is *arted* with the *subtilties* of *time* and *practice*. Either of these are but *sinking floors*, that will fail us, when our *weight* is on them. *Reason* is contradicting, and so is *Nature*; and so is *Religion*, if we measure it by either of these. But *Faith* being the *Rule* of that placeth it above the *cavils* of *Imagination*, and so subjecteth both the other to it. This being above *all*, is that only, which, giving *limits* to all our *actions*, can confine us to a *settled rest*. *Policy* governs the *world*; *Nature*, *Policy*; but *Religion*, *All*. And as we seldom see those *Kingdoms* govern'd by *Vice-Roys*, flourish like those where the *Prince* is present in *person*: So, we never find *Policy* or *Nature*, to keep a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can. The two first I may use as *Counsellors*; hear what they say, and weigh it: but the *last* must be my *Sovereign*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apocrypha* to the *Bible*; They are *good things*, may be *bound up*, and *read* with it: but must be *rejected*, when they cross the *Text Canonical*. *GOD* is the *Summit* of *Mans happiness*: *Religion* is the *way*. Till we arrive at *Him*, we are but *vapours*, transported by *unconstant winds*.

## LXIV.

## Of the Soul.

**H**OW infinitely is *Man* distracted about *himself*? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that *distraktion*; his *Soul*? Some have thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot *subtil body*, dispersing it self into *rays*, and *fiery Atoms*; as *Democritus* and some of the *Stoicks*. Others have thought it *Air*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *air*. Some would have every



*Element* a Parent of the *Soul*, separately: so every *Man* should have many distinct *Souls*, according to the *Principles* of his composition. Some have call'd it an *undetermined virtue*; some, a *self-moving number*; some, a *Quint-essence*. Others have defin'd it to be nothing but a *Harmoney*, conflated by the most even compofure of the *four Elements* in *man*. And for this, one might thus argue: The *body* is before the *soul*; and till the *body* be perfect, the *soul* appears not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his even *contemperation*, were the *generation* of the *soul* within it. The *soul* also changeth with the *body*: Is it not childish in *Infancy*, luxurious and unbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Manhood*, froward and doting in the *declining age* of his life? For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdom*, is more *collection* by long *observation*, and *experience* of things without them, than the genuine vigour of *judgment* in themselves. Hence some wise *Princes* have been careful, neither to chuse a *green head*, nor one that is worn with *age*, for *Counsel*. Next, we see the *soul* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, even the *desires* of it, generated by the *present* constitution of the *body*: as in *longing* after things that please our *humors*, and are agreeable to their *defect* or *excess*: Doth not the distemper of the *body* infaniate the *soul*? What is *madness*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancy and pride of the *bloud*? And when again they mean to cure the *soul*, do they not begin with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body*? *Johannes de Combis* cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fanfie to it self, the shape of whatsoever appears. But for all these, I could never meet with any, that could give it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another, or himself could conceive it: Which argues, that to all these, there is something sure *immortal* and *transcending*, insus'd from a supernal *Power*. *Cicero* is there *divine*, where he says, *Credo Deum immortalem sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where he says again, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, Animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere: cum exissent ex iis, emori*: I could never think souls to live in mortal bodies, to die when they depart them. *Seneca* does raise it higher, and asks, *Quid aliud voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem?* What other canst thou term it, but a *God*, Inning in the *flesh* of *Man*? The *Conscience*, the *Character* of a *God* stamp'd in it, and the apprehension of *Eternity*, do all prove it a *shoot of Everlastingness*. For though I doubt whether I may be of their opinion, who utterly take away all *reason* from *Beasts*: yet I verily believe, these are things that were never *instincted* in them. *Man* hath these things in *grant* only: whereby the *soul* doth seem *immortal*; and by this seeming, is proved to be so indeed: Else *seeming* should be better than *certainty*; and *falsehood* better than *truth*; which cannot be. Therefore they which say, the *soul* is not *immortal*; yet, that 'tis good men should think it so, thereby to be awed from *vice*, and incited to *virtue*; even by that *Argument*, argue against themselves. They that believe it not, let them do as *Philosophers* will, *them* to do, that deny *fire* to be hot, because they see not the *means*

that make it so : let them be *cast into it*, and then hear if they will *deny* : So let them that *deny* the *immortality of the soul*, be immersed in the horrors of a *wounded Conscience*, then let them tell me what they *believe*. 'Tis certain, *Man* hath a *Soul* ; and as certain, that it is *immortal*. But *what*, and *how* it is, in the *perfect nature* and *substance* of it ; I confess, my *humane reason* could never so inform me, as I could fully explain it to my own *apprehension*. O my *GOD* ! what a *clod of moving ignorance* is *Man* ! when all his *industry* cannot instruct him, what himself is ; when he knows not *that*, whereby he knows that he does not know it. Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *Nature* ; he is yet to seek, how to define this *inexplicable, immortal, incorporeal wonder* : this *Ray of Thee* ; this *emanation* of thy *Deity*. Let it then be sufficient, that *GOD* hath given me a *Soul*, and that my *eternal welfare* depends upon it : though he be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say truest, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *Soul* is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it : Since he may know, whatsoever is created by a *Superiour Power*, suffers a *Composure*, but cannot know it : because it was done, before it self was. *Man*, though he hath *Materials*, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made : yet it is without *defect*, in respect of the *end* 'tis intended for. How then can *Man* think to know *himself*, when both his *materials* and *composure*, are both created and formed by a *Supreme Power*, that did it without *co-operation* ? Why should I strive to *know that*, which I *know* I cannot *know* ? Can a man dillect an *Atome* ? can he grasp a *flame* ? or hold and seiz on *Lightnings* ? I am sure I have a *soul* : and am commanded to keep it from *sin*. O Thou, the *GOD* of that *little god* within me, my *Soul* ! let me do *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemy* to *ignorance* in *Man*, but that thou art better pleased with his *admiration* of thy *secrets*, than his *search* of them.

## LXV.

## Of Courtesies.

**N**othing enslaveth a *grateful Nature*, like a *free benefit*. He that confers it on me, steals me from my *self* : and in one and the same *Act*, makes me his *Vassal*, and himself my *King*. To a *disposition* that hath *worth* in it, 'tis the most tyrannical *War* in the *world* : for, it takes the *mind* a *prisoner* : and, till the *Ransom* be paid by a like *return*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and constrained to *love*, to *serve*, and to be *ready*, as the *Conquerer* desires it. He that hath requited a *Benefit*, hath redeemed himself out of *prison* : and, like a man out of debt, is *free*. For, *Courtesies*, to *Noble minds*, are the most extreme *extortions* that can be. *Favours*, thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchases*, that buy men out of their *own liberty*. *Violence* and *compulsion*, are not half so dangerous. These besiege us openly, give us leave to look to our selves, to collect

our forces, and refortifie, where we are sensible of our own *weaknesses*: nay, they sometimes befriend us, and raise our *fortitude* higher, than their highest *braves*. But the other, undermine us, by a fawning *Stratagem*: and if we be *Enemies*, they make us lay down our *weapons*, and take up *Love*. Thus the *Macedonian* proved himself a better *Physician* for *calumny*, by his *bounties*; than his *Philosophers*, by their *gray advisements*. They make of an *Enemy*, a *Subject*; of a *Subject*, a *Son*. A *Crown* is safer kept by *Benefits*, than *Arms*, *Melius beneficiis Imperium custoditur quàm Armis*. The *golden Sword* can conquer more than *steel-ones*: and when *these* shall cause a *louder cry*, that shall silence the *barking tongue*. There is nothing adds so much to the *greatness* of a *King*, as that he hath wherewith to make *friends* at his pleasure. Yet even in this, he plays but the *Royal Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *bargain*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a *petty benefit*, he often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, *Benefits*, binding up our *bodies*, take away our *souls* for the *giver*. I know not that I am ever sadder, than when I am forced to accept *courtesies*, that I cannot requite. If ever I should affect *in-justice*, it should be in this, that I might do *courtesies*, and receive none. What a brave height do they flye in, that like *gods*, can bind *all* to them, and they be tyed to *none*! But indeed, it is for a *God* alone. How *heroical* was it in *Alexander Severus*, who used to chide those he had done nothing for, for not asking; demanding of them, if they thought it fit, he should be still in their *debt*; or that they should have cause to *complain* of him when he was gone? Certainly, as it is a *transcending happiness* to be able to *shine* to all; so, I must reckon it one of the *greatest miseries* upon *Earth*, wholly to depend upon *others favours*: and a next to this, is, to *receive* them. They are *grains* cast into *richground*, which makes it self sterile, by yielding such a *large increase*. *Gifts* are the *greatest Usury*; because a two-fold *retribution* is an *urged effect*, that a *Noble nature* prompts us to. And surely, if the *generous man* considers; he shall find he pays not so much for any thing, as he does for what is given him. I would not, if I could, receive *favours* of my *friends*, unless I could re-render them. If I must, I will ever have a *ready mind*, though my *hand* be shortned. As I think there be many, will not have all they may: So I think there are few, can requite all they have: and none, but sometimes must receive some. *God* hath made none *Absolute*. The *Rich* depends upon the *Poor*, as well as does the *Poor* on him. The *World* is but a more *magnificent building*: all the *stones* are graduately *concemented*, and there is none that *subsisteth* alone.

## LXVI.

## Of a Mans Self.

**W**E ever carry our *greatest Enemy* within us. There was never a *founder truth*, than, *Nemo leditur nisi à seipso*. Had we the true reins of our own *passions* and *affections*, *outward occasions* might exercise

our *virtues*, but not injure them. There is a way to be *wise* and *good*, in spite of *occasions*. We go abroad, and fondly complain, that we meet with *wrongs*; as if we could cross the *Proverb*, and prove, that they may be offered to a *willing preparedness*. Others cannot draw us into *inconveniencies*, if we help not our selves forward. 'Tis our *inside* that undoes us. Therefore says *Machiavel*, *A Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that he may fit them with baits, and wind them to his own ends*. A *Curtezan* cannot hurt thee, unless there lies a *Letcher* in thy *heart*. When men *plot* upon us, to *intrap* and *snare* us, they do but second our *own inclinations*: and, if they did not see a kind of *invite-ment* from our selves, they would never dare to begin. When *Cyrus* besought the *Lacedemonians* to enter *League* with *him*, rather than *Ar-taxerxes*; he only tells them, he had a *greater heart* than his *Brother*, and could bear his *drink* better: For he knew they loved men *generous* and *hardy*: so by making himself like them, he thought to win their *liking*. When men happen upon things that go against the *Genius* of the *mind*, then they work in vain: but when others *flatteries* shall joyn with the *great Flatterer*, a *mans self*; he is then in the way to be wrought upon. 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a *self-constancy*, that is not temptable. In *Athens* there may be one *Phocion*, to refuse the *gold* of *Harpalus* and *Alexander*. But this indeed is rare, and worthy his magnifying. *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna despiciens*. Otherwise, it is we only, that ruine our selves: if not *totally*, yet *primarily*. If we do *ill compulsively*, we are cleared by the *violence*. In the judgment of an *upright soul*, a man is not *guilty* of that which he cannot *avoid*, (I mean, in *Civil matters*.) There is no *mischief* that we fall into, but that we our selves are at least a *coadjutive cause*, and do help to further the *thing*. A mans *own heart* is as arch a *Traitor*, as any he shall meet withal: we *trust* it too much, and *know* it too little: and while we think it *sure-footed*, it *slides*, and does *deceive* us. That we are the *Authors* of our own *ill*, the *success* will tell us: For, *Conscience* is always *just*, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when we have done an *ill*, though by *others procurement*, yet she rates us even to a *loathing* of our selves. Says the *Comick*,

— Jam aderit tempus, cum se etiam  
ipse oderit. —

The day will come, when he shall hate himself.

The wise man should ever therefore keep a double *watch*; one, to keep his *heart* from *extravagancies*; the other, to keep the *Enemy* from *approaches*. *Occasion*, and *our Nature*; are like two *inordinate Lovers*; they seldom *meet*, but they *sin* together. If we keep them asunder, the *harm* is prevented: or if they do meet, and the *heart* consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the *offence* be punishable, though the *act* be committed. It is no fault in the *true man*, to let the *Theif* have his *purse*, when he can do no other. In the old *Law*, the *ravished woman* was to be free'd: for, says the *Text*, *There is in her no cause of death*. *Qui volens injuste agit, malus est: qui vero ex necessitate, non dico prorsus*

*sus malum.* 'Tis not the necessitated, but the ~~w~~illing all that stains. Even Actual sins have so far dependency on the hearts approbation, as that alone can vitiate or excuse the Act. While we keep that steady, our Enemies can much less hurt us. The reason is, it is not in Man to compel it. The mind of Man, from Man, is not capable of a violation: and whom then can I tax for my own yielding, but my self? No man hath power over my mind, unless I my self do give it him. So that this I shall think certain; No man falls by free action, but is faulty in something, at least by some circumstance; though excusable in the most, and most important. I know, calumny and conjecture may injure Innocence it self. In matters of censure, nothing but a certain knowledge, should make us give a certain judgment. Fame and Air are both too weak foundations for unspotted Truth to build on: only deeds are lyable to the down-right Tax: Because they carry the heart along: which in every action is a witness, either for or against us. Surely, Man is his own Devil, and does oftentimes tempt himself. All the Precepts of moderation, we meet with, are but given us to beware our selves: and undoubtedly, he that can do it, is rising toward Deity. Hark but to the Harp of Horace.

*Latius regnes, avidum domando  
Spiratum, quam si Lybiam remotis  
Gadibus jungas, & uterq; Panus  
Serviat uni.*

By curbing thy insatiate mind,  
Thou shalt sway more, than couldst thou bind  
Far Spain to Lybia: or to thee

cause either Carthage subject be.

One eye I will sure have for *without*; the other I will hold *within* me: and lest I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my Prayer, that I may be delivered from *my self*. *A me me salva, Domine!* shall be one *Petition* I will add to the *Letany* of my beseechings.

LXVII.

*Of the worst kind of Perfidie.*

**T**He Dead, the Absent, the Innocent, and him that trusts me, I will never deceive willingly. To all these we owe a Nobler Justice; in that they are the most certain trials of human equity. As that grief is the truest, which is without a witness; so is that honesty best, which is for it self, without hope of reward, or fear of punishment. Those virtues that are sincere, do value applause the least. 'Tis when we are conscious of some internal defect, that we look out for others approbations. Certainly, the world cannot tempt the man that is truly honest. And he is certainly a true man, that will not steal, when he may, without being impeached. The two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my injury; and deceit to them is not without cowardice, throwing Nature into the lowest degree of baseness. To wrong the third, is savage, and

comes from the *Beast*, not *Man*. It was an *Act* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued *Sparrow* flew into his bosom, to *cherish*, and *dismiss* it. How black a *heart* is that, which can give a *stab*, for the *innocent smiles* of an *Infant*? Surely, *Innocence* is of that *purity*, that it hath more of the *God* in it, than any other *quality*; it intimates a freedom from *general vice*. And this is it, which makes the *injury* to it so detestable; and sometimes gives the *owners* a divine and miraculous force: as we may read in the *Turkish story*, of a *Child* that struck an *intending Murderer* into a *swound*, with offering to imbrace him. The *last* I cannot defraud without *Ingratitude*; which is the very *lees* of *Vice*: and makes my *offence* so much the *greater*, by how much he was *kinder*, in making me *Master of himself*. Assuredly, as *Nature* hath endued *man* with a more earnest desire to do right to these; because a *true performance* doth in these things most magnifie him: so she hath made the contrary appear the most *odious*; because they are breaches that most destroy *humanity*. It came from him that had but *Nature*, *Cicero*; *Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui lasus non esset, nisi credidisset, None but the most villanous man, will deceive him that had been safe, but for trusting.*

## LXVIII.

*Against Insultation.*

IT cannot be safe to insult over any. As there is no *creature* so little, but may do us a *mischief*: so is no *Man* so low, but may occasion our smart. The *Spider* can *impoison*; the *Ant* can *sting*; even the *Fly* can trouble our *patience*. Into all *sensitive Creatures*, *Nature* hath put a kind of a *vindictive justice*; that in some measure they are able to return an *Injury*. If they do not always, 'tis only because they are not *able*. *Man* hath both a more *able*, and more *impatient soul*: and though *Reason* teaches him not to be *furious*, yet withal, it teaches him not to be *dull*. Extremities of *Injury* often awake extremities of *Revenge*: especially, if we meet with *contempt* from *others*, or find *despair* in our *selves*: for *despair* makes a *Coward bold* and *daring*. Nor stands it but with *reason*, that a *strong patience*, urged beyond it self, should turn into the *strongest rage*. The *Bow*, that is hardest to bend, sends out an *Arrow* with most *force*. Neglect an *Enemy*, but *contemn* him not. *Disdain* will banish *Patience*, and bring in *Fury*; which is many times a *greater Lord*, than he that rules a *Kingdom*. *Contempt* unbridles *Fear*, and makes us both to *will*, to *dare*, and to *execute*. So *Lipsius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frenum, & efficit, ut non velis solum, sed audeas, & tentes*. It is not good too far to pursue a *Victory*. *Sigismund* said true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies flie*: we may beat them to a *desperate resistance*, that may ruine us. He is the wrong way high, that scorns a man below him, for his *lowness*. They are but puffed minds, that bubble thus above *Inferiours*. We see, 'tis the *froth* only, that gets to the top of the water. *Man* cannot be so much above *Man*, as that

that his *difference* should legitimate his *scorn*. Thou knowest not what may shew it self, when thy *contempt* awakes the *Lion* of a *sleeping mind*. All *Disdain*, but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatness*, in any man, makes not his *injury* more *lawful*, but more *great*. And as he that suffers, thinks his *disgrace* more noted for the others *eminency*: so he thinks his own *honour* will be the more, when he hath accomplished his *revenge*; whereby, in some kind, he hath raised himself to be his *Superiours equal*. *Man* is, *Animal generosissimum*: and though he be content to subject himself to anothers *commands*, yet he will not endure his *braves*. A *lash* given to the *soul*, will provoke more, than the *bodies cruel torture*. *Derision* makes the *Peasant* brave the *Prince*. When *Augustus* saw one like himself, and ask'd him in a *scoff*, if his *Mother* were never at *Rome*: The *Boy* answers, *No*; but his *Father* was. When *Julian* in a *mock*, ask'd the *reverend*, and *aged, blind Ignatius*, Why he went not into *Galilee*, to recover his sight: Says he, *I am contentedly blind, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art*. We are all here *fellow-servants*: and we know not how our *grand Master* will brook *Insolencies* in his *Family*. How darest thou, that art but a *piece of Earth*, that *Heaven* has blown into, presume thy self into the *impudent usurpation* of a *Majesty unshaken*? Thou canst not sit upon so high a *Cog*, but mayst with *turning* prove the *lowest* in the *wheel*: and therefore thou mayst think of the *measure* that thou would'st then have given *me*. If we have *Enemies*, 'tis better we deserve to have their *friendship*, than either to *despise*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weakness* shall occasion my *greater weakness*, in *proudly contemning* him. Our *Bodies*, out *Souls* have both the like original *composure*: If I have any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodness*, but *Gods*: and he, by *time* and *means*, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and we are but *Twins of Nature*. Why should any despise another, because he is better furnisht with *that* which is none of his own?

## LXIX.

## Of Assimilation.

THOROW the *whole world* this holds in general, and is the end of *all*; That every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, *like it self*. *Fire* converts all to *fire*. *Air* exsiccate and draws to it *self*. *Water moistens*, and resolveth what it meets withal. *Earth* changeth all, that we commit to her, to *her own nature*. The *world* is all *vicissitude* and *conversion*. Nor is it only true in *Materials* and *Substances*; but even in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*; nay, in these there is more *aptness*; they mix more *subtily*, and pass into one another with a *nimbler glide*. So we see *infection* sooner taken by *breath* than *contaction*: and thus it is in *dispositions* too: The *Souldier* labours to make his *Companion valiant*. The *Scholar* endeavours to have his *Friend learned*. The *bad Man* would have his *company* like himself. And the *good Man* strives to frame others *virtuous*. Every Man will be busie in dispensing that *quality*,

quality, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caveat* may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuse to live withal. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of *Time*, assimilate us to it self. The choyce therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the most weighty *Actions* of our *lives*: For, our future well or *ill* being depends on that *Election*. If we chuse ill, every day declines us to *worse*: we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to *Vice*. By living under *Pharaoh*, how quickly *Joseph* learned the *Courtskip* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villain*: *Spain* *superbiates*; *Germany* makes a *Drunnkard*, and *Venice* a *Letcher*. But if we chuse well, we have a *hand of Virtue*, gently lifting us to a continual *rising Nobleness*. *Antisthenes* used to wonder at those, that were curious but in buying an *earthen Dish*, to see that it had no *cracks*, nor *inconveniencies*, and yet would be careless in the choyce of *Friends*; to take them with the flaws of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a second *Genius*, to sway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A *good Man* is like the *Day*, enlightning and warming all he *shines* on, and is always raising upward, to a *Region* of more constant *purity*, than that wherein it finds the *Object*. The *bad Man* is like the *night*, *dark*, obtruding *fears*, and dimitting unwholsom *vapours* upon all that rest beneath. *Nature* is so far from making any thing absolutely *idle*, that even to *stones* and *dullest meddals*, she hath given an *operation*: they *grow*, and *spread*, in our *general Mothers veins*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, couzen the *Earth* of it self: and when they meet a *Brother'd Constitution*, they then *unite* and *fortifie*. Hence grows the *height of friendship*, when two *similary Souls* shall blend in their *commixions*. This causes, that we seldom see different *dispositions* to be entirely *loving*.

*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos:*

*Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi.*

*Poteres Eibuli mediâ de nocte Falerni*

*Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula——*

*Sad men hate mirth; the pleasant, sadness shun:*

*Swift men, the slow; the slothful, those that run.*

*Who drinks at midnight, old Falernian wine,*

*Scorns him that will not take his Cups——.*

It is *likeness* that makes the *true-love-knot* of *friendship*. When we and another of our own *disposition*, what is it, but the *same soul* in a *divided body*? What find we, but our selves intermutually *transposed*, each into other? And *Nature*, that makes us *love* our selves, makes us, with the same reason, *love* those that are *like* us. For this, a *Friend* is a more *sacred name* than a *Brother*. What avails it to have the *Bodies* from the same *Original*, when the *Souls* within them differ? I believe, that the *applause* which the *Ancients* gave to *equal friendship*, was to be understood of the likeness of *minds*, rather than of *estate*, or *years*: For, we find no *season*, nor no *degree* of *Man*, but hath been *happy* with this *Sun* of the *World*, *Friendship*: Whereas in *jarring dispositions*, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the *minds* be *consonant*, the best *friendship*,



friendship is between *different fortunes*. He that is *low*, looks *upward* with a greater *loving reverence*: and he that is *high*, looks *downward* more *affectionately*; when he takes it to be for his *honour*, to favour his *Inferiour*, whom he cannot chuse but *love* the more for *magnifying him*. Something I would look to *outwards*; but in a *friend*, I would especially chuse him full of *worth*, that if I be not so my *self*, he yet may work me like him. So for *Company*, *Books*, or whatsoever; I would, if I have *freedom*, chuse the *best*: though at first I should not fancy them, *continual use* will alter me, and then I shall gain by their *graces*. If *judgment* direct me right in my *choice*, *custom*, winning upon my *will*, will never fail in time to draw that after it.

## L X X I.

## Of Poets and Poetry.

**S**urely he was a little wanton with his *leisure*, that first invented *Poetry*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *Words dance*, in the evenness of a *Cadency*: yet, without doubt, being a *Harmony*, it is neerer to the *mind* than *prose*: for that it self is a *Harmony* in height. But the *words* being rather the *drossy part*, *Conceit* I take to be the *principal*. And here though it digresseth from *Truth*, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving *curious rayment* to her *nakedness*. The *Name*, the *Grecians* gave the men that *wrote* thus, shew'd how much they *honour'd* it: They call'd them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neer would they have come to *Deity*? And for the *virtues* of men; they rest not on the bare *Demeanor*, but slide into *imagination*: so proposing things above us. they kindle the *Reader* to *wonder* and *imitation*. And certainly, *Poets*, that write thus, *Plato* never meant to banish. His own *practice* shews, he excluded not *all*. He was content to hear *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and he himself wrote both *Tragædies*, and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busie with his *gods*: and he, being the first that made *Philosophy Divine*, and *Rational*, was *modest* in his own *beginnings*. Another *Name* they had of *honour* too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish between the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel*. What is *Jeremie's Lamentation*, but a kind of *Sapphick Elegie*? *David's Psalms* are not only *Poems*; but *Songs*, *Snatches*, and *Raptures* of a *flaming spirit*. And this indeed I observe, to the *honour* of *Poets*; I never found them *covetous*, or *scrapingly-bafe*. The *Jews* had not too such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Solomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largeness in their *Souls*, beyond the narrowness of other men: and why may we not then think, this may imbrace more, both of *Heaven*, and *God*? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason, that they, most of them, are *poor*: They find their minds so solaced with their own flights, that they neglect the study of *growing rich*: and this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice, and *unmanly courses*. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty lovers of  

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their *pallates*; and this is known an *impoverisher*. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himself. And they all are *friends* to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think, *many*, more out of a *ductible Nature*, and their love to *pleasant company*, than their affection to the *juyce* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the truest *Definition* of that *Philosopher's man*, which gives him, *Animal risibile*. Their *grossest fault* is, that you may conclude them *sensual*: yet this does not touch them all. *Ingenious* for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fools*; but what have they to do with *Poetry*? When *Salust* would tell us, that *Sempronias's wit* was not ill; says he,—*Potuit versus facere, & jocum movere*: She could *make a Verse*, and *break a Jest*. Something there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all in such *measured Language*, as may be marr'd by *reading*. I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his *Jest*, who passing by, and hearing some *Masons*, mis-sensing his *lines*, (with their ignorant sawing of them) falls to breaking amain: They ask the *cause*, and he replies, They *spoyl his work*, and he *theirs*. Certainly, a *worthy Poet* is so far from being a *Fool*, that there is some *wit* required in him that shall be able to *read* him well: and without the *true accent*, *numbred Poetry* does lose of the *gloss*. It was a *speech* becoming an able *Poet* of our own, when a *Lord* read his *Verses crookedly*, and he beseech his *Lordship* not to murder him in his own *lines*. He that speaks *false Latine*, breaks *Priscians* head: but he that repeats a *Verse* ill, puts *Homer* out of *joynt*. One thing commends it beyond *Oratory*; it ever *complyeth* to the sharpest *Judgments*. He is the best *Orator* that pleaseth all, even the *Crowd* and *Clowns*. But *Poetry* would be *poor*, that they should all approve of. If the *Learned* and *Judicious* like it, let the *Throng* bray. These, when 'tis *best*, will like it the *least*. So, they contemn what they *understand not*; and the *neglected Poet* falls by *want*. *Calphurnius* makes one complain the *misfortune*,

*Frangere puer calamos, & inanes desere Musas:*  
*Et potius glandes, rubicundaq; collige corna.*  
*Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venale per urbem*  
*Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,*  
*Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo*  
*Præter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho.*

Boy, break thy *Pipes*, leave, leave thy *fruitless Muse*:  
 Rather the *Mast*, and blood-red *Cornill* chuse.  
 Go lead thy *Flocks* to milking; sell and and cry  
*Milk* through the *City*: what can *Learning* buy,  
 To keep back *hunger*? None my *Verses* mind,  
 But *Eccho*, *babbling* from these *Rocks* and *Wind*.

Two things are commonly blamed in *Poetry*: nay, you take away *That*, if *Them*: and these are *Lyes*, and *Flattery*. But I have told them in the *worst words*: For, 'Tis only to the *shallow in sight* that they appear thus. *Truth* may dwell more clearly in an *Allegory*, or a *moral'd Fable*, than in a bare *Narration*. And for *Flattery*, no man will take *Poetrie* *literal*:

*literal*: since in *commendations*, it rather shews what men should be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear *uncomely*. But we all know, *Hyperbole's* in *Poetry* do bear a *deccency*, nay, a *grace* along with them. The greatest *danger* that I find in it, is, that it *wantons* the *Bloud*, and *Imagination*; as carrying a man in too high a *Delight*. To prevent these, let the *wise Poet* strive to be *modest* in his *Lines*. First, that he *dash* not the *Gods*: next, that he injure not *Chastity*, nor corrupt the *Ear* with *Lasziviousness*. When these are declined, I think a *grave Poem* the *deepest kind of Writing*. It wings the *Soul* up higher, than the *slacked pace* of *Prose*. *Flashes* that do follow the *Cup*, I fear me, are too *spritely* to be *solid*: they run smartly upon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foul*, they give in, and *tyre*. I confess, I love the *sober Muse*, and *fasting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come so clear, but that it will be misted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot be friends withal: and indeed, it palles upon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* have been all *short*, and changing soon their *Subject*; as *Horace*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comædians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto*, *short*, and *nimbly-lofty*; than a *dull Lesson*, of a day long. Nor can it but be *deaddish*, if *distended*: For, when 'tis right, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of *things*: and therefore *foolish Poesie* is of all *writing* the *most Ridiculous*. When a *Goose dances*, and a *fool Versifies*, there is *sport* alike. He is twice an *Ass*, that is a *riming one*. He is something the *less unwise*, that is unwise but in *Prose*. If the *Subject* be *History*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Blanks*: for *ordinary discourse* never shews so well in *Meter*, as in the *strain* that it may seem to be spoken in: the *commendation* is, to do it to the *life*: Nor is this any other, then *Poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *world* think not so, he is happy to himself, that can play the *Poet*. He shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his *heart* of their weight: and he shall often raise himself a *Joy* in his *Raptures*, which no man can perceive, but *he*. Sure, *Ovid* found a *pleasure* in't, even when he writ his *Tristia*. It gently delivers the *mind* of *distempers*; and works the thoughts to a *sweetness*, in their *searching conceit*. I would not love it for a *Profession*: and I would not want it for a *Recreation*. I can make my self *harmless*, nay, *amending mirth* with it; while I should perhaps be trying of a *worser pastime*. And this I believe in it further, *Unless Conversation* corrupts his *easiness*, it lifts a man to *Nobleness*; and is never in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royal* and *capacious Soul*.

## LXXII.

## Of Fear and Cowardice.

They, that are made of *fearful dispositions*, of all others, may seem the least beholding to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more *unfortunate*. They enjoy nothing without a *frighted mind*; no, not so much as their *sleeps*. They doubt what they *have*

done, lest it may hurt them: they tremble at the present; and Miseries that but may come, they anticipate and send for, and infer in a more horrid habit, than any Enemy can devise to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but fear more miseries, than the bolder people: But it plainly appears, that the Coward really meets more dangers, than the valiant man. Every base Nature, will be ready to offer injuries, where they think they will not be repayed. He will many times beat a Coward, that would not dare to strike him, if he thought him valiant. When the Passenger gallops by, as if his fear made him speedy; the Cur follows him with an open mouth, and swiftness: let him walk by, in a confident neglect; and the Dog will never stir at him. Surely, 'tis a weakness that every Creature (by a native instinct) takes advantage of: and Cowards have souls of a courser mixture, than the common spirits of men. Evils that must be, they meet with before their time: as if they strived to make themselves miserable, sooner, than God appointed them. Evils that are but probable, they ascertain. They that by an even poize might sit safe, in a Boat on a rough Sea, by rising up to avoid drowning, are drowned. For this is sure; It cozens the weak mind infinitely, both in making of her falsely believe she may avoid dangers by flying, and in counterfeiting whatsoever is ill. All diseases are belyed by fear, and conceit: and we know some, out of fear of Death, have dy'd. In a Battel we see the valiant man escape oft safe, by a constant keeping his rank; when the Coward, shifiting dangers, runs, by avoiding one, into the several walks of many. *Multos in summa pericula misit Venturi timor ipse mali.* Certainly I have studied in vain, in thinking what a Coward may be good for: I never heard of any Act becoming virtue, that ever came from him. All the Noble deeds that have beat their Marches through succeeding Ages, have all proceeded from men of courage. And I believe many times, their confidence kept them safe. An unappalled look does daunt a base attempter. And oftentimes, if a Man has nothing but a courageous eye, it protects him. The brave soul knows no trembling. *Cesar* spake like *Cesar*, when he bade the Mariners fear nothing; for they carryed him and his Fortunes. And indeed valour casts a kind of honour upon God; in that we shew that we believe his goodness, while we trust our selves, in danger, upon his care only: Whereas the Coward eclipses his sufficiency, by unworthily doubting, that God will not bring him off. So unjustly accusing either his power, or his will, he would make himself his own Saviour, and becomes his own confounder. For when man mistrusts God, 'tis just with God to leave Man. *Marcus Antonius* would not believe, that *Avidius Crassus* could ever have deposed him: and his reason was, The Gods had greater care of him than to let *Crassus* wrong him undeservedly. And this winning him love, establish't him: whereas, Fear on the other side frustrates a sufficient defence. *Themistocles* compared a Coward to the Sword-fish, which hath a weapon, but wants a heart, And then what use can the quaking hand put it to? Nay, when he may fie, cowardize hinders him from playing the Coward; He would run away, and

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feare arrests him with a senseless amazement, that betrays him to the pursuit of his Foes. No armour can defend a fearful heart. It will kill it self, within. Cleomenes was so far out of charity with this pale passion, as the Spoils he wan from Cowards, he would neither sacrifice to the Gods, nor let the Lacedemonian Youth behold them, There are two miseries, for which it is famous beyond all other passions. Love, Anger, Sorrow, and the like, are but for a time, and then over: but this is perpetual, A disease of a life long, which every day slaves a man to whatsoever ill he meets with. It vassails him to the world, to beasts, and men. And like a surly Tyrant, inforceth whatsoever it proposeth. For this, does Martial Epigram upon it.

*Quid si me Tonsor, cum stricta novacula supra est,*

*Tunc Libertatem, Divitiasque roget?*

*Promittam: nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,*

*Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa Timor.*

Suppose my Barber, when his Razor's nigh

My throat, should then ask wealth, and liberty;

I'd promise sure. The Barber asks not this,

No, 'Tis a Thief, and Fear imperious is.

Next, whereas other passions are grounded upon things that are, as Envie upon happiness: Rage upon Injury, Love upon Beauty, and so the rest. This is as well upon things that are not; It coyns mischiefs that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no object to bound it, it runs in infinitum, and cannot be secured by any condition of life. Let the Coward have a guard, and he fears that: Let him have none, and he will fear for want of it. I have known some, as happy as the world could make them; and their own needless fears have made their lives more sorrow, than his that hath been streightned in all. I have pitied them; to think that a weak, vexatious, and unprofitable passion should quite ruine the blessings of a fair estate. Some things I may doubt, and endeavour to shun: but I would never fear them to a servility. If I can keep but Reason Lord, fear will serve, and benefit me: but when that gets the Throne, it will domineer insultingly. Let me rather have a mind confident, and undaunted with some troubles; than a Pulse still beating fear, in the flush of Prosperity.

## LXXII.

*That Man is neither happy, nor miserable, but by comparison.*

There is not in this world, either perfect misery, or perfect happiness. Comparison, more than Reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched. What should we account miserable, if we did not lay it in the balance with some thing, that hath more felicity? If we saw not some men vaulting, in the gay trim of Honour, and Greatness, we should never think a poor estate so lamentable. Were all the World ugly, Deformity would be no Monster. In those Countries where all go naked, they neither shame at their being uncovered, nor complain that

that they are expos'd to the *violence* of the *Sun* and *winds*. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes, *gazing* at others above, cast us into a *shade*, which before that time, we met not with. Whatsoever is not *pain*, or *sufferance*, might well be born without *grumbling*: did not other *objects*, fuller of *contentedness*, draw away our *souls* from that we have, to those things which we see, we have not. 'Tis *Envy*, and *Ambition*, that makes us far more *miserable*, than the constitution which our *liberal Nature* hath allotted us. Many never find themselves in *want*, till they have *discovered* the *abundance* of some others. And many again, do bear their *wants* with ease, when they find others below themselves in *happiness*. It was an answer bewraying a *Philosopher*, which *Thales* gave to one, that asked him how *Adversity* might best be born? By seeing our *Enemies* in *worse estate* than our *selves*. We pick our own *sorrows*, out of the *Foys* of other men: and out of their *sorrows*, likewise, we assume our *joys*. When I see the *royling Labourer* sweat thorow both his skins, yet can scarce get so much, as his *importunate belly* consumes him; I then look upon my *self* with *gladness*. But when I eye the *Distributors* of the *Earth*, in their *Royalty*: when I think of *Nero* in his *journey*, with his thousand *Chariots*, and his *Mules* all shod with *silver*; then, what a poor *Atome* do I account my *self*, compar'd with these huge *piles of Ssate*?

*Tolle felices, removeto multo  
Divites auro, removeto centum  
Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus;  
Pauperi surgent animi jacentes.  
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.  
Void the blest, and him that flows  
With the weighty Gold, and fifty Ploughs  
Furrowing wealthy pastures goes;  
Poor minds then will spring. For none  
Is poor but by comparison.*

It was *comparison*, that first kindled the *fire* to burn *Troy* withal. Give it to the *fairest*, was it, which *jarr'd* the *Goddesses*. *Paris* might have given the *Ball* with less offence, had it not been so *inscribed*. Surely, *Juno* was content with her *beauty*, till the *Trojan Youth* cast her, by advancing *Venus*. The *Roman Dame* complained not of her husbands *breath*, while she knew no *kiss* but his. While we spy no *joys* above our own, we in quiet count them  *blessings*. We see, even a few *companions* can lighten our *miseries*: by which we may guess the effect of a *generality*. *Blackness*, a *flat nose*, *thick lips*, and *goggle eyes*, are *beauties*, where no *shapes* nor *colours* differ. He is much *impatient*, that refuseth the *general Lot*. For my *self*, I will reckon that *miserery*, which I find hurts me in my *self*; not that which coming from another, I may avoid, if I will. Let me examine whether that I *enjoy*, be not enough to *felicitate* me, if I stay at home. If it be, I would not have anothers better *fortune* put me out of *conceit* with my own. In *outward things*, I will look to those that are *beneath me*; that if I must build my *self*

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out of others, I may rather raise *content* than *murmur*. But for *accomplishments of the mind*, I will ever fix on those above me; that I may, out of an honest *emulation*, mend my self, by continual striving to imitate their *Nobleness*.

## LXXIII.

## Of Pride and Choler.

**T**He *Proud man* and the *Cholerick* seldom arrive at any height of *virtue*. *Pride* is the *choler* of the mind; and *choler* is the *pride* of the body. They are sometimes born to good parts of *Nature*, but they rarely are known to add by *industry*. 'Tis the mild and suffering *disposition*, that ofteneft doth attain to *Eminency*. *Temper*, and *Humility* are advantageous *Virtues*, for business, and to rise by. *Pride* and *Choler* make such a noise, that they awake *dangers*; which the other with a soft *tread* steal-by undiscovered. They *swell* a man so much, that he is too big to pass the *narrow way*. *Temper* and *Humility* are like the *Fox*, when he went into the *Garner*; he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at plenty. *Pride* and *Choler* are like the *Fox* offering to go out, when his *belly* was full; which enlarging him bigger than the *passage* made him stay, and be taken with *shame*. They, that would come to *preferment* by *Pride*, are like them that ascend a pair of *Stairs* on *Horseback*; 'tis ten to one, but both their *Beasts* will cast them, ere they come to tread their *Chamber*. The minds of *proud men* have not that clearness of discerning, which should make them judge aright of themselves, and others. 'Tis an uncharitable *vice*, which teaches men how to *neglect* and *contemn*. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it self: and by this *depression* angers them, that they *bandy* against it, till it meets with the *loss*. One thing it hath more than any *vice* that I know: It is an *Enemy* to it self. The *proud man* cannot endure to see *pride* in another. *Diogenes* trampled *Plato*: though indeed 'tis rare to find it in men so qualified. The main thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the *Reprehension of a friend*. *Pride* scorns a *Corrector*, and thinks it a *disparagement* to learn: and *Choler* admits no *counsel* that *crosses* him; *crossing* angers him, and *anger* blinds him. So if ever they hear any *fault*, it must either be from an *Enemy* in *disdain*, or from a *Friend*, that must resolve to lose them by't. *M. Drusus*, the *Tribune of the People*, cast the *Consul*, *L. Philippus*, into *Prison*, because he did but interrupt him in speech. Other *Dispositions* may have the *benefits* of a *friendly Monitor*; but these by their vices do seem to give a *defiance* to *Counsel*. Since, when men once know them, they will rather be *silent*, and let them rest in their *folly*, than, by *admonishing* them, run into a *certain Brawl*. There is another thing shews them to be both base. They are both most *awed* by the most *abject passion* of the mind, *Fear*. We dare neither be proud to one that can *punish* us; nor *cholerick* to one much above us. But when we have to deal with such, we clad out selves in their *contraries*: as know-  
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ing they are habits of more *safety*, and better *liking*. Every man flies from the *burning house*: and one of these hath a *fire* in his *heart*, and the other discovers it in his *face*. In my opinion, there be no *vices* that inroach so much on *Man* as these: They take away his *Reason*, and turn him into a *storm*; and then *Virtue* her self cannot board him, without danger of *defamation*. I would not live like a *Beast*, pushed at by all the world for *loftiness*; nor yet like a *wasp*, stinging upon every *touch*. And this moreover shall add to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of *strife* among *Brethren*.

## LXXIV.

*That great Benefits cause Ingratitude.*

**A**S the *deepest hate* is that which springs from the most *violent love*; So, the *greatest discourtesies* oft arise from the *largest favours*. *Benefits* to good *Natures*, can never be so *great*, as to make *thanks* blush in their tendering: but when they be *weighty*, and light on ill ones, they then make their *return* in *Ingratitude*. *Extraordinary favours* make the *giver* hated by the *receiver*, that should *love* him. *Experience* hath proved, that *Tacitus* wrote *truth*, *Beneficia usque adeo leta sunt, dum videntur posse exsolvi: ubi multum antevenere, pro gratiâ, odium redditur*. *Benefits* are so long *grateful*, as we think we can repay them: but when they challenge more, our *thanks* convert to *hate*. It is not good to make men owe us more than they are able to pay: except it be for *virtuous deserts*, which may in some sort challenge it. They that have found *transcending courtesies*, for *Offices* that have not been *found*; as in their first *actions* they have been *stained*, so in their *progress* they will prove *ungrateful*: For, when they have served their turn of his *benefits*, they seldom see their *Patron* without *thralldom*; which (now by his *gifts* being lifted into happiness) they grieve to see, and strive to be quit of. And if they be *defensive favours*, for matter of *fact*, they then, with their *thralldom*, shew them their *shame*: and this pricks them forward to wind out themselves, though it be with incurring a *greater*. The *Malefactor*, which thou savest, will, if he can, *condemn* thee. Some have written, that *Cicero* was slain by one, whom his *Oratory* had defended, when he was accused of his *Fathers murther*. I knew a *French Gentleman* invited by a *Dutch* to his House; and, according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, he was welcom'd so long with *full cups*, that in the end the *drink* distemper'd him: and going away, in stead of giving him *thanks*, he quarrels with his *Host*, and *strikes* him. His *friend* blaming him, he answered, It was his *Hosts* fault, for giving him *liquor* so strong. It pass'd for a *jest*: but certain, there was something in it more. Men that have been thus beholding to us, think we know too much of their *vileness*: and therefore they will rather free themselves by their *Benefactors ruine*, than suffer themselves to be had in so low an *esteem*. When *kindnesses* are such as hinder *Justice*, they seldom yield a fruit that is *commendable*:



as if *vengeance* followed the *Bestower*, for an injury to *equity*, or for not suffering the *Divine Edicts* to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'st the *Law* of a *Life*, to give it to an *ill-deserving man*. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater than the benefit that thou dost confer upon him. Such *pity* wounds the *Publike*, which is often revenged by him thou didst bestow it upon. *Benefits*, that are good in themselves, are made ill by their being *mis-placed*. Whatsoever favours thou impartest, let them be to those of *desert*. It will be much for thy *Honour*, when, by thy *kindness*, men shall see that thou affectest *Virtue*: and when thou layest it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou hast plac'd it there: For, believe it, he is much more *Noble* that *deserves* a *benefit*, than he that *bestows* one. *Riches*, though they may reward *Virtues*, yet they cannot *cause* them. If I shall at any time do a *courtesie*, and meet with a *neglect*, I shall yet think I did *well*, because I did *well intend it*. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author worse*, but the *Benefactor* rather the *better*. If I shall receive any *Kindnesses* from others, I will think, that I am tyed to *acknowledge*, and also to *return* them; small ones, out of *Courtesie*; and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanity*: to requite them with *ill*, *Satanical*. 'Tis only in *rank grounds*, that *much rain* makes *weeds* spring: where the *soyl* is clean, and well planted, there is the more *fruit* return'd, for the *showers* that did fall upon it.

## LXXV.

Of *Virtue* and *Wisdom*.

There are no such *Guards of Safety*, as *Virtue* and *Wisdom*. The one secures the *soul*; the other, the *Estate* and *Body*. The one defends us against the *stroke of the Law*; the other against the *mutability of Fortune*. The *Law* has not power to strike the *virtuous*: nor can *Fortune* subvert the *Wise*. Surely, there is more *Divinity* in them, than we are aware of: for, if we consider rightly, we may observe, *Virtue* or *Goodness* to be *habitual*, and *wisdom* the *distributive* or *actual* part of the *Deity*. Thus, all the *Creatures* flowing from these two, they appeared to *valde bona*, as in the *Text*. And the *Son of Sirach* couples them more plainly together: for he says, *All the works of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandements are done in due season*. These only *perfect* and *defend* a man. When unjust *Kings* desire to cut off those they distaste, they first lay *trains* to make them fall into *Vice*: or at last, give out, that their *Actions* are already *criminal*; so rob them of their *Virtue*, and then let the *Law* seiz them. Otherwise, *Virtue's garment* is a *Sanctuary* so sacred, that even *Princes* dare not strike the man that is thus roabed. 'Tis the *Livery* of the *King of Heaven*: and who dares *arrest* one that wears his *Cloth*? This protects us when we are unarmed: and is an  *Armour* that we cannot, unless we be *false* to our selves, lose. *Demetrius* could comfort himself with this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his *Statues*, yet they

could not extinguish his more *pyramidical virtues*, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the *Divine Law*, which should be the *square* of all our *Actions*: *Virtue* is the *Tenure*, by which we hold of *Heaven*: without this we are but *Out-laws*, which cannot claim *protection*. Sure, *Virtus* is a *Defendress*, and valiants the *hearts* of *man*. *Horace* reports a *wonder*, which he imputes to his *integrity*.

*Integer vita scelerisq; purus*  
*Non eget Mauri Jaculis, nec Arcu,*  
*Nec venenatis gravidâ Sagittis,*  
*Fusce, pharetrâ.*

*Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,*  
*Sive facturus per inhospitalem*  
*Caucasum, vel qua loca fabulosus*  
*Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namq; me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,*  
*Dam meam canto Lalagen, & ultra*  
*Terminum curis vagor expeditus,*  
*Fugit inermem.*

Innocent and spotless hearts  
 Need nor *Moorian* Bow nor Darts:  
 Quivers cram'd with *poysen'd* shot,  
 O *Fuscus*! they need not.

Boyling *Sands*, unnavigable,  
*Scythia's* Mount inhospitable,  
*Media, Inde,* and *Parthia*, they  
 Dare pass, without dismay.

For when I prais'd my *Lalage*,  
 And careless walk'd beyond my way,  
 A fierce *wolf* from a *Sabine* Wood,  
 Fled me; when nak'd I stood.

If sometimes *Virtue* gives not *freedom*; she yet gives such *Cordials*, as frolick the *heart*, in the press of *adversity*. She beams forth her self to the *gladding* of a *bruised soul*: and by her *light* the *dungeon'd* *prisoner* dances. Especially she is brave, when her *Sister* *Wisdom's* with her. I see not but it may be true, that *The wise man cannot fall*. *Fortune*, that the *Ancients* made to rule all, the wisest of the *Ancients* have subjected to *wisdom*. 'Tis she that gives us a *safe conduct* thorow all the *various casualties* of *Mortality*. And therefore when *Fortune* means to *ruine* us, she *flatters* us first from this *Altar*: she cannot hurt us, till we be stript of these *Habiliments*: than she doth both *wound* and *laugh*. 'Tis rare to see a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *wisdom* before. It is for the most part true, that,

*Stultum facit Fortuna, quem vult perdere.*

*Fortune* first *fools* the *Man* she means to *foil*.

She dares not, she cannot hurt us while we continue *wise*. *Discretion* sways the *Stars*, and *Fate*: For *Wealth*, the *Philosophers* *foresight* of the scarcity of *Oyl*, shews it can help in that *defect*. For *Honour*, how many did

did it advance in *Athens*, to a renown'd *Authority*? When all is done, The *wise man* only is the cunning'st *Fencer*. No man can either give a blow so soon, or ward himself so safely. In two lines has the witty *Horace* summ'd him.

*Ad summum ; Sapiens uno minor est Jove. Dives.  
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher ; Rex deniq; Regum.  
Take all ; There's but one Jove above him. He  
Is Rich, Fair, Noble, King of Kings, and free.*

Surely, *GOD* intended we should value these two above our lives ; To live, is common ; to be *wise* and *good*, particular ; and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for *honour*, for *wealth*, for *friends*, for *fame*, for *pleasure* : I desire but these two, *Virtue*, *Wisdom*. I find not a *Man* that the world ever had, so plentiful in all things, as was *Solomon*. Yet we know, his request was but one of these ; though indeed it includeth the other. For without *Virtue*, *Wisdom* is not ; or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a *cunning way* of undoing our selves at the last.

LXXVI.

Of Moderation.

Nothing makes *Greatness* last, like the *Moderate* use of *Authority*. *Haughty* and *violent minds* never bless their owners with a settled peace. Men come down by *domineering*. He that is lifted to sudden preferment, had need be much more careful of his actions, than he that hath enjoy'd it long. If it be not a wonder, it is yet strange ; and all strangers we observe more strictly, than we do those that have dwelt among us. Men observe fresh *Authority*, to inform themselves, how to trust. It is good that the advanced *Man* remember to retain the same *Humility*, that he had before his Rise : and let him look back, to the good intentions that sojourn'd with him in his low estate. Commonly, we think then of worthy deeds ; which we promise our selves to do, if we had but means. But when that means comes, we forget what we thought, and practise the contrary. Whosoever comes to place from a mean being, had need have so much more *Virtue*, as will make good his want of *Bloud*. *Nobility* will check at the leap of a low-man. *Salust* has observed of *Tully*, when he was spoken of for *Consul* : That, *Pleraq; Nobilitas invidiâ astuabat, & quasi pollui Consulatum credebat ; si eum, quamvis egregius, homo novus, adeptus foret*. To avoid this, it is good to be just and plausible. A round heart will fasten friends ; and link men to thee, in the chains of Love. And, believe it, thou wilt find those friends firmest, (though not most) that thy virtues purchase thee. These will love thee, when thou art but man again : Whereas those that are won without desert, will also be lost without a cause. Smoothness declineth *Envy*. It is better to descend a little from *State*, then assume any thing, that may seem above it. It is not safe to tenter *Authority*. *Pride* increaseth *Enemies* : but it puts our friends to flight. It was a just Quip, that a proud *Cardinal* had from a friend, that upon his Election

went to *Rome*, on purpose to see him : where finding his *behaviour stretched all to pride and state*, departs, and makes him a *Mourning Sute*, wherein next day he comes again to *visit* him : who asking the *cause* of his *blacks*, was answered, It was for the *death of Humility*, which dy'd in him, when he was *Elected Cardinal*. *Authority* displays the *Man*. Whatsoever *opinion* in the *world*, thy former *virtues* have gained thee, is now under a *Jury*, that will condemn it, if they *slack* here. The way to make *Honour* last, is to do by it, as men do by *rich Jewels*; not incommon them to the *every-day eye* : but *case* them up, and *wear* them but on *Festivals*. And, be not too *glorious* at first ; it will send men to too much *expectation*, which when they fail of, will turn to *neglect*. Thou hadst better *shew* thy self by a *little* at once ; than, in a *windy ostentation*, pour out thy self together. So, that *respect*, thou gainest, will be more permanent, though it be not got in such *haste*. Some *profit* thou mayest make of *thinking* from whence thou *camest*. He that bears that still in his *mind*, will be more wary, how he trench upon those, that were once *above* him.

*Fama est, fictilibus cœnasse Agathoclea Regem ;*

*Atque abacum Samio saepe onerâsse luto :*

*Fercula gemmatis cum poneret horrida vasis,*

*Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul.*

*Quærenti causam, respondit : Rex ego qui sum*

*Sicania, figulo sum genitore satus.*

*Fortunam reverenter habe, quicumque repente*

*Dives ab exili progrediere loco.*

With Earthen Plate, *Agathocles* (they say)

Did use to meal : so serv'd with *Samo's Clay*.

When *Jewell'd* Plate, and rugged *Earth* was by,

He seem'd to mingle *wealth*, and *poverty*.

One ask'd the *cause* ; he answers : I, that am

*Sicilia's* King, from a poor *Potter* came.

Hence learn, thou that are rais'd from mean *estate*

To sudden *riches*, to be *temperate*.

It was the *Admonition* of the dying *Otho*, to *Cocceius* : Neither too much to *remember*, nor altogether to *forget*, that *Cæsar* was his *Uncle*. When we look on our selves in the *shine of prosperity*, we are apt for the *puff* and *scorn*. When we think not on't at all, we are likely to be much *imbased*. An *estate* evened with these *thoughts* indureth : Our *advancement* is many times from *Fortune* ; our *moderation* in it is that, which the can neither *give* nor *deprive* us of. In what *condition* soever I live, I would neither *bite*, nor *fawn*. He does well that subscribes to him that writ,

*Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatve major.*

LXXVII.  
Of Modesty.

**T**Here is *Modesty*, both a *Virtue*, and a *Vice*; though indeed, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *foolish bashfulness*. For then it *betrays* us to all *inconveniencies*. It brings a *Fool* into Bonds, to his *utter undoing*: when, out of a weak flexibility of *Nature*, he has not *courage* enough to deny the request of a *seeming friend*. One would think it strange at first, yet is it *provedly true*: That, *Modesty undoes a Maid*. In the *face*, it is a *lure* to make even *lewd men* love: which they oft express with *large gifts*, that so work upon her *yielding nature*, as she knows not how to *deny*: so rather than be *ungrateful*, she oft becomes *unchaste*: Even *blushing* brings them to their *Devirgination*. In *friendship*, 'tis an odious *vice*, and lets a *man* run on in *absurdities*; for fear of displeasing by telling the *fault*. 'Tis the *Fool* only, that puts *Virtue* out of *countenance*. *Wise men* ever take a freedom of *reproving*, when *Vice* is *bold*, and *daring*. How plain was *Zeno* with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How serious *Seneca* with the savage *Nero*? A Spirit *modestly bold*, is like the *wind*, to purge the *worlds bad air*. It disperses *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, *unstirr'd*, *infect* it. We often let *Vice* spring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *Debellation*. Nay, we many times forbear good *actions*, for fear the *world* should *laugh* at us. How many men, when others have their *store*, will *want* themselves, for *shaming* to demand their *own*? And sometimes in *extremes*, we *unwisely* stand upon points of *insipid Modesty*. But, *Rebus semper pudor absit in arctis*. In all *extremes* fly *Bashfulness*. In any good *Action*, that must needs be bad, that hinders it: of which *strain*, many times, is the *fondness* of a *blushing shamefastness*. But to *blush* at *Vice*, is to let the *world* know, that the *heart* within hath an *inclination* to *Virtue*. *Modesty* a *virtue*, is an excellent *curb* to keep us from the *stray*, and *offence*. I am perswaded, many had been bad, that are not; if they had not been *bridled* by a *bashful nature*. There are divers that have *hearts* for *vice*, which have not *face* accordingly. It chides us from *base company*, restrains us from *base enterprizes*; from *beginning ill*, or *continuing* where we *see it*. It teaches to love *virtue* only: and directs a man rather to mix with a *chaste soul*, than to care for pressing of the *ripened bosom*. It awes the *uncivil tongue*; chains up the *licentious hand*; and with a silent kind of *Majesty*, (like a watch at the dore of a *Thief's Den*) makes *Vice* not dare peep out of the *heart*, wherein it is lodged. It withholds a man from *vain-boasting*: and makes a *wise man* not to scorn a *fool*. Surely, the *Graces* sojourn with the *blushing man*. And the *Cynick* would needs have *Virtue* to be of a *blush colour*. Thus *Aristotle's* Daughter shew'd her self a better *Moralist*, than *Naturalist*: when, being asked which was the best colour, she answered: That which *Modesty* produced in *Men ingenuous*. Certainly, the *heart* of the *blushing man*, is neerer *Heaven* than the *brazed forehead*.

For it is a branch of *Humility*, and when that dyes, *Virtue* is upon the vanish. *Modesty* in *Women*, is like the *Angels flaming Sword*, to keep *vile man* out of the *Paradise* of their *Chastity*. It was *Livia's modesty*, that took *Augustus*: and she that wan *Cyrus* from a *Multitude*, was a *modest* one. For though it be but *exterior*, and *face-deep* only, yet it invites *affection* strongly. *Plautus* had skill in such *commodities*;

*Meretricem pudorem gerere magis decet, quam purpuram:*

*Magis quidem meretricem pudorem, quam aurum gerere condecet.*

Even in a *whore*, a *modest* look, and *fashion*,

Prevails beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that be good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *real*? Those things that carry a just *infamy* with them, I will justly be *asham'd* to be seen in. But in *actions* either good, or not ill, it may as well be a *crime*. 'Tis fear and *cowardize*, that pulls us back from *Goodness*. That is *base blood*, that *blushes* at a *virtuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *moral* of *Agefilas* was good: when in his *Oblations* to *Pallas*, a *Lomse* bit, and he pulls it out, and *kills* it before the *People*, saying; *Trespassers* were even at the *Altar* to be set upon. I know, things *unseemly*, though not *dishonest*, carry a kind of *shame* along. but sure, in *resisting villany*, where *Courage* is asked, *Bashtfulness* is, at *best*, but a *weak*, and *treacherris* *virtue*.

### LXXVIII.

#### Of Suspicion.

**S***uspitions* are sometimes out of *Judgment*. He that knows the *world* bad, cannot but *suspect* it will be so still: but where men *suspect* by *judgment*, they will likewise, by *judgment*, keep that *suspect* from hurting them. *Suspicion* for the most part, proceeds from a *self-defect*: and then it gnaws the *mind*. They that in *private* listen to others, are commonly such as are *ill themselves*. The *wise* and *honest*, are never *fooled* with this *quality*. He that knows he deserves not *ill*, why should he *imagine* that others should *speak* him so? We may observe how a *man* is disposed, by gathering what he *doubts* in others. *Saint Chrystom* has given the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: Sic difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est.* *Nero* would not believe, but all men were most *foul Libidinists*. And we all *know*, there was never such a *Roman Beast* as he. *Suspecting* that we see not, we intimate to the *world*, either what our *acts* have been, or what our *dispositions* are. I will be *wary* in *suspecting* another of *ill*, lest, by so doing, I proclaim my *self* to be guilty: But whether I be, or not, why should I *strive* to hear my *self* ill spoken of? *Jealousie* is the worst of *madness*. We *seek* for that, which we would not *find*: or, if we do, what is it we have *got*, but *matter of vexation*? which we came so *basely* by, as we are *asham'd* to take notice of it. So we are forced to keep it *boyling* in our *brests*: like *new wine*, to the hazard of the *Hogshhead*, for want of *venting*. *Jealousie* is a gin that we set to catch *Serpents*; which, as-  
foon

soon as we have caught them, *sting us*. Like the *Fool*, that finding a box of *poysons, tastes*, and is *poyson'd* indeed. Are we not *mad*, that being quiet, as we are, must needs go search for *discontentments*? So far should we be from *seeking them*, as to be often *careless* of those we *find*. *Neglect* will kill an *injury*, sooner than *revenge*. Said *Socrates*, when he was told that one *rail'd* on him; *Let him beat me too, so I be absent, I care not*. He that will *question* every *disgracive* word, which he hears is spoken of him, shall have few *friends*, little *wit*, and much *trouble*. One told *Chrysippus* that his *friend* reproached him *privately*. Says he, *Aye, but chide him not, for then he will do as much in publick*. We shall all meet with  *vexation* enough, which we cannot avoid. I cannot think any man loves *sorrow* so well, as out of his *discretion*, to *invite* it to lodge in his *heart*. *Pompey* did well to commit those *Letters* to the *fire*, before he read them, wherein he expected to find the cause of his *grief*. I will never undertake an *unworthy watch* for that which will but *trouble*. Why should we not be *ashamed* to do that, which we shall be *ashamed* to be taken in? Certainly, they that set *spies*, upon others; or by *listening*, put the base office of *Intelligencer* upon themselves; would blush to be discovered in their *projects*: and the best way to avoid the *discovery*, is at first to avoid the *act*. If I hear any thing by *accident*, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take only the *good*: but I will never lye in wait for mine *own abuse*; or for others that concern me not. Nor will I *flame* at every *vain tongues puffle*. He has a *poor spirit* that is not planted above *petty wrongs*. *Small injuries* I would either not *hear*, or not *mind*: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this I may *mend my self*, and never *malice* the *person*.

LXXIX.

Of Fate.

Certainly, there is a *Fate* that hurries *Man* to his *end* beyond his *own intention*. There is *uncertainty* in *wisdom*, as well as in *folly*. When *man plotteth* to save himself, that *plotting* delivers him into his *ruine*. *Decrees* are past upon us: and our own *wit* often hunts us into the *snares*, that above all things we would shun. What we *suspect* and would *fly*, we cannot: what we *suspect not*, we *fall into*. That which sav'd us now, by and by *kills* us. We use means of *preservation*, and they prove *destroying ones*. We take courses to ruine us, and they prove means of *safety*. When *Agrippina's* death was plotted, her *woman* thought to *save her self*, by assuming of her *Mistress name*: and that only was the *cause* of her *killing*. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam praelio error dedit*: an *error* in the *fight*, gave *victory*. How many have, flying from *danger*, met with *death*? and, on the other side, found *protection* even in the very *jaws* of *mischief*?

*Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena juvant.*

And when *Fate* lists, a doubled *poyson* saves.

Some men in their *sleep* are cast into *Fortunes lap* : while others, with all their *industry*, cannot purchase one *smile* from her. How strange a *Rescue* from the *sackage* of an *Enemy* had that *City*, that by the *Leaders* crying, *Back, back*, when he wanted room for the fetching of his *blow*, to break a *chain* that hinder'd him, was, by *mis-apprehending* the *word*, put back in a *violent flight*? There is no doubt, but *wisdom* is better than *Folly*, as *light* is better than *darkness*. Yet, I see, saith *Solomon*, *It happens to the wise and fool alike*. It fell out to be part of *Mithridates misery*, that he had made himself *unpoisonable*. All *humane wisdom* is defective : otherwise it might help us, against the *flask* and *storm*. As it is, it is but lesser *folly* ; which preserving sometimes, fails as often. *Grave directions* do not always prosper : nor does the *Fools bolt* ever miss. *Domitian's reflective Galleries* could not guard him from the *skarfed arm*. Nor did *Titus* his freeness to the two *Patrician aspirers*, hurt him : For, his *confidence* was, That *Fate* gave *Princes Sovereignty*. *Man* is meerly the *Ball of Time* : and is sometime taken from the *Plow* to the *Throne* ; and sometimes again from the *Throne* to a *Halter* : as if we could neither avoid being *wretched*, or *happy*, or both.

*Non sollicita possunt curæ  
Mutare rati stamina fusi.  
Quicquid patimur mortale genus,  
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.  
Servatq; sua decreta colus  
Lachesis, durâ revoluta manu :  
Omnia certo tramite vadunt ;  
Primusq; dies dedit extremum.*

Our most thoughtful *cares* cannot  
Change establish'd *Fates* firm *plot*.  
All we suffer, all we prove,  
All we act comes from above.  
*Fates Decrees* still keep their *course* :  
All things strictly by their force  
Wheel in undisturbed ways ;  
Ends are set in our first days.

Whatsoever *Man* thinks to do in *contrariety*, is by *GOD* turned to be a help of hastening the *end* he hath appointed him : It was not in the *Emperours power*, to keep *Asclepius* from the *Dogs*, no, though it was foretold him : and he bent himself to *cross* it. We are govern'd by a *Power*, that we cannot but *obey*: our *minds* are wrought against our *minds*, to alter us. *Man* is his own *Traitor*, and maddeth to undo himself. Whether this be *Nature* order'd and relinquish'd ; or whether it be *accidental* ; or the operating *power* of the *Stars* ; or the *eternal connexion* of *causes* ; or the *execution* of the *will* of *God* ; whether it takes away all *freedom* of *will* from *Man* ; or by what means we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not think any thing, that should derogate from the *Majesty* of *God*. I know, there is a *Providence* order-



ing all things as it pleaseth; of which, *Man* is not able to render a *reason*. We may believe St. Jerome, *Providentiâ Dei omnia gubernantur; & que putatur pœna, Medicina est*. But the secret *progressions*, I confess, I know not. I see, there are both *Arguments* and *Objections* on every side. I hold it a kind of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such *Characters*, as it is not in the wit of *man* to read them. In vain we murmur at the things that *must be*: in vain we mourn for what we cannot *remedy*. Why should we *rave*, when we meet with what we look not for? 'Tis our *ignorance* that makes us wonder our selves to a *dull stupefaction*. When we consider but how little we know, we need not be disturbed at a new *event*.

*Regitur Fatis mortale genus,  
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest  
Firmum; & stabile: perq; casus  
Volvitur varios semper nobis  
Metuenda dies.*

All *Mankind* is rul'd by *Fate*,  
No man can propose a *state*  
Firm and stable: various *chance*,  
Always rowling, doth advance  
That *Something* which we fear.

Surely out of this, we may raise a *Contentment Royal*, as knowing we are always in the hands of a *Noble Protector*; who never gives ill, but to him that has deserved ill. Whatsoever befalls me, I would subscribe to, with a *squared soul*. It were a *super-insanitated folly*, to struggle with a *power*, which I know is all in *vain* contended with. If a fair *endeavour* may free me, I will practise it. If that cannot, let me wait it with a *calmed mind*. Whatsoever happens as a *wonder*, I will *admire* and *magnifie*, as the *Act* of a *Power* above my *apprehension*. But as it is an *alteration* to *Man*, I will never think it *marvellous*. I every day see him suffer more *changes*, than is of himself to imagine.

LXXX.

Of Ostentation.

**V**ain-glory, at best, is but like a *window-Cushion*, specious without, and garnished with the *razled pendant*; but within, nothing but *hey*, or *toy*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. Where I have found a *flood* in the *tongue*, I have often found the *heart empty*. 'Tis the *hollow Instrument* that sounds loud: and where the *heart* is full, the *tongue* is seldom *liberal*. Certainly, he that *boasteth*, if he be not *ignorant*, is *inconsiderate*; and knows not the *slides* and *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If he had not an *unworthy heart*, he would rather stay til the *world* had found it, than so indecently be his own *Prolocutor*. If thou beest *good*, thou mayst be sure the *world* will know thee so. If thou beest *bad*, thy bragging *tongue* will make thee *worse*; while the *actions* of thy *life* confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the *good* thou truly hast,

hast, thou obscurest much of thine own *worth*, in drawing of it up by so unseemly a *Bucket*, as thine own *tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in *knowing* himself *honest*, than in knowing that all the *world* approves him so. *Virtue* is built upon her *self*. *Flourishes* are for *Networks*; better *Contextures* need not any other *additions*. *Phocion* call'd *bragging Laosthenes*, *The Cypress Tree*; which makes a fair *show*, but seldom bears any *fruit*. Why may he not be emblem'd by the *cozening Fig-tree*, that our *Saviour* curs'd; 'Tis he that is conscious to himself of an *inward defect*, which, by the *brazen Bell* of his *tongue*, would make the *world* believe, that he had a *Church* within. Yet, *fool* that he is! this is the way to make men think the *contrary*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after, overthrowes the *Actions*, which was *good*, and went before; or at least, it argues that *good* not done well. He, that does *good* for *praise* only, fails of the right end. A *good work* ought to propound, He is *virtuous*; that is so for *virtue's* sake. To do *well*, is as much *applause* as a *good man* labours for. Whatsoever *good work* thy *hand* builds, is again pull'd down by the *folly* of a *boasting tongue*. The *blazings* of the *proud* will go out in a *stench* and *smoke*: Their *braggings* will convert to *shame*. *Saint Gregory* has it wittily: *Sub hoste quem prostermit, moritur, qui de culpâ quam superat elevatur*. He both loseth the *good* he hath done, and hazardeth for *shame* with men: For *clouds of disdain* are commonly raised by the *wind* of *Ostentation*. He that remembers too much his own *Virtues*, teacheth others to object his *Vices*. All are *Enemies* to *assuming Man*. When he would have more than his *due*, he seldom findeth so *much*. Whether it be out of *jealousie*, that by *promulgating* his *Virtues* we vainly think he should rob us of the *worlds love*; or whether we take his *exalting himself*, to be our *depression*; or whether it be our *envy*; or that we are *angry*, that he should so undervalue *goodness*, as, despising her *approbation*, he should seek the *uncertain warrant* of *men*: or whether it be an *Instinct* instampt in *Man*, to dislike them; 'Tis certain, no man can endure the *puffs* of a *swelling mind*. Nay, though the *vaunts* be true, they do but awaken *scoffs*: and in stead of a *clapping hand*, they find a *check* with *scorn*. When a *Souldier* brag'd too much of a great *skar* in his *forehead*, he was asked by *Augustus*, if he did not get it, when he looked back, as he fled? Certainly, when I hear a *vaunting man*, I shall think him like a *Peece* that is charged but with *powder*; which neer hand gives a *greater report*, than that which hath a *Bullet* in't. If I have done any thing *well*, I will never think the *world* is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to *essential virtue*, by the hoarse clamor of the *blundering Rabble*. If I have done *ill*; to boast the *contrary*, I will think, is like *painting* an *old face*, to make it so much more *ugly*. If it be of any thing *past*, the *world* will talk of it, though I be *silent*. If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*, than seem to *beg* it. If it be of ought to *come*, I am *foolish*, for speaking of that which I am not sure to *perform*. We disgrace the work of *Virtue*, when we go about any way to seduce *voices* for her *approbation*.

LXXXI.  
Of Hope.

**H**uman life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than Hope. 'Tis the miserable mans God, which in the hardest gripe of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort. 'Tis the presumptuous mans Devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. Hope is to Man, as a bladder to a learning swimmer; it keeps him from sinking, in the bosom of the waves; and by that help it may attain the exercise: but yet many times it makes him venter beyond his height, and then, if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would dye, did not Hope sustain them? How many have dy'd, by hoping too much? This wonder we may find in Hope; that she is both a flatterer, and a true friend. Like a valiant Captain, in a losing Battel, it is ever encouraging Man; and never leaves him, till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is Hope fleeting in the waving Soul. 'Tis almost as the air, by which the mind does live. There is one thing which may add to our value of it; that it is appropriate unto Man alone: For surely, Beasts have not hope at all; they are only capable of the present; whereas Man, apprehending future things, hath this given him, for the sustentation of his drooping Soul. Who would live rounded with calamities, did not smiling Hope cheer him, with expectation of deliverance? The common one is in Tibullus:

*Jam mala finissem Letho; sed credula vitam  
Spes solet, & melius cras fore semper ait.  
Spes alit agricolas; spes sulcus credit aratis  
Semina, que magno favore reddat ager.  
Hec laqueo volucres, hec captat arundine pisces,  
Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.  
Spes etiam validâ solatur compede vinctum;  
Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus.  
Hope flatters Life, and says shee'l still bequeath  
Better; else I had cur'd all ills by Death.  
She blythes the Farmer, does his grain commit  
To Earth, which with large use replentieth it.  
She snares the Birds; and Fishes, as they glide,  
Strikes with small hooks, that cozzing baits do hide:  
Shee cheers the shackled Prisner, and whil's thigh  
Rings with his Chain, he works and sings on high.*

There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, thew death with his horridest brow; yet Hope will dart in her reviving rays, that shall illumine and exhilarate, in the tumour, in the swell of these. Nor does she more friend us with her gentle shine, than she often fools us with her sleek delusions. She dandles us into killing flames, sings us into Lethargies; and, like anlover-hasty Chirurgeon, skinneth dangers, that are full, and foul within. She cozens

the *Thief* of the *Coin* he steals: and cheats the *Gamester* more than even the *falsest Dye*. It abuseth *universal Man*, from him that stoops to the *lome wall*, upon the *naked Common*, to the *Monarch* in his *purpled Throne*. It undoes the *melting Prodigal*; it delivers the *Ambitious* to the *edged Axe*, and the *rash Souldier* to the shatterings of the *fired Vomit*. Whatsoever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it; and in a little time, tumble our selves in the *Down* of our *wishes*: but it often performs like *Domitian*, promising all, with *nothing*. 'Tis (indeed) the *Rattle*, which *Nature* did provide, to still the froward crying of the *fond child Man*. Our *Life* is but a *Run* after the *drag* of something that doth itch our *senses*: which when we have hunted home, we find a *meer delusion*. We think we serve for *Rachel*, but are deceiv'd with *blear'd-eye Leah*. *Jacob* is as *Man*, *Laban* is the *churlish, envious, ungrateful world*: *Leah* is the *pleasure* it pays us with, blemisht in that which is the *life of beauty*, perisht even in the *Eye*; emblem'd too by the *sex of frailty, women*. We see a *Box*, wherein we believe a *Pardon*; so we are merry in the brink of *Death*. While we are *dancing*, the *Trapdoor* falls under us, and *Hope* makes us *jocond*, till the *ladder turns*, and then it is too late to *care*. Certainly, it requires a great deal of judgment to *balance* our *hopes* even. He that hopes for *nothing*, will never attain to *any thing*. This good comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our *passage* thorow the *World*, and sometimes so sets us to *work*, as it produces *great actions*, though not always pat to our ends. But then again, he that hopes *too much*, shall cozen himself at last; especially, if his *industry* goes not along to *fertile* it. For, *hope* without *action* is a *barren undoer*. The best is to *hope* for *things possible*, and *probable*. If we can take her *comforts*, without transferring her our *confidence*, we shall surely find her a *sweet companion*. I will be content my *Hope* should *travail* beyond *Reason*; but I would not have her *build* there. So by this, I shall reap the benefit of her *present service*, yet prevent the *Treason* she might beguile me with.

## LXXXII.

## That Sufferance causeth Love.

**I**N *Noble Natures*, I never found it fail, but that those who suffered for them, they ever lov'd intirely. 'Tis a *Justice* living in the *Soul*, to indear those that have *smarted* for our sakes. Nothing surer tyes a *friend*, than freely to *subumerate* the *burthen* which was his. He is unworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both *affection*, and *thanks*, to him that hath under-gone a *mischief*, due to himself. He hath in a sort made a *purchase* of thy *life*, by saving it: and though he doth forbear to call for it, yet I believe, upon the like, thou owest him. Sure, *Nature*, being an *Enemy* to all *injustice*, since she cannot recal a thing done, labours some other way, to recompense the *passed injury*. It was *Darius* his *confession*, that he had rather have one whole *Zopyrus*, than ten such *Babylons* as his mangling wan. *Volumnius* would needs

needs have dy'd upon *Lucullus corps*, because he was the cause of his undertaking the *war*. And *Achilles* did alter his purpose of refraining the *Gracian Camp*, to revenge *Patroclus* his death, when he heard that he was slain in his *borrowed Armour*. Sure, there is a *sympathy of souls*; and they are subtilly mixed by the *Spirits* of the *Air*; which makes them sensible of one anothers *sufferances*. I know not by what hidden way; but I find that *love* increaseth by *adversity*. *Ovid* confesses it:

——— *Adverso tempore crevit Amor* :

——— *Love* heightens by depression.

We often find in *Princes*, that they love their *Favourites*, for being *skreens*, that take away the *envy* of the *People*; which else would light on them: and we shall see this *love* appear most, when the *People* begin to lift at them: as if they were then ty'd to that out of *Justice* and *Gratitude*, which before was but matter of *favour*, and in the way of *courtesie*. To make two *friends* intire, we need but plot, to make one *suffer* for the others sake. For this is always in a *worthy mind*; it grieves more at the trouble of a *friend*, than it can do for it self. Men often know in themselves how to manage it, how to entertain it: in another they are uncertain how it may work. This *fear* troubles *love*, and sends it to a neerer search, and *pity*. All *creatures* shew a *thankfulness* to those that have befriended them. The *Lyon*, the *Dogg*, the *Stork* in *kindnesses* are all *returners*: Whole *Nature* leans to *mutual requitals*; and to pay with numerous *use*, the favours of a *free affection*. And if we owe a *Retribution* for unpainful *Courtesies*, how much should we reflow, when they come arrayed in *sufferings*? Though it be not to our selves a benefit of the *largest profit*; yet it is to them a service of the *greatest pains*: and it is a great deal more *Honour* to recompense after their *Act*, than our *Receipt*. In *Courtesies*, 'tis the most *Noble*, when we receive them from others, to *prize* them after the *Authors intention*, if they be *mean*; but after their *effect*, if they be great: and when we offer them to others, to *value* them less good, but as the *sequel* proves them to the *Receiver*. Certainly, though the world hath nothing worth *loving*, but an *honest man*: yet this would make one love the *man* that is *vile*. In this case I cannot *exempt* the *ill one* out of my *affection*: but I will rather wish he may still be *free*, than I in *bonds* to *lewdness*. Nor will I, if my *industrious* care may void it, ever let any indure a *torment* for me; because it is a *courtesie*, which I know not bow to *requite*. So till I meet with the like *opportunity*, I must rest in his debt, for his *passion*. It is not good to receive favours, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those bonds are *cruel ties*, which make man ever *subject* to *debt*, without a power to cancel them.

That

## LXXXIII.

*That Policy and Friendship are scarce compatible.*

**A**S *Policy* is taken in the *general*, we hold it but a kind of crafty *wisdom*, which boweth every thing to a *self-profit*. And therefore a *Politician* is one of the worst *sorts of men*, to make a *friend* on. Give me one, that is virtuously *wise*, not cunningly *hid*, and twined to himself. *Policy* in friendship, is like *Logick* in truth: something too *subtil* for the *plainness* of of disclosing *hearts*. And whereas this works ever for *appropriate* ends; *Love* ever takes a *partner* into the *Benefit*. Doubtless, though there be that are sure, and straight to their *friend*: yet in *general*, he is reckon'd, but a kind of *postpositum*: or an *Heir* that must not claim till after. We have found out an *Adage*, which doubles our love to our selves: bat withal, it robs our *Neighbour*. *Proximus ipse mihi*, is urged to the ruine of *friendship*. They that love themselves over-much, have seldom any expressive *goodness*. And indeed, it is a *quality* that fights against the *twist* of *friendship*. For what *love* joyns, this divides, and distanceth. *Scipio* would not believe it was ever the speech of a *wise man*, which wills us, so to *love*, as if we were to *hate* immediately. The truth of *affection* projecteth *perpetuity*. And that *love* which can presently leave, was never well begun. He that will not in a *time* of need, halve it with a streightned *friend*, does but *usurp* the *name*, and *injure* it. Nor is he more to be regarded, that will kick at every sail of his *friend*: A *friend* invited *Alcibiades* to *supper*: He refused; but in the middle of their *meal*, he rushes in with his *servants*, and commands them to catch up the *wine*, and carry it *home* to his house: they did it, yet *half* they left *behind*. The *Guests* complained of this *uncivil* violence: but his *friend* with this *mild speech*, excused him, saying: He did *courteously* to take but *half*, when *all* was at his *service*. Yet in these *lenities* I confesse *Politicians* are most *plausible*. There are that will do as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keep correspondency in *small matters*, that they may be trusted, and *deceive* in greater: and of *graver* consequence. But these are to be *banish'd* the *League*. The *politick heart* is too full of *cranks* and *angles*, for the *discovery* of a plain *familiar*. It is uncertain finding of nim, that useth often to *shift* his *habitation*: and so it is a *heart*, that hath *devices*, and *inversions* for it *self* alone. Things that differ in their end, will surely part in their *way*. And such are these two: The *end* of *Policy*, is to make a mans *self* great. The *end* of *love*, is to advance another. For a *friend* to *converse* withal, let me rather meet with a sound *affection*, than a crafty *brain*. One may fail me by *accident*, but the other will do it out of *fore-intent*. And then there is nothing more *dangerous*, than studied *adulation*; especially, where it knows'tis trusted. The soundest *affection*, is like to be between those, where there cannot be expectation of *sinister* ends. Therefore have your *Poets* feigned, the *entirest* love, among humble *Shepherds*: where *wealth* and *honour* have had no *sway* in their *unions*.

LXXXIV.  
Of Drunkenness.

Said *Musæus*, *The reward of Virtue, is perpetual Drunkenness.* But he meant it, of *celestial exhilaration*: and surely so, the *good man* is full of *gladding vivification*, which the *world* does never reach unto. The other *drunkenness*, arising from the *Grape*, is the *floating* of the *sternless senses in a sea*, and is as great a *Hydra*, as ever was the *multitude*. That *dispositions* differ, as much as *faces*, *Drink* is the clearest prover. The *Cup* is the betrayer of the *mind*, and does *disapparel* the *soul*. There is but one thing which *distinguisheth Beast and Man*; *Reason*. And this it *robs* him of: Nay, it goes further, even to the *subverting* of *Natures institution*. The *thoughts* of the *heart*, which *God* hath secluded from the very *Devil*, and *Spirits*, by this do suffer a *search*, and *denudation*. *Quod in corde sobrii, in lingua ebrii.* He that would *Anatomize the Soul*, may do it best, when *wine* has numm'd the *senses*. Certainly, for *confession*, there is no such rack as *wine*; nor could the *Devil* ever find a cunninger *bait* to *angle* both for *acts*, and *meaning*: Even the most benighted *cogitations* of the *soul*, in this *floud*, do tumble from the *swelled tongue*; yet madly we *pursue* this *Vice*, as the kindler both of *wit* and *mirth*. Alas! it is the *blemish* of our *times*, that men are of such *slow conceit*, as they are not *company* one for another, without excessive *draughts* to quicken them. And surely 'tis from this *barrenness*, that the *impertinencies* of *drink*, and *smoak*, were first tane in at *meetings*. It were an *excellent* way, for men of *quality*, to *convert* this *madness*, to the *discussion* and *practice* of *Arts*, either *Military* or *Civil*. Their *places* of *resort* might be so fitted with *instruments*, as they might be like *Academies* of *instruction*, and *proficiency*. And these they might sweeten, with the adding of *illessive games*. What several *Plays* and *Exercises* had their continual use with the flourishing *Romans*? was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenses*, *Scenici*, *Ludicri*, and the like? all which, were as *Schools* to their *Youth*, of *Virtue*, *Activeness*, or *Magnanimity*: and how quickly, and how *eagerly*, were their *Bacchanalia* banished, as the teachers only of *detested vice*? Indeed *Drunkenness* besets a *Nation*, and *bestiates* even the bravest *spirits*. There is nothing which a man that is foked in drink is fit for, no not for *sleep*. When the *sword* and *fire* rages, 'tis but *man* warring against *man*: when *Drunkenness* reigns, the *Devil* is at war with *man*, and the *Epotations* of *dumb liquor* damn him. *Macedonian Philip* would not war against the *Persians*, when he heard they were such *Drinkers*: For he said, they would ruine alone. Doubtless, though the *Soul* of a *Drunkard* should be so drowned, as to be *insensate*; yet his *Body*, me thinks, should irk him to a *penitence* and *discession*. When like an impoysoned *bulk*, all his *powers* mutiny in his distended *skin*, no question but he must be pained, till they come again to *settling*. What a *Monster Man* is, in his *Inebriations*! a *swimming eye*, a *Face* both *roast* and *sod*, a *temulentive Tongue*, clammed to the *roof* and *gums*; a *drumming Ear*, a *favoured body*;

body; a *boyling Stomach*; a *Mouth* nasty with *offensive fumes*, till it sicken the *Brain* with *giday verminations*; a *palsied hand*, and *legs tottering up and down* their *moystened burthen*. And whereas we eat our *dishes* several, because their *mixture* would loath the *taste*, the *eye*, and *smell*; this, when they are half made *excrement*, reverts them, mashed in an odious *vomit*. And very probable 'tis, that this was the *poyson*, which kill'd the *valiant Alexander*. *Proteas* gave him a *quasse* of two *gallons*, which set him into a *disease* he dyed of. 'Tis an *ancient Vice*; and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* us'd to say of *Cesar*, that *He alone came sober, to the overthrow of the state*. But you shall scarce find a man much addicted to *drink*, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the *snarcs of his Enemies*, or over-bears his *Nature*, to a final *sinking*. Yet there be, whose delights are only to *tunn in*: and perhaps, as *Bonofus*, they never strain their *bladder* for't. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the *Countries fat*. That 'tis practis'd most of the meanest people, proves it for the *baser vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Lady*, in this *Kingdom*, who would often complain, that the greatest inconvenience he found in *Service* was, his being urged to *drink*. And the better he is, the more he shall find it. The eyes of many are upon the *Eminent*: and *Servants*, especially those of the *ordinary Rank*, are often of so mean breeding, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainment*. We may observe, it ever takes footing first in the most *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were such lovers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and unless it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Gretians*, I confess, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in brain. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the most *civilized*, I find not tainted with this *spot*. And though the *Heathen* (in many places) Templed and adored this *drunken God*; yet one would take their *ascriptions* to him, to be matter of *dishonour*, and *mocks*: As his *troup of furied Women*: his *Chariot* drawn with the *Linx* and *Tyger*: And the *Beasts* sacred to him, were only the *Goat* and *Swine*. And such they all prove, that frequently honour him with excessive *draughts*. I like a *Cup*, to *brisk the spirits*; but *continuance* dulls them. It is less labour to *plow*, than to *pot it*: and urged *Healths* do infinitely add to the *trouble*. I will never drink but *Liberties*, nor ever those so long, as that I lose mine own.

*Horace* reads it thus: — *Non ego te, candidèi Bassarèu!*

*Invitum quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus*  
*Sub dicum rapiam. Sæva tene Bercynthio*  
*Cornu tympana; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,*  
*Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio, gloria verticem,*  
*Arcaniqu; fides prodiga, perluciat vitro.*

———Dear *Bacchus*, He not heave

The thak'd *Cup* 'gainst my *stomack*: nor yet reave  
 Ope' arbor'd *secrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* fierce,  
 And *Phrygian Horn* be mute: blind *self-loves* curse,



Braves without brain; *Faith's* closetings, alas!

Do follow thee, as if but cloath'd with *Glass*.

Let me rather be disliked for not being a *Beast*, than be good-fellowed with a *bug*, for being one. Some laugh at me for being sober: and I laugh at them for being drunk. Let their pleasures crown them, and their mirth abound: the next day they will stick in mud. *Bibite, & pergracimini, ô Cimmerii! Ebrietatem, stupor; dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.*

## LXXXV.

## Of Marriage, and single life.

**B**Oth Sexes made but *Man*. So that *Marriage* perfects *Creation*. When the *Husband* and the *Wife* are together, the *world* is contracted in a *Bed*; and without this, like the *Head* and *Body* parted, either would consume, without a possibility of reviving. And though we find many *Enemies* to the name of *Marriage*; yet 'tis rare to find an *Enemy* to the use on't. Surely he was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature*, in her true work, never made any thing in vain. He that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a *contemp*s against *Nature*; as disdainng to make use of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turks* hold without some colour of *Reason*: They say, He that marries not at a fitting time (which they hold is about the age of five and twenty years) is not just, nor pleaseth *God*. I believe it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *Chastity* is many times accompanied with such *inconveniencies* as we see ensue. I cannot think *God* is pleased with that, which crosseth his first *Ordination*, and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to root out an inseparable *sway* of *Nature*, than they are aware of. The best *chastity* of all, I hold to be *Matrimonial chastity*: when *Pairs* keep themselves in a moderate *intermutualness*, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to *union*, and continuance of the *world* in *posterity*. And 'tis fit even in nature and *Policy*, that this *propriety* should be inviolable: First, in respect of the impureness of *mixt posterity*. Next, in respect of *peace* and *concord* among *Men*. If many *Men* should be interested in one *woman*, it could not be, but there would infinite *Fars* arise. Some have complained of *Christian Religion*, in that it tyes men so strictly in this point, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no means of *Remedy*. But surely, if liberty of *change* were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a *gap* to many *mischiefs*, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are *digested*, and made straight again. Those I observe to agree best, which are of *free natures*, not subject to the fits of *choler*. Their *freedom* shuts out *Jealousie*, which is the *canker* of *wedlock*; and withal, it divideth both *joy* and *sorrow*. And when *hearts* alike disclose, they ever link in love. Nay, whereas small and *domestick Fars* more fret *marriages*, than *great ones* and *publick*; these two will take them away. *Freedom* reveals them, that they ranckle not

the Heart to a secret loathing; and mildness bears them, without Anger, or bitter words: so they close again after discussion, many times in a straighter Tye. Poverty in Wedlock, is a great decayer of love and contentation; and Riches can find many ways, to divert an inconvenience: but the mind of a Man is all. Some can be servile, and fall to those labours which another cannot stoop to. Above all, let the generous mind beware of marrying poor: for though he cares the least for wealth, yet he will be most galled with the want of it. Self-conceited people never agree well together: they are wilful in their brawls, and Reason cannot reconcile them. Where either are only opinionately wise, Hell is there, unless the other be a Patient meerly. But the worst is, when it lights on the woman: she will think to rule, because she hath the subtiler brain: and the Man will look for't, as the privilege of his sex. Then certainly, there will be mad work, when wit is at war with Pre-rogative. Yet again, where Marriages prove unfortunate, a Woman with a bad Husband, is much worse, than a Man with a bad wife. Men have much more freedom, to court their Content abroad. There are, that account women only as seed-plots for posterity: others worse, as only quench for their fires. But surely there is much more in them, if they be discreet and good. They are women but in body alone. Questionless, a woman with a wise soul, is the fittest Companion for man: otherwise God would have given him a Friend rather than a wife. A wise wife comprehends both sexes: she is woman for her body, and she is man within: for her soul is like her Husbands. It is the Crown of blessings, when in one woman a man findeth both a wife and a Friend. Single life cannot have this happiness; though in some minds it hath many it prefers before it. This hath fewer Cares, and more Longings: but marriage hath fewer Longings, and more Cares. And as I think Care in marriage may be commendable; so I think Desire in single life, is not an evil of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a thing that accompanies Nature, and Man cannot avoid it. Some things there are, that Conscience in general Man condemns, without a Literal Law: as Injustice, Blasphemy, Lying, and the like: But to curb and quite beat down the desires of the flesh, is a work of Religion, rather than of Nature. And therefore says Saint Paul, I had not known Lust to have been a sin, if the Law had not said, Thou shalt not Lust. Votive abstinence, some cold constitutions may endure with a great deal of vexatious penitence. To live chaste without vowing, I like a great deal better: nor shall we find the Devil so busie to tempt us to a single sin of unchastity; as he will, when it is a sin of unchastity and perjury too. I find it commended, but not imposed. And when Jephtha's Daughter dyed, they mourned, for that she dy'd a Maid. The Grecians, the Romans did, and the Spaniards at this day do (in honour of marriage) privilege the wedded. And though the Romans had their Vestals, yet after their thirty years continuance, the cruelty of enforced chastity was not in force against them. Single life I will like in some, whose minds can suffer continency: but should all live thus, a hundred years would make

make the *world* a *Desart*. And this alone may *excuse* me, though I like of *marriage* better. One tends to *ruine*, the other to increasing of the *glory* of the *world*, in multitudes.

## LXXXVI.

## Of Charity.

**C**harity is communicated *goodness*: and without this, *Man* is no other than a *Beast*, preying for himself alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon *Charity*, than there are, that do *subsist* of themselves. The *world*, which is *chain'd* together by intermingled *love*, would all shatter, and fall to pieces, if *Charity* should chance to *dye*. There are some secrets in it, which seem to give it the *chair* from all the rest of *virtues*. With *Knowledge*, with *Valour*, with *Modesty*, and so with other particular *Virtues*, a man may be *ill* with some contrarying *vice*: But with *Charity* we cannot be *ill* at all. Hence, I take it, is that saying in *Timothy*; *The end, or consummation of the Law is love out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest: habere autem Charitatem, & malus esse non potest*, said *Saint Augustine* of old. Next, whereas other *virtues* are *restrictive*, and looking to a mans self: This takes all the world for it's *object*: and nothing that hath *sense*, but is better for this *Displayer*. There be among the *Mahometans*, that are so taken with this *beauty*, that they will with a *price* redeem *incaged* Birds, to restore them to the liberty of their plumed *wing*. And they will ostentimes, with *cost* feed *fishes* in the *streaming* water. But their opinion, of deserving by it, makes it as a *Superstitious* folly: and in *materials*, they are nothing so *zealous*. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to *God*, than *Charity*. As all things are filled with his *goodness*, so the *Universal* is partaker of the good mans *spreading* love. Nay, it is that which gives life to all the *Race* of other *Virtues*. It is that which makes them to appear in *Act*. *Wisdom* and *Science* are worth nothing, unless they be *distributive*, and declare themselves to the *world*. *Wealth* in a *Misers* hand is *useless*, as a *lockt-up* *Treasure*. 'Tis *Charity* only, that maketh *Riches* worth the owning. We may observe, when *charitable men* have ruled, the *world* hath *flourished*, and enjoyed the blessings of *Peace* and *Prosperity*; the *times* have been more *pleasant* and *smooth*: nor have any *Princes* fate more secure or firm in their *Thrones*, than those that have been *clement* and *benign*: as *Titus*, *Trajane*, *Antonine*, and others. And we may observe again, how *rugged*, and how full of *bracks* those *times* have been wherein *cruel ones* have had a power. *Cicero* says of *Sylla's* time, — *Nemo illo invito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam retinere potuerat*. And when the *Senate* in *Council* was frighted at the cry of seven thousand *Romans*, which he had sent to *execution* at once, he bids them mind their *business*, for it was only a few *Seditaries*, that he had commanded to be slain. No question but there are, which delight to see a *Rome* in *flames*, and like a *Ravish'd* *Troy*, mocking the absent *day* with earthly *fires*, that can linger *Men* to

*martyrdom*, and make them dye by *piecemeal*. *Tiberius* told one that petitioned to be *quickly kill'd*; that he was not yet his *friend*. And *Vitellius* would needs see the *Scrivener* dye in his *presence*, for he said he would feed his eyes. But I wonder, whence these men have their *minds*. God, nor *Man*, nor *Nature* ever made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the *Wilderness*, from the imboasted *Savage*, and from tormenting spirits. When the *Legge* will neither bear the *Body*, nor the *stomach* disperse his receipt, nor the hand be serviceable to the directing *Head*, the *Whole* must certainly *languish*, and dye: So in the *body* of the *world*, when *Members* are sullen'd, and snarl one at another, down falls the *frame* of all.

*Quod mundus, stabili fide,  
Concordes variat vices:  
Quod pugnantia semina  
Fœdus perpetuum tenent:  
Quod Phœbus roseum diem,  
Carru provehit aureo.  
Ut quas duxerit Hesperus,  
Phœbe noctibus imperet:  
Ut fluctus avidum mare  
Certo sine coerceat,  
Ne terris liceat vagis  
Latos tendere terminos:  
Hanc Rerum seriem ligat  
(Terras ac Pelagus regens,  
Et Cælo imperitans) Amor.*  
That the *world* in constant force,  
Varies his concordant course:  
That feeds jarring *hot* and *cold*,  
Do the breed perpetual hold:  
That the *Suns* in's golden *Car*,  
Does the *Rosie Day* still rere.  
That the *Moon* sways all those *lights*,  
*Hesper* ushers to dark *nights*.  
That *alternate Tydes* be found,  
*Seas* high-*prided waves* to bound;  
Lest his *fluid waters* Mace,  
Creek broad *Earths* invallied face.  
All the *Frame* of things that be,  
*Love* (which rules *Heaven*, *Land*, and *Sea*)  
Chains, keeps, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boetius*. The *world* contains nothing, but there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some other *creatures*. The *Air* yields *Fowls*; the *Water* *Fish*; the *Earth* *Fruit*. And all these yield something from themselves, for the use and behalf, not only of *Man*, but of each other. Surely, he that is *right*, must not think his *charity* to one in need, a *courtesie*; but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first being, bound him to pay. I would

would not *water* a strange *ground*, to leave my own in *drought*: yet I think to every thing that hath *sense*, there is a kind of *pity owing*. *Solomons* good *man*, is merciful to his *Beast*: nor take I this to be only *intentional*; but expressive. *God* may respect the *mind*, and *will*; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my *mind* be *charitable*, that *God* may accept me. Let my *actions* express it, that *man* may be *benefited*.

## LXXXVII.

## Of Travail.

A *Speech* which often came from *Alexander* was; that he had *discovered* more with his *eye*, than other *Kings* did comprehend in their *thoughts*. And this he spake of his *Travail*. For indeed, *men* can but guess at *places* by *relation* only. There is no *Map* like the view of the *Country*. *Experience* is best *Informer*. And one *Journey* will shew a man more, than any *description* can. Some would not allow a man to move from the *shell* of his own *Country*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a *happiness*, for *birth*, *life*, and *burial*, to be all in a *Parish*. But surely, *Travail* filleth the Man: he hath *liv'd* but *lock'd* up in a larger *Chest*, which hath never seen but one *Land*. A *Kingdom* to the *world*, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdom*: a man may live in't like an unbred *man*. He that searcheth *forain Nations*, is becoming a *Gentleman* of the *world*. One that is *learned*, *honest*, and *travail'd*, is the best *compound* of *man*; and so corrects the *Vice* of one *Country*, with the *Virtues* of another, that like *Mithridate*, he grows a perfect *mixture*, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France* and *Spain* are as the *Court* of the *world*; *Germany*, *Denmark*, and *China*, are as the *City*. The rest are most of them *Country*, and *Barbarism*: who hath not seen the best of these, is a little lame in *knowledge*. Yet I think it not fit, that every man should *travail*. It makes a *wise man* better, and a *Fool* worse. This gains nothing but the *gay sights*, *vices*, *exotick gestures*, and the *Apery* of a *Country*. A *Travailing fool* is the *shame* of all *Nations*. He *shames* his own, by his *weakness* abroad: He *shames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They only blab abroad *domestick vices*, and import them that are *transmarine*. That a man may better himself by *Travail*, he ought to observe, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to avoid it; as taking the *good*, into use. And without *Registring* these things by the *Pen*, they will slide away *unprofitably*. A man would not think, how much the *Characterizing* of a *thought* in *Paper*, fastens it. *Litera scripta manet*, has a large *sense*. He, that does this, may, when he pleaseth *rejourney* all his *Voyage*, in his *Clozet*. *Grave Natures* are the best *proficients* by *Travail*: they are not so apt to take a *Soil*; and they observe more: but then they must put on an *outward freedom*, with an *Inquisition* seemingly *careless*. It were an excellent thing in a *State*, to have always a *select* number of *Youth*, of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*; and, at years of some *maturity*, send them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better

better dispose of them, than in *dedicating* them to the *Republick*. They themselves could not be in a *fairer way* of *preferment*: and no question but they might prove mightily *serviceable* to the *State*, at home; when they shall return well versed in the *world*, languaged and well read in men; which for *Policy*, and *Negotiation* is much better than any Book-learning, though never so deep, and knowing. Being abroad, the *best* is to converse with the *best*, and not to chuse by the *eye*, but by *Fame*. For the *State*, instruction is to be had at the *Court*; For *Traffick*, among *Merchants*. For *Religious Rites*, the *Clergie*; for *Government*, the *Lawyers*; and for the *Country*, and *rural knowledge*, the *Boors*, and *Peasantry* can best help you. All *Rarities* are to be seen, especially *Antiquities*; for these shew us the *ingenuity* of elder times in *Act*: and are in one both *example*, and *precept*. By these, comparing them with *modern Invention*, we may see how the *world* thrives in *ability*, and *brain*. But above all, see *rare men*. There is no *monument*, like a worthy *man* alive. We shall be sure to find something in him, to kindle our *spirits*, and enlarge our *minds* with a worthy *emulation* of his *virtues*. *Parts* of extraordinary *note* cannot so lie hid, but that they will *shine forth* through the *tongue*, and *behaviour*, to the inlightning of the *ravish'd beholder*. And because there is less in this, to take the *sense* of the *eye*, and things are more readily from a living *pattern*; the *Soul* shall more easily draw in his *excellencies*, and improve it *self* with greater *profit*. But unless a man has *judgment* to order these *aright*, in *himself*; at his *return*, all is in *vain*, and lost labour. Some men, by *Travel* will be changed in nothing: and some again, will *change* too much. Indeed, the *moral* outside, where soever we be, may seem best, when something fitted to the *Nation* we are in. but where soever I should go, or stay, I would ever keep my *God*, and *Friends* unchangeably. How soere he returns, he *makes* an *ill Voyage*, that changeth his *Faith* with his *Tongue* and *Garments*.

## LXXXVIII.

## Of Musick.

**D**ogenes spake right of *Musick*, when he told one that bragg'd of his *skill*; that, *Wisdom* govern'd *Cities*; but with *Songs*, and *Measures*, a house would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for *pleasure*, than any *profit* of *man*. Being but a *sound*, it only works on the *mind* for the *present*; and leaves it not *reclaimed*, but *rapt* for a while: and then it returns, forgetting only *ear-deep warbles*. It is but *wanton'd Air*, and the *Titillation* of that *spirited Element*. We may see this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Instruments*, which gather in the stirred *Air*, and so cause a *sound* in the *Motion*. The *advantage* it gains upon the *mind*, is in respect of the nearness it hath to the *spirits composition*, which being *Aethereal*, and *harmonious* must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the *air* is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the *ear* by whose *winding entrance*; it is made more *pleasant*, and by

by that *in-essent Air*, carried to the *Auditory nerve*, which *presents* it to the *common sense*; and so to the *intellectual*. Of all *Musick*, that is best which comes from an *articulate voice*. Whether it be that *man* cannot make an *Instrument* so *melodious*, as that which *God* made, living *man*: or, because there is something in this, for the *rational part*, as well as for the *ear* alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a *careless freeness*, and a kind of a *neglective easiness*. *Nature* being always most *lovely*, in an *unaffected* and *spontaneous flowing*. A *dexterous Art* shews *cunning*, and *industry*; rather than *judgment*, and *ingenuity*. It is a kind of *disparagement*, to be a *cunning Fidler*. It argues his *neglect* of better *employments*, and that he hath spent much *time* upon a thing *unnecessary*. Hence it hath been counted ill, for great *Ones*, to *sing*, or *play*, like an *Arted Musician*. *Philip* ask'd *Alexander*, if he were not *ashamed*, that he *sang* so *artfully*. And indeed, it softens the *mind*; the *curiosity* of it, is fitter for *women* than *Men*, and for *Curtezans* than *women*. Among other descriptions of a *Roman Dame*, *Salust* puts it down for one, that she did — *Psallere, & saltare, elegantius, quam necesse est proba*. But yet again 'tis pity, that these should be so *excellent*, in that which hath such *power* to *fascinate*. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all her helps of *wooing*. Many a *mind* hath been *angled* unto ill, by the *Ear*. It was *Stratonice*, that took *Mithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are *framed*, it can *draw*, and *incline* the *mind*. Lively *Tunes* do lighten the *mind*: *Grave* ones give it *Melancholy*. *Lofty* ones raise it, and *advance* it to above. Whose *dull bloud* will not caper in his *veins*, when the very *air*, he breaths in, *frisketh* in a *tickled motion*? Who can but fix his *eye*, and *thoughts*, when he hears the *sighs*, and *Dying groans*, gestur'd from the *mournful Instrument*? And I think he hath not a *mind* well temper'd, whose *zeal* is not inflamed by a *heavenly Anthem*. So that indeed *musick* is *good*, or *bad*, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did mean it *excellent*, that made *Apollo*, who was *god of wisdom*, to be *god of musick* also. But it may be the *Egyptians*, attributing the *invention* of the *Harp* to him, the *rarity* and *pleasingness* made them so to *honour* him. As the *Spartans* used it, it served still for an *excitation* to *Valour*, and *Honourable actions*: but then they were so careful of the *manner* of it, as they fined *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harp* to the post; for being too *inventive*, in adding a *string* more than usual: Yet had he done the *State* good service: for he appeased a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetry*. Sometimes, light *Notes* are useful; as in times of general *Joy*, and when the *mind* is pressed with *sadness*. But certainly those are best, which inflame *zeal*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *gravity*. One is for *Religion*; so the *Jews*. The other for *War*, so the *Grecians*, and *Romans*. And the last for *Peace*, and *Morality*: Thus *Orpheus* civilized the *Satyrs*, and the bad *rude men*. It argues it of some *excellency*, that 'tis used only of the most *aerial creatures*; loved, and understood by *man* alone; the *Birds* next, have *variety* of *notes*. The *Beasts*, *Fishes*, and the *reptilia*, which are of grosser *composition*, have only *silence*, or untuned *sounds*. They that *despise* it wholly, may well be

be *suspected*, to be something of a *Savage nature*. The *Italians* have somewhat a *smart censure*, of those that affect it not: They say, *God* loves not him, whom he hath not made to love *musick*. *Aristotle's conceit*, that *Jove* doth neither *Harp* nor *sing*, I do not hold a dispraise. We find in *Heaven* there be *Hallelujahs* sung. I believe it, as a helper both to good and ill; and will therefore *honour* it, when it *moves* to *Virtue*, and beware it when it would *flatter* into *Vice*.

## LXXXIX.

## Of Repentance.

**H**E that will not *repent*, shall *ruine*; nor is he to be pitied in his *sufferings*, that may escape a *torment*, by the *compunction* of a *heart*, and *tears*. Surely, that *God* is *merciful*, that will admit offenses to be expiated by the *sigh*, and *fluxed eyes*. But it is to be wondered at, how *Repentance* can again in favour us with an *offended God*; since when a *sin* is past, *grief* may lessen it, but not *un-sin* it. That which is done, is *unrecallable*; because a *sin* does intend in *infinitum*. *Adultery* once committed, maugre all the *tears* in *man*, for the *Act* remains *Adultery* still: yea though the *guilt*, and *punishment* be remitted: nor can a *man un-act* it again. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin honour*, there may be some *satisfaction*, but no *restitution*. Certainly, there are *secreet walks* of *Goodness* and *Purity*, whereby all things are *revolved* in a *constant way*, which by the *Supreme Power* of *God*, they were at first *invested* in. And when *man* strays from this *Instinct*, the whole course of *Nature* is against him, till he be *reduced* into his first rank, and order. And this, I think, may excuse *God* of *changeableness*, when he turns to *man*, upon his *Penitence*: for indeed 'tis *man* that *changes*, *God* is still the *un-altered* same. And the first *Immutability* of things, never leaves a *man*, till he be either *settled* again in his *place*, or quite cut off from troubling of the *Motion*. And as he is not rightly *re-inserted*, till he does *co-operate* with the *Noble revolution* of all: so he is not truly *penitent*, that is, not *progressive* in the *Motion* of *aspiring goodness*. When he is once thus again, though he were a *straggler* from the *Round*, and like a *wry Cog* in the *wheel*; yet now, he is *streighted*, and set again in his *way*: as if he had never been out. Says the *Tragedian*:

*Remeemus illus, unde non decuit prius  
Abire.*

Return we whence it was a shame to stray:

And presently after,

*Quem penitet peccasse, penè est innocens.*

He that *repents*, is well-near *innocent*.

Nay, sometimes a *failing*, and *return*, is a *prompter* to a *surer hold*. *Saint Ambrose* observes, that *Peters Faith* was stronger after his *fall*, than before: so as he doubts not to say, that by *his fall*, he found more *grace*, than he *lost*. A *man* shall beware the *steps* he once hath *stumbled* on. The *Devil* sometimes coozens himself, by *plunging man* into a  
deep



deep offense. A sudden ill *Act* grows abhorred in the *mind* that did it. He is mightily *careless*, that does not grow more *vigilant*, on an *Enemy* that hath once *surprized* him. A *blow* that *smarts* will put us to a *safer* ward. But the danger is, when we *glide* in a *smoothed* way: for then we shall never return o. our *selves* alone. Questionless, *Repentance* is so *powerful*, that it cannot be but the gift of *Deity*. Said the *Roman* *Theodosius*: That *living* men *dye*, is *usual*, and *natural*; but that *dead* men *live* again by *Repentance*, is a *work* of *Godhead* only. How fir, how *secure* should we run in *Vice*, did not the *power* of *goodness*, check us in our *full-blown* *fall*? Without *doubt* that is the *best* *life*, which is a little *sprinkled* with the *salt* of *Crosses*. The other would be quickly *ranc*, and *tainted*. There are whose *paths* are *wash*t with *Butter*, and the *Rosebud* *crowns* them: but doubtless, 'tis a *misery* to live in *oiled* *vices*, when her *ways* are made *slippery* with her own *slime*: and the *hard* *track* inviteth to a *ruinous* *race*. *Heaven* is not had without *repentance*, and *repentance* seldom meets a man in *jollity*, in the *career* of *Lust*, and the *bloods* *loose* *riot*. A *Father* said of *David*; He *sinned*, as *Kings* use to do; but he *repented*, *sighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* have used not to do. I would not be so *happy*, as to want the *means* whereby I might be *penitent*. I am sure no man can *live* without *sin*: and I am sure no *sinner* can be *saved* without it. Nor is this in a mans *own* *choice*, to take it up when he *please*. Surely, *man*, that would never *leave* to *sin*, would never of himself begin to *repent*. It were *best*, if *possible*, to *live* so, as we might not *need* it: but since I can neither not *need* it, nor give it my *self*, I will pray him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both *release* and *glory*.

## X C.

## Of War, and Souldiers.

**A**FTER a long *Scene* of *Peace*, *War* ever enters the *Stage*; and indeed, is so much of the *Worlds* *Physick*, as it is both a *Purge*, and *blood-letting*. *Peace*, *Fulness*, *Pride*, and *War*, are the four *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *wheel*, that the *Times* turn on. As we see in *Bees*, when the *Hive* *multiplies* and *fills*, *Nature* hath always taught it a way of *ease* by *swarms*: So the *World* and *Nations*, when they grow *over-populous*, they *discharge* themselves by *Troups*, and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *distemper* of the body *Politick*, which (like the *natural*) *Rest*, and a full *diet* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humours*, either to *sickness* or *evacuation*. When 'tis eased of these, it subsides again to a *quiet* *rest* and *temper*. So *War* is begotten out of *Peace* graduately, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Between *Peace* and *War* are two *Stages*; *Luxury*, *Ambition*: between *War* and *Peace*, none at all. The causes of all *wars*, may be reduced to five heads: *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Revenge*, *Providence*, and *Defense*. The two first, were the most vsual causes of *War* among the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd *Pride* and *Covetousness*; both the *Romans* and *Greeks*

*Grecians* were taught by their high bloods, to call Honour and increase of Empire. The original of all *Tibullus* will needs have gold.

*Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?*

*Quam ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit?*

*Tunc cades hominum generi, tunc praelia nata;*

*Tunc brevior dira mortis aperta via est.*

*At nihil ille miser meruit; nos ad mala nostra,*

*Vertimus, in savas quod dedit ille feras.*

*Divitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt,*

*Faginus abstabat dum scyphus ante dapes.*

Of killing Swords who might first Author be?

Sure, a steel mind, and bloody thought had he.

Mankinds destruction, wars were then made known,

And shorter ways to death with terrour shown.

Yet (curs'd) he's not i'th fault; we madly bend

That on our selves, he did for beasts intend.

Full gold's i'th fault: no wars, no jars were then,

When Beech-bowls only were in use with men.

That which hath grown from the propagation of Religion, was never of such force, as since the Mahumetan Law, and Catholick cause, have ruffled among the Nations. Yet questionless to lay the foundation of Religion in blood, is to condemn it, before we teach it; The Sword may force Nature, and destroy the Body, but cannot make the mind believe that Lawful, which is begun in unlawfulness: Yet without doubt in the enterprizers, the opinion has animated much: we see how it formerly fired the Turk, and is yet a strong motive to the Spanish attempts: Unless he throws this abroad to the World, to blanch his Rapine and his cruelty. For that of Revenge; I see not, but it may be lawful for a Prince, even by War, to vindicate the honour of himself, and People. And the reason is, because in such cases of injury, the whole Nation is interessed: and many times the recompense, is more due to the Subjects, than the Sovereign. That of Providence may well have a pass: as when Princes make War to avoid War: or, when they see a storm inevitably falling, 'tis good to meet it, and break the force: Should they ever sit still while the blow were given them, they might very well undo themselves by patience. We see in the body, men often bleed to prevent an imminent sickness. For that of Defence, both Religion and all the Rules of Nature plead for't. The Commanders in War ought to be built upon these three Virtues; they should be wise, Valiant, Experienc'd. Wisdom in a General, many times ends the War without war. Of all Victories, the Romans thought that best, which least was stain'd with blood. And they were content to let Camillus triumph, when he had not fought. In these times it is especially requisite, since Stratagems and Advantages are more in use than the open and the daring Valour. Yet Valiant he must be; else he grows contemptible, loses his Command, and, by his own fear, infects his Troups with Cowardice. To the eternal honour of Caesar, Cicero reports that in all his Commands of the Field, there

there was not found an *Ito*, but a *Veni* : as if he scorn'd in all his *Onsets*, to be any thing, but still a *Leader*. Always teaching by the *strongest Authority*, his own *forwardness*, his own *example*. And though these be *Excellencies*, they be all, without *Experience*, lame. Let him be never so *learned*, his Books cannot limit his *Designs* in several : and though he be *perfect* in a *Paper-plot*, where his *eye* has all in *View* ; he will fail in a *Leaguer*, where he sees but a *limb* at once : Besides, *Experience* puts a *credit* on his *Actions*, and makes him far more prompt in *undertakings*. And indeed, there is a great deal of *reason*, why we should *respect* him, that, with an *untainted Valour*, has grown old in *Arms*, and hearing the *Drum beat*. When every *minute*, Death seems to pass by, and shun him ; he is as one that the Supreme God has car'd for, and, by a particular *Guard*, defended in the *Hail of Death*. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to *exorbitancy* ; yet this is more in the *common* sort, that are pressed as the *refuse*, and *burthen* of the *Land*, than in those that, by a *Nobler breeding*, are able to *Command*. *Want*, *Idleness*, and the *desperate* face of *blood*, hath hardened them to *Out-rages*. Nor may we wonder, since even their life is but an order'd *Quarrel*, raised to the *feud* of *killing*. Certainly, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of *charity*.

*Nulla fides, pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur,  
Venalesque manus : ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.*

Nor *Faith*, nor *Conscience*, common *Souldiers* carry :  
Best *pay* is *right* : their hands are *mercenary*.

For the *weapons* of *war*, they differ much from those of *ancient times* : and I believe, the *invention* of *Ordnance* hath mightily saved the *lives* of men. They *command* at such *distance*, and are so *unresistable*, that men come not to the *shock* of a *Battel*, as in former *Ages*. We may observe, that the greatest *numbers* have fallen by those *weapons*, that have brought the *Enemies* neerest together. Then the *pitched field* was the *trial*, and men were so engaged that they could not come *off*, till *bloud* had decided *victory*. The same *advantages* are still, and rather greater now, than of old : The *wind*, the *Sun*, the better *ground*. In former *wars*, for all their *arms*, the *air* was ever *clear* : but now their *Peeces* do mist, and thicken it ; which, beaten upon them by *disadvantages*, may soon indanger an *Army*. Surely, *wars* are in the same nature with *offenses*, *Necessesse est ut veniant*, They must be ; yet, *Ve inducenti*, They are mightily in *fault* that *cause* them. Even *reason* teaches us to cast the *bloud* of the *slain*, upon the unjust *Authors* of it. That which gives the *mind* security, is a *just cause*, and a *just deputation*. Let me have these, and of all other, I shall think this, one of the *noblest*, and most *manly* ways of *dying*.

XCI.  
Of Scandal.

**T**Is unhappiness enough to himself, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, he shall pull a stain on a whole Society, his guilt will gnaw him with a sharper tooth. Even the effect is contrary to the sway of Nature, and the wishes of the whole extended Earth. All men desire, that, vexing their foes, they may gratifie and glad their friends: only he that scandals a Church, or Nation makes his Friends mourn, and his Enemies rejoyce. They sigh, for his just shame unjustly flung on them: these smile, to see an adversary fall, and the blow given to those that would uphold him. And though the Author lives where he did, yet his soul has been a Traytor, and upheld the contrary side. One ill man may discountenance even the warranted and maintained cause of a Nation; especially if he has been good. Blots appear fouler in a strict life, than a loose one; no man wonders at the Swines wallowing: but to see an Ermine myr'd, is a Prodigie. Where do Vices shew so foul, as in a Minister, when he shall be heavenly in his Pulpit alone? Certainly, they wound the Gospel, that preach it to the world, and live, as if they thought to go to Heaven some other way than that they teach the people. How unseemly is it, when a grave Cassock, shall be lin'd with a wanton Reveller, and with crimes, that make a loose one odious? Surely, God will be severest against those, that will wear his badge, and seem his servants, yet inwardly side with the Devil, and lusts. They spot his Honour, and cause prophane ones jest at his Holiness. We see, the Prince suffers in the falls of his Ambassadour: and a servants ill action is some touch to his Masters reputation: nor can he free himself, but by delivering him up to justice, or discarding him: otherwise, he would be judg'd to patronize it. Other offenses God may punish, this he must, lest the Enemies of his Truth triumph against him. David had his whip for this: Because by this he had caused the Enemies of God to blaspheme, the Child must dye. When he that had Anthem'd the pureness of the God of Israel, and proclaimed the Noble Acts he did of old; and seem'd as one indear'd to the Almighty's love: how would the Philistims rejoyce, when he should thus become Apostate, and with a wild licentiousness, mix his lust with murther and ingratitude? Surely, the Vices of Alexander the sixth did mightily discolour Papacy: till then, Princes were afraid of Bulls and Excommunications: but it was so usual with him, to curse upon his own displeasure, and for advancing of his spurious race: that it hath made them slighted, ever since his passions so impublik'd them. What a stain it was to Christendom, that the Turk should pull a Christian-Kings violated Covenant from his bosom, in the war, and present it the Almighty, as an act of those, that profess'd themselves his Servants? Beware how thy Actions fight against thy Tongue or Pen. One ill life will pull down more, than many good tongues can build. And doubtless, GOD, that is jealous of his Honour, will vindicate these soils, with his most destructive arm.

Take

Take heed, not of *strictness*, but of *falling foully* after it. As he that frames the strongest *Arguments* against himself, and then does fully *answer* them, does the best defend his *Cause*: So he that lives *strictest*, and then forgoes his hold, does worst disgrace his *Patron*. *Sins* of this nature, are not *faults* to our selves alone, but, by a kind of *argumentative way*, dishonour *GOD* in the *consequent*. And even all the *Church* of sincerest *good men*, suffer in a *seeming good mans* fall. This is to be *religiously lewd*. If thou beest unsound within, soyl not the glorious *Roab* of *Truth*, by putting it upon thy *beastlines*. When *Diogenes* saw a wanton vaunting in a *Lions skin*, he calls unto him, that he should forbear to make *Virtues garment* blush. And indeed, *Virtue* is ashamed, when she hath a *servant vile*. When those that should be *Suns*, shall be eclipsed, the *lesser Stars* will lose their light and splendour. Even in the *Spaniards Conquests* of the *Indians*, I dare think, their *cruelty* and *bloudiness* have kept more from their *Faith*, than all their force hath won them. Some would not believe, *Heaven* had any *blessedness*, because there were some *Spaniards* there. So hateful can *detected Vice* make that, which is even *goodness* it self: and so excellent is a *soul* of *integrity*, that it frights the *lewd* from *luxury* to *reverence*. The beahtly *Floralians* wre abash'd and ceas'd at the upright *Cato's* presence. A second to *eternal goodness*, is, a wise *man*, uncorrupt in *life*: his *soul* shines; and the beams of that *shine*, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same *spirit* guide both the *hand* and *tongue*. I will never profess, what I will not strive to *practise*; and will think it better to be but *crooked timber*, than a *strait block*, and after lye to *stumble men*.

## XCII.

*That Divinity does not cross Nature, so much as exceed it.*

THEY that are *Divines* without *Philosophy*, can hardly maintain the *Truth* in *disputations*. 'Tis possible they may have an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they have not *Reason* too, they will scarce make others capable of their *Instruction*. Certainly, *Divinity* and *Morality* are not so averse, but that they well may live together: For, if *Nature* be *rectified* by *Religion*; *Religion* again is *strengthened* by *Nature*. And as some hold of *Fate*, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the *Stars*, only we have not skill to find it: so, I believe, there is nothing in *Religion*, contrary to *Reason*, if we knew it rightly. For conversation among men, and the *true happiness* of *Man*; *Philosophy* hath agreed with *Scripture*. Nay, I think I may also add, for defining of *God*, excepting the *Trinity*, as neer as *Man* can conceive him. How exact hath it made *Justice*? How busie to find out *Truth*? How rightly directed *Love*? exalting with much earnestness, all those *Graces*, that are any way amiable. He that seeks in *Plato*, shall find him making *God* the *Solum summum Bonum*; to which a pure and virtuous life is the *way*. For defining *God*; my *opinion* is, that  
*Man,*

*Man*, neither by *Divinity* nor *Philosophy*, can, as they say, *Quidditative*, tell, What he is. It is fitter for *Man* to adore and admire him, than in vain to study to comprehend him. God is for *Man* to stand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and dress'd Soul can never sound him, who is the *unimaginable Fountain* of *Spirits*; and from whom, all things, by a *graduate Derivation*, have their *light, life, and being*. In these things they agree, but I find three other things, wherein *Divinity* over-joareth *Nature*. In the *Creation* of the *World*, in the *Redemption* of *Man*, and in the *way* and *Rites* wherein *God* will be worshipped. In the *Creation* of the *World*: No *Philosophy* could ever reach at that which *Moses* taught us. Here the *Humanists* were all at a *stand and jar*: all their *conjectures* being rather *witty*, and *conceit*, than *true* and *real*. Some would have all things from *Fire*; some, from *Air*; some, from *Water*; some, from *Earth*; some, from *Numbers*; some, from *Atoms*; from *Simples*, some; and some, from *Compounds*. *Aristotle* came the nearest, in finding out the truest *Materia Prima*: but because he could not believe this made of *nothing*, he is content to err, and think it was *eternal*. Surely, this *conceit* was as far from *reason*, as the other: his *Reason* might have fled unto *Omnipotency*, as well as to *Eternity*. And so indeed, when *Philosophy* hath gone as far as she is able, she arriveth at *Almightiness*, and in that *Abyss* is lost: where not knowing the *way*, she goeth by *guess*, and cannot tell when she is *right* or *wrong*. Yet is she rather *subordinate*, than *contrary*. *Nature* is not *cross*, but runs into *Omnipotency*: and, like a *petty River*, is swallowed in that *boundless Main*. For the *Redemption* of *Man*, even the *Scripture* calls it a *Mystery*: and all that *Humanity* could ever reach of this, was, only a flying to the general name of *Mercy*, by the urgings of the *Conscience*. They all knew, they had *failed*, and *fallen*. Their own *bosoms* would tell them thus: but the way how they might be restored, never fell into their *Heathen-thoughts*. This was a work that *GOD* declared only to his own *Peculiar*, by the immediate *Revelation* of his *word* and *will*. For the *manner* how *God* would be worshipped, no *Naturalist* could ever find it out, till he himself gave directions from his sacred *Scripture*. In the first *Chapter* to the *Romans*, *Saint Paul* grants, that they may know *God*, through the *visibilities* in his *works*: but for their *ignorance* in this, he says, The *wrath* of *God* is revealed against them: Because that when they knew *God*, they glorified him not as *God*, but turned the *Glory* of the incomparable *God*, to the similitude of the *Image* of a corruptible *Man*, and of *Birds*, and of four-footed *Beasts*, and of *creeping things*. And these three things the *Scripture* teacheth us; which else we could never have learned, from all the *Books* in the *world*. Thus we see for *Mortality*, *Nature* still is something *pert* and *vigorous*: but in the things of *God* it is confined, that she is *thick-sighted*, and cannot see them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *Man* upon the top of *Monarchy*? no more can *Man* comprehend *God* in the height of *Omnipotency*. There are as well *Mysteries* for *Faith*, as *Causes* for *Reason*. This may guide me, when I have to deal

deal with *Man*; but in *Divine* affairs, *Reason* shall wait on *Faith*, and submit to her *Prerogative*. The *Conscience* is great; but *God* is far greater than it.

XCIII.

Of *Tediousness* in *Discourse*.

A *Prating Barber* came to trim *King Archelaus*, and asked him, *Sir, How will you please to have me cut your hair?* Says the *King, Silently*. And certainly, though a *Man* has nothing to do, but to *hear* and *answer*; yet a *limitless tongue*, is a strange *unbitted Beast*, to worry one with. And the misery is, they that speak *much*, seldom speak *well*: for they that know how to *speake* aright, know not how to dwell in *Discourse*. It cannot be but *ignorance*, when they know not, that *long speeches*, though they may please the *speaker*, yet they are the *torture* of the *hearing ear*. I have pittied *Horace*, when he was put into his *sweat*, and almost slain in the *via sacra*, by the accidental detention of a *Babblers tongue*. There is nothing tires one, like the *sawing* of ones *ears*, when *words* shall *clatter*, like a *window* loose in *wind*. A *talkative Fellow* is the *unbrac'd Drum*, which beats a *wise man* out of his wits. Surely, *Nature* did not guard the *tongue* with the double fence of *teeth* and *lips*, but that she meant it should not move too nimbly. I like in *Isocrates*, when of a *Scholar*, full of *words*, he asked a *double Fee*: one, to learn him to *speake well*; another, to teach him to *hold his peace*. They which talk too much to others, I fear me, seldom speak with themselves enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their own *bosoms*, they may well be mistaken, and present a *Fool* to the *People*, while they think themselves are *wise*. But there are, and that severally, that be much troubled with the disease of *speaking*. For, assuredly, *Loquacity* is the *Fistula* of the *mind*; ever running, and almost incurable. Some are *blabs* of *secrets*; and these are *Traitors* to *Society*; they are *Vessels* unfit for use; for they be boarded in their *bottoms*. Some will boast the *favours* they have found; and by this means, they often bring *goodness* into suspect, lose *love* and injure *Fame*.

*Sed tacitus pasci si posset Corvus, haberet  
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus, invidiæque.*

But could the *Crow* be silent fed, his diet  
Might dainty yet be, less envied, and more quiet.

You shall find too them, that will cloy you with their own *Inventions*: and this is a fault of *Poets*; which, unless they meet with those that love the *Muses*, is as a *dainty Oration* deliver'd to one in a *Language* that he understands not. His *judgment* found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inviting his *Friend* to *supper*, promise, that he  
—————no *Verses* would repeat.

Some will *preamble* a *tale* impertinently, and cannot be delivered of a *jest*, til they have travailed an hour in *trivials*; as if they had taken the *whole Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting it out at *large*:  
thus

Thus they often spoil a *good dish*, with improper *sauce*, and unfavoury *farments*. Some have a vein in *counselling*; even till they stop the *ear*, they pour it in. *Tedious admonitions* dull the *advised*, and make the giver *contemptible*. 'Tis the *short reproof*, that stays like a *stab* in the *Memory*: and many times *three words* do more good, than an *idle Discourse of three hours*. Some have *varieties of Stories*, even to the *tyring* of an *Auditor*; and these are often, even the *grave follies of age*: whose unwatcht *tongues* stray into the *waste of words*, and give us cause to blame their *memories*, for retaining so much of their *youth*. There are too, that have a leaping *tongue*, to *jigg* into the tumult of *discourse*; and unless you have an *Aristius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deep *exaction*. A *Rook-yard*, in a *Spring-morning*, is neither so ill nor noiseful, as is one of these. But this is commonly a *feminine fault*. Doubtless, the best way for *speech*, is to be *short, plain, material*. Let me hear one *wise man* sentence it, rather than twenty *Fools*, garrulous in their lengthened *tattle*. *Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid: nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia.* Hugo Victorinus.

## XCIV.

## Of Liberty, and Restraint.

IT was but a *flourish* of *Cicero's Oratory*, when he said, *Ad Decus & Libertatem nati sumus*. The greatest *Prince*, that ever was produc'd by *woman*, comes *insanguin'd* into the *world*, and is a poor *relittle slave*, to the first *arm* that he falls into. But if he meant it of the *Noble spirit of Man*, then I think 'tis true: for it still advanceth to that *Sun*, from whence it hath both *life* and *wigour*. And thus, we see all things do aspire to *liberty* and the affecting of an uncontrolled *freedom*. Every *Creature* is prompted by *Nature*, to be like that, from whence it is derived. Look over all the *world*, and you shall find, that every thing, as far as the *ability* will give it *line*, does *snail* it after a *Deity*, and with a kind of *rising Emulation*, slowly *Apes Almightyness*. But this *Liberty of Humane spirit*, is that which cannot be restrained; and therefore the restraint of the *body*, is that which we will speak of. This is commonly by *imprisonment*, or by *service*. That of *Imprisonment*, is nothing such a *mischief*, as the most do think it. The greatest is, in that, the *Eye* is debarred the delight of the *worlds Variety*. Nor indeed is this *total*, but in part, and *local* only. In this, a *blind man* is the most *miserable Prisoner* of all: Whatsoever place does hold him, he is still in the *worlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights uncomfortable shade*. And indeed, the most burthensome *imprisonment* is to be *Prisoner* to a *Disease*; as to the *Gout*, the *Palsy*, and the like: because for the most part, these hold us, not without *pain*, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about us. For the other, I see not, but a *local restraint*, without *want*, and *inforced employment*, may very easily be converted to a *happines*: unless *men* will let their *minds* long against the *Tyde* of *Reason*.



*Reason.* It is no other but a place of *retyring*, and *sequestration* from the *world*, which many of the wisest have voluntarily put upon themselves. *Demosthenes* would shave his *beard* by half, to keep himself within, by a willing *necessity*. *Dioclesian's* two and twenty years *Emperry*, could not put him out of love with his *retyring place*: Nor *Charles the Fifth*, his many *Kingdoms*. There are Examples of *extraordinary gain*, that *men* have made of such *confinements*. Assuredly, while a *man* is tossed among *men*, and *business*; he cannot so enjoy himself, as when he is something secluded from both of these. And it is a *Misery*, when a *man* must so apply himself to *others*, as he cannot have leisure to account with *himself*. Besides, be he never so at large; he does but run over the same things; he sees but the like *world*, in another place. If he has but *light*, and any *prospect*, he may see by that, what the rest is, and enjoy it, by his boundless *mind*. For the *restraint* by *service*; if it be with imposed *toyl*, then is it far worse, than the being *circum-mured* only: This *Man* differeth not in the act of his *life* from a *Beast*: He must ply his *task*, and have his *food* but only to make him fit for his *task* again: he is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The *gods* sell all for *labour*; and he has entred *Covenant*, to work for one that *plays*: so is become a *Principal* for another mans *debt*, and pays it. This surely is the greatest *Captivity*, the greatest *slavery*. The attendant *services* of *Nobility*, are far easier to the *Man* and *Mind*: though the perpetual sight of *full Estates* above them, may well indanger those minds that have not *Ballast* in them. To see *Heaven*, and come no neerer, than to wait at the *door*, is a terrible *torment* to the *spirit*. A *naked Beauty* seen, would tempt one *chaste*, to err. Yet withal, 'tis something like *Love*, a kind of *bitter-sweet*, it both *pleaseth* and *displeaseth* the *mind* at once: It is pleased to see it; but 'tis displeas'd, that it cannot *enjoy* it. Besides, if there be *toyl*, a *wise man* may take less of it: and an *honest man* by the plea of his *duty*, makes his mind content in *dispatches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *business* much the easier. One asked the *Cynick*, how he could live a *Servant* to *Zeniades*? but he returns; That a *Lyon* does not serve his *Keeper*, but his *Keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleads for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may be often easie, yet they sometimes *grate*, and *gall*. So that if we appeal to the *mind* of *Man*, that will say, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *Tub*; than to be a *servant* in the *roofed Palace*. There are helps that may abate *Inconveniencies*: but *Liberty* will over-sway with *Man*. When one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went *brave*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replies, That for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleas'd; and *Diogenes*, when it pleas'd *Diogenes*. If this be not rather *opinionative* than *real*, it is questionless an unhappiness to *serve*. If I have my *liberty*, I would rest in the *priviledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would joy in the *benefits* that accrue the *want*: so in either estate, I may find *Content* my *Play-fellow*.

## XCV.

## Of the Causes that make Men different.

**H**OMO homini quid prestat? was the former times just wonder: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the *spirits* of men. It hath been a *Question*, whether all *Souls* are equal at their first *Infusion*? and if it be of that *Soul* purely, which at the same instant, is both created and infused; then, no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from *God*, but is *pure*, *perfect*, and *uncorrupt*. But because the sensitive part in *Man* bears a great sway, it many times falls out, that by the deficiency of the *Organical parts*, the *Soul* is *eclipsed* and *imprisoned* so, as it cannot appear in the vigour it would shew, if the *Bodies* composition were perfect, and open. A *perfect Soul*, in an *imperfect Body*, is like a *bright Taper* in a *dark Lanthorn*: the fault is not in the *light*, but in the *case* which *curtains* it with so dull an *outside*, as will not let the *shine* be transparent. And we may see this, even in those that we have known both *able* and *ingenious*; who after a *hurt* received in some *vital part*, have grown *mopish*, and almost *insensible*: When the *vital passages* of the *sensitive* and *vegetative* are *imperfect*, though they extinguish not the *intellectual*, because it is impossible, that a thing *mortal*, should destroy a thing *immortal*: yet their defects keep it so under, as it appeareth not to the *outward apprehension*. Not that *Man* hath three distinct *Souls*: for the *intellectual* in *Man*, containeth the other two: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beasts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and *conn'd* together. Otherwise, he were a *plant*, and severally, a *brute*, and *rational*. But as the solid *crystalline Heaven*, and *first Mover*, contains the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Air*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Air*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *waters*; yet all make but one *world*: So the *Intellectual* contains the *Sensitive*, and the *Sensitive* the *Vegetative*; yet all in *Man*, make but one *Soul*. But the differences of *Men* may all be referred to two causes; either *Inward*, or *Outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*: either when the *active part*, the *seed*, is not *perfect*; or when the *nutrimental* and *passive power* fail of their *sufficiency*, are too *abundant*, or *corrupted*. And when *Man* is of himself, from the *womb*, the *malignity* of some *humour* may interpose the true operation of the *spirits internal*. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the *Nobleness* of *Mind*, in *Honourable Actions*, are pieces of *Natures truest work*; especially in their *inward faculties*. *External defects*, may be, and yet not always hinder the *internal powers*: as, when they happen remoted from the noblest *parts*, else they are often causes of *debilitation*. And these are commonly, from the *temperature* of the *Air*, from *Education*, from *Diet*, and from *Age*, and *Passion*. From the *Air*, we see the *Southern* people are *lightsome*, *ingenious*, and *subtile*, by reason of the *heat* that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northern* are *slower*, and more dull, as having them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

*Temperie Cæli Corpusque, Animusque Juvatur.*

Both *Soul*, and *Body*, change, by change of *Air*.

*Education* hath his *force* seen in every place. If you *travail* but from *Court*, to the *Country*: or but from a *Village* to an *Academie*: or see but a *Horse* well *mannag'd*, and another *Resty* in his own *fierceness*. *Diet*, no question alters much; even the giddy *Airiness* of the *French*, I shall rather impute to their *Diet* of *Wine*, and wild *Fowl*, than to the difference of their *Clime*, it being so neer an adjoyner to ours. And in *England*, I believe our much use of *strong Beer*, and *gross Flesh*, is a great occasion of *dregging* our *Spirits*, and *corrupting* them, till they shorten *life*. *Age*, is also a *changer*. *Man* hath his *Zenith*, as well in *wit*, as in *ability* of *body*; he grows from *sense*, to *reason*; and then again declines to *dotage*, and to *Imbecillity*. *Youth* is too young in *brain*; and *Age* again does drain away the *Spirits*. *Passion* blunts the *edge* of *conceit*: and where there is much *sorrow*, the *mind* is dull, and unperceiving: The *soul* is oppressed, and lies languishing in an *unsociable loneliness*, till it proves *stupid*, and *inhumane*. Nor do these more alter the *mind*, than the *body*. The lamenting *Poet* puts them both together.

*Jam mihi deterior canis aspergitur atas;*

*Jamque meos vultus ruga senilis arat.*

*Jam vigor, & quasso languent in corpore vires:*

*Nec Juveni, Lusus, qui placere, juvant.*

*Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis;*

*Ætatis facta est tanta ruina mee.*

*Confiteor, facere hoc annos: sed & altera causa est;*

*Anxietas animi, continuusq; Labor.*

Now, colder years, with *snow* my *hairs* enchase:

And now the *aged wrinkle* plows my *face*.

Now through my *trembling joynts*, my *vigour* fails,

*Mirth* too, that cheer'd my *youth*, now nought avails.

So ruin'd and so alter'd am I grown,

That at first *sight*, I am not to be known.

*Age* one cause is: but that which more I find,

Is *pain perpetual*, and a *troubled mind*.

Certainly, the *best* is, to *weigh* every man, as his *means* have been: a man may *look* in vain for *Courtskip*, in a *Plow-man*; or *Learning* in a *Mechanick*. Who will expect a *lame man* should be *swift* in running: or, that a *sick man* should deliver an *Oration* with a *grace*, and *cheerfulness*? If I find any man failing in his *Manners*, I will first consider his *means*, before I *censure* the man. And one that is short of what he might be, by his *sloth* and *negligence*, I will think as justly *blameable*, as he that out of *industry* has adorn'd his *behaviour* above his *means*, is *commendable*.

## XCVI.

## Of Divination.

**W**HAT is it *Man* so much covets, as to pry into *Natures Closet*, and knows, not what is to come? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall find it a *profitable Providence*, which hath set our *estate in future*, something in *dark and shade*. If *Man* doubted not of what *Death* would deliver him to, he would (I think) either live more *lewdly*, or more *unhappily*. If we knew *death* were only an end of *life*, and no more; every man for his own ends, would be a *disturber* of the *worlds peace*. If we were certain of *torment*; *thought* and *fear* would make our *present life* a *death continual*, in the *agitations* of a *troubled soul*. If we were sure of *Joy*, and *Glory*, we should be careless of our *living well*. Certainly, *God* hath made *Man* to dwell in *doubt*, that he might be awed to *Good*, by *Fear* and *Expectation*. We are led along by *Hope*, to the *Ends* that are appointed us: and by an *uncertain way*, we come at last to a *certain end*; which yet we could neither *know*, nor *avoid*. The *great Creator* wisely put *things to come*, in the *Mist* and *Twilight*, that we might neither be over-joyed with the certainty of *good*; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an *unavoidable ill*. Though *Prescience*, and *Divination* be a *God-like Quality*, yet, because it can only tell of *danger*, and not *prevent* it, the *wiser sort* have ever had this *Art* in *neglect*, in *dislike*. If *Fate* be *certain*, it can be no good to *know* it, because we cannot *prevent* it. If it be *uncertain*, we search in vain to find out that which *may be*. So, either way we hazard for *unhappiness*. *Bis miser esse cupit, qui mala, que vitari non possunt, amat prescire*. I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that he wondred how *South-sayers* could forbear *laughter*, when they met one another; they knew they used so to *gull* the *People*. One thing there is, that (if it were *certain*) doth mightily *disparage* it; and this is, That it sets a *Man* over to *second causes*, and puts him off from *Providence*. But it cannot be *certain* and *determinate*: *Man* is not wise enough to *scent* out the *abstruse steps* of *Deity*. It is observed by one, that, *Nigidius* what used for defense of his *Art* (by turning of a *wheel*, and marking it twice with *Ink*) hath cast it all into a *vast uncertainty*. And indeed, the minute of *Generation*, *Conception*, and *Production*, are so hard to know justly; the *point of place* so hard to find: the *Angles*, the *Aspects*, and the *Conjunctions* of the *Heavens* so impossible to be cast right in their *influences*, by reason of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like motion* of the *Sphears*; that the whole *Art*, thorowly searched and examined, will appear a meer *fallacie* and *delusion* of the *wits* of *Men*. If their *Calculations* be from the seven *Motive Sphears* only, how is there such difference in the lives of *children* born together, when their oblique *motion* is so slow, as the *Moon*, (though far more speedy than any of the rest) is yet above seven and twenty days in her *course*? If their *calculations* be by their *diurnal motion*, it is impossible to collect the *various influences*, which every title of a *minute* gives. Besides, in close *rooms*, where the *windows* are clozed; the

Fire, Perfumes, concurrence of people, and the parental humours bar their operation from the Child. But suppose there were a Fate transferr'd from the Stars to Man; Who can read their significations? Who hath told their particular predictions? Are they not all meerly the uncertain conjectures of men, which rarely hit, and often fail? So in Beasts, in Birds, in Dreams, and all viary Omens, they are only the gheslive interpretations of dim-cy'd Man: full of doubt, full of deceit. How did the Tuscan Southsayers, and the Philosophers that were with Julian, differ about the wounded Lion, presented him, when he went to invade the Persians? How about the Lightning that slew Fovinianus, and his two Horses? Yet of the rest, I believe there is more from the Stars, than these other observations: but this is then for general inclinations, not for particular events: Those are sure in the hands and Cabinet of the Almighty: and none but Prophets, that he inspires, are able to reveal them. The securest way is to live well; then we may be sure of a fair end, and a passable way. He that lives virtuously, needs not doubt of finding a happy Fate. Let my life please God, and I am sure, the success shall please me. Virtue and Vice are both Prophets; the one of certain good; the other, or of pain, or penitence.

## XCVII.

*That 'tis best increasing by a little at once.*

There is no such prevalent workman, as sedulity, and diligence. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have been done by degrees, and gentle augmentations. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the ways of pleasing and labour. When diligence recedes to humour and flattery, it grows poor, and un-noble: And when to Pride and Curiosity, it then looses his praise. So the Priest of Ammon would needs salute Alexander as a God: and Protogenes spent seven years, in drawing Jalyfus and his Dog: and a King of Persia would needs, for a Present, adulterate Roses with an artful smell. When these two are avoided, Diligence and Moderation are the best steps, whereby to climb to any excellency. Nay, it is rare if there be any other way. The Heavens send not down their rain in floods, but by drops, and dewy distillations. A man is neither good, nor wise, nor rich, at once: yet softly creeping up these hills, he shall every day better his prospect; till at last, he gains the top. Now he learns a Virtue, and then he dunnis a Vice. An hour in a day may much profit a man in his study; when he makes it stint and custom. Every year something laid up, may in time make a stock great. Nay, if a man does but save, he shall increase; and though when the grains are scatter'd, they be next to nothing: yet together, they will swell the heap. A poor man once found the tag of a Point, and put it in the lap of his skirt: one asked him, What he could do with it? He answers, What I find all the year, (though it be never so little) I lay it up at home, till the years ends; and with all together, I every New-years day add a Dish to my Cupboard. He that

that has the patience to attend *small profits*, may quickly grow to thrive and *purchase*: they be easier to accomplish, and come thicker. So, he that from every thing collects *somewhat*, shall in time get a *Treasury of Wisdom*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the best way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotency*, to do *mighty things* in a *moment*: but, *degreely* to grow to *greatness*, is the course that he hath left for *Man*. And indeed, to gain any thing, is a double work. For, first, it must remove the *hinderances*; next, it must assume the *advantage*. All good things, that concern *Man*, are in such a *declining Estate*, that without perpetual *vigilancy*, they will reside, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompense*, which ever follows *Industry*: it ever brings an *Income*, that sweetens the *toyl*. I have often found *hurt* of *Idleness*; but never of a *lawful business*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it self, is yet made so, by being *employment*: and when a *Man* has once accustomed himself to *business*, he will think it *pleasure*, and be ashamed of *ease*. *Polemon*, ready to *dye*, would needs be laid in his *Grave alive*; and seeing the *Sun* shine, he calls his *friends* in haste to hide him; lest (as he said) it should see him *lying*. Besides, when we gain this way, *Practice* grows into *Habit*: and by doing so a while, we grow to do so for ever. It also constitutes a *longer lastingness*. We may observe, those *Creatures* that are longest in attaining their *height*, are longest in *declining*. *Man* is *twenty years* increasing, and his life is *four score*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledged in a *moneth*, is dead in a *year*. He that *gets* an *Estate*, will *keep* it better, than he that *finds* it. I will never think to be perfect at once. If I find my self a *gainer* at the *years end*, it shall something comfort me, that I am proceeding. I will every day labour to do something that may mend me; though it be not much, it will be the surer done. If I can keep *Vice* under, and win upon that which is *good*, (though it be but a little at once;) I may come to be better in time.

## XCVIII.

## Of God, and the Air.

FOR *Man* to pray aright, is *needful*: but how to pray so, is *difficult*. We must neither misconceive of *God*, nor are we able rightly to conceive him. We are told, he is a *spirit*: and who can tell what a *spirit* is? Can any man tell *that*, which no man ever saw? *Man* is able only to comprehend *visible substances*; what is *invisible*, and *spiritual*, he can but *guess* and *rove* at. *Spirit* is a word, found out for *Man* to mask his *Ignorance* in: and what he does not know, he calls it by that name. When we speak of *God*, we are to believe an *ubiquity*: but then, how are we able to conceive that this *ubiquity* is? I speak to *Reason*, not *Faith*; for I know, *this* believeth what it sees not: Yet, something to help *Nature* and *Reason*, I would wish

with a man to consider the *Air*. It is every where; not a *VACUUM* in the whole *Natura rerum*: nay, you cannot evade it: Dig the most condensed *Earth*, and it is at the point of your *Spade*: you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the *Air*; and yet this *Air*, although you know, you cannot see. It is also *invulnerable*: cast a *stone*, and you make no *hole* in't: nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it: it clozeth again, and there is no track left. Nay, there be *Philosophers* that will tell you, the *progressive motion* of a *stone* cast, when the *hand* has left it, is from the *Air* it self: that shutting suddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a *coactive power*, thrust it still forward, till it passes against *institutive Nature*, who made it, to incline to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We speak falsely, when we say, the *Air infecteth*. They are unwholesome *Vapours* and *Exhalations*, that *putrid things* breathe out; and these, being carried by the  *motive wind* and *air*, fly about, and *infect*, through their rarity and *thinness*. The *Air* it self ever *clarifies*: and is always working out that *taint*, which would mix with it. Next, we can do nothing, but the *Air* is privy to't: even the acts of *lightless Clozets*, and the *thick-curtain'd beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a *Woman* bow so much to the *Altar*, as she left her *back-parts bare*; he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the *Gods* behind her. Nay, our very *thoughts*, which the *Devil* (though he be the subtlest of all *malevolent spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *air*. Every *breath* we take, it goes unto our *heart*, to cool it. Our *Veins*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerves*, our inmost *Marrow*, are all vivified by their participation of *Air*: and so indeed is every thing that the *world* holds: as if this were the *Soul* that gave it *livelihood*. *Fishes*, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet we see, the want of *Air* kills them: as when a *long Frost* shuts up a *Pond* in *Ice*. Even *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatives*, will not grow in *Caves*, where the  *motive* and *stirring Air* is barred from them. We may often observe, moreover; that *Heat* and *Moisture* is the only cause of all *Generation*: and these are the qualities proper to the *Air* alone. Now, I would not wish a *Man* to compare *God*, the *Creator*, with this *Element*, which is but a *Creature*: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of *eminencie*, let him in his *Soul* set *God* above, and see if by this way, he climb not nearer *Deitie*, than he shall by any other. If this be so universal, why may he not by this, think of a *Spirit* more diffusive and ubiquitous? That which *Ovid* writ of *Poets*, may be applyed to all the *wise*, and come something near to this purpose.

*Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia Cæli;  
Sedibus Ætheris Spiritus ille venit.*

In us *God* dwells, *Heaven* our acquaintance is,  
His *Spirit* flows through *Airy Influences*.

Certainly

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Certainly by this way, it is not so difficult for *Reason* to conceit an *Omnipresence*: and if we have this, we may by it peer at his *Omniscience* and *Omnipotence* too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. Saint *Augustine*, when he has told us, that *God* is not an *Object* perceivable by any of the *Outward Senses*, says; *Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile*. So the *ways of God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *Air*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when we are to speak to him, the best is, humbly to intreat his *Spirit* to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best please him. He is best able, by his secret *immission*, to direct us the way he does best approve of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher of the heart* and *reyns* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learn to cheer my self in *sufferings*, and to refrain from *ill*, even in *private*. How can man think to act his *ill* unseen, when *GOD* shall, like the *Air*, be *circumspicious* round about him? It is not possible, that such a *Majesty* should either not defend the *Innocent*, or permit an *ill* unpunished.

## XCIX.

## Of Contentment.

They that *preach Contentment to all*, do but teach *some* how to dwell in *miserie*: unless you will grant *Content desire*, and chide her but for *murmuring*. It is not a fault to strive to better our *Estates*: which yet we should never do, if we rested fully content with what we enjoyed for the present. *God* hath allotted *Man* a *motive mind*, which is ever climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice*. Certainly, that *Content* which is without desiring more, is a kind of fault in any. *Perfection* is set in that height, that 'tis impossible *mortal bodied man* should ever reach the *Crown*: Yet he ought still to be aiming at it, and with an *industrious persecution*, persevere in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of *Grace*; we may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawful ways, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawful to desire to *increase*, even in *temporal wealth*. Certainly, *Man* should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still and take the present: without either *Joy*, or *Complaint*: without either *fear*, or *appetite*. In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *Doctrine*, who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*; nor to think of what is *to come*. This were quite to vilifie *Providence*: who is one of the *Principal Guards* of *Man*. For, though it be true, that nothing is so *certain*, but that it may sometimes fail: yet, we see, it seldom does: and even *Probability* is almost certain. Let not *Man* so sleep in *content*, as that he neglect the *means* to make himself *more happy* and *blessed*: nor yet when the contrary of what he look't for comes, let him *murmur* or *repine* at that *providence*, which dis-

pos'd



pos'd it to cross his *expectation*. I like the man, that is never *content* with what he does enjoy : but by a *calm* and fair *course*, has a *mind* still rising to a *higher happiness* : But I like not him, that is so much *discontent*, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the *present patiently, joyfully, thankfully*. But let him still be soberly in *Quest* for better : and indeed, it is impossible to find a *life* so happy here, as that we shall not find something, we would *add* ; something, we would *take away*. The *world* it self, is not a *Garden*, wherein all the *Flowers* of *Joy* are growing : nor can one man enjoy them. If it were, that all were here, we may questionless conclude ; that there is no *absolute contentment* here below. Nor can we in *reason* think there should be : since whatsoever is *created, was created* tending to *some end* ; and till it arrives at that, it cannot be fully at *rest*. Now we all know, *God* to be the end, to which the *soul* tends ; and till it be dismanacled of the *clogging flesh*, it cannot approach the *presence* of such *purity, such glory* : when it meets with *God*, and is united to him, who is the *spring, and source* of all *true happiness* ; then it may be *calm, and pleased, and quiet* : till then, as *Physicians* hold of *health*, that the best is but *Neutrality* : So it is of *happiness* ; and *content*, in the *soul* : Nay, the most absolute *content man* can enjoy, in his *corruptible raggs* of *earth*, is indeed, but lesser *discontentment* : That which we find here most perfect, is rather meer *Utopian, and Imaginative*, than *real, and substantial* : and is sooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that swims in the deepest stream of *pleasure* ; and of these, in stead of many, you may take that one of *Martials* :

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorcm,  
Fucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt :  
Res non parva labore, sed relicta ;  
Non-ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,  
Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,  
Vires ingenue, Salubre Corpus,  
Prudens Simplicitas, pares Amici,  
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa ;  
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis :  
Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus :  
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.  
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilq ; malis ;  
Summum nec metu. is diem, nec optes.*

Things that can bless a *life*, and please,  
Sweetest *Martial*, they are these :  
A *store* well left, not gain'd with *toil* ;  
A *house* thine own, and pleasant *soyl*,  
No *strife*, small *state*, a *mind* at *peace*,  
Free *strength*, and *limbs* free from *disease*,

Wise *Innocent*, friends like and good,  
*Unarted-meat*, kind neighbourhood,  
 No drunken rest, from cares yet free ;  
 No sading spouse, yet chaste to thee :  
 Sleeps, that long nights abbreviate,  
 Because 'tis liking, thy wish't State :  
 Not fear'd, nor joy'd, at death or fate.

But where shall you find a man thus seasoned? if it be for a while, it lasts not : but by one, or other *accident*, he is tossed in the waving world. And this made *Diogenes* resolve ; unto *Fortune*, to oppose his confidence, and resolution ; to the *Law*, *Nature* ; and to his *Affections*, *Reason*. This was good, but not well : we have *Grace*, and *Scripture* for a better guid than *Nature*. I would be so content with what I have, as I would ever think the *present* best : but then I would think it best, but for the *present* : because, whensoever I look forward, I still see better ; to arrive at which my soul will long, and covet. The soul that by but half an eye sees *G O D*, will never be but winging, till she alights on *Him*.

## C.

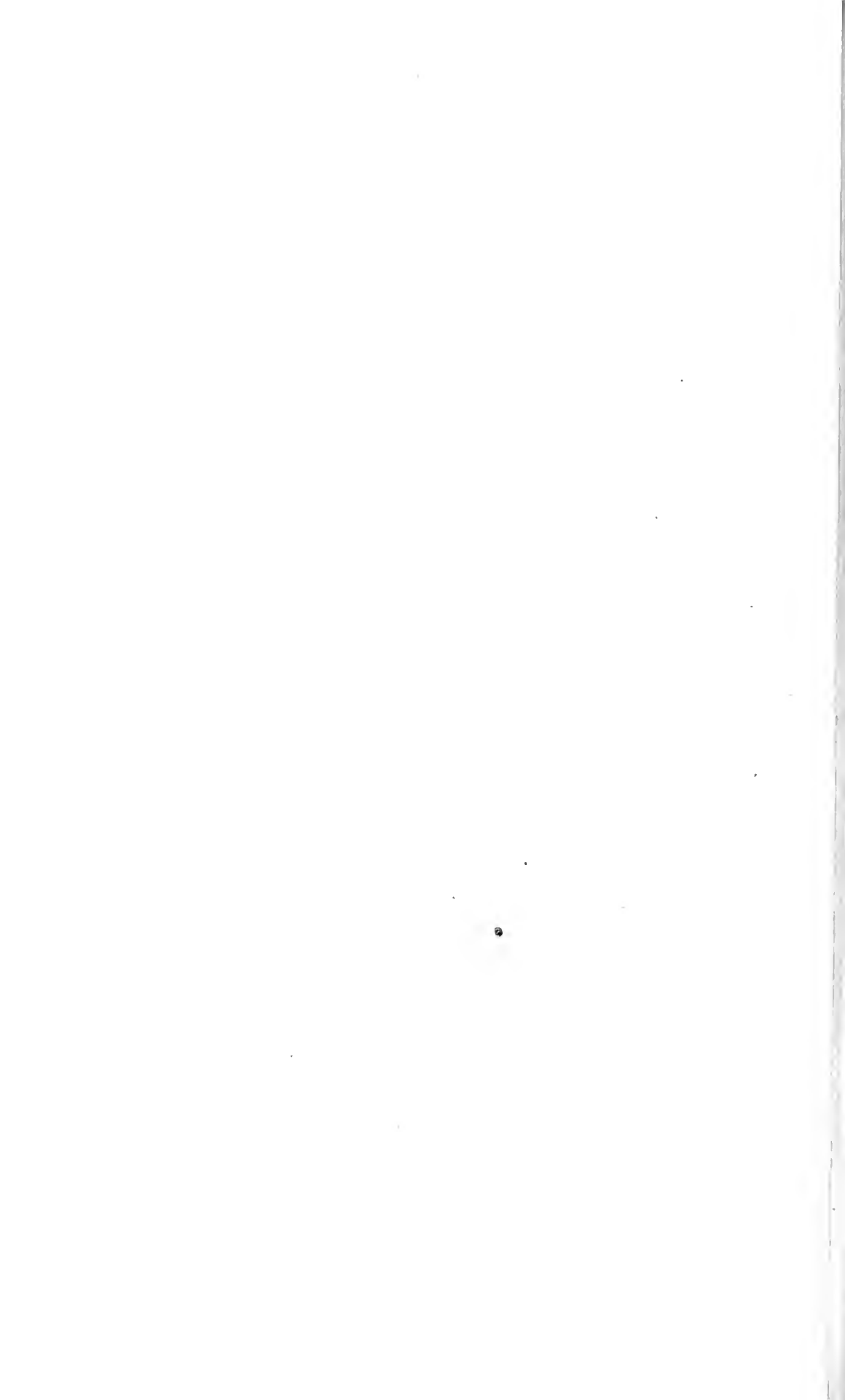
How he must live, that lives well.

Whosoever neglects his duty to himself, his neighbour, or his God ; halts in something, that should make life commendable. For our selves, we need order ; for our neighbour, Charity ; and for our God, our Reverence, and Humility : and these are so certainly linked one to another, as he that lives orderly, cannot but be acceptable, both to *G O D*, and the world. Nothing jars the worlds Harmony, like men that break their ranks. One turbulent spirit will disintegrate even the Calmest Kingdom. We may see the beauty of order, in nothing more, than in some Princely Procession : And though indeed, the circumstances, and complements belonging to State, be nothing to better government ; yet by a secret working in the minds of men, they add a Reverence to State : and awe, the (else-loose) rabble. See a King in Parliament, and his Nobles set about him : and see how mad he shows that wildly dances out of his rooms. Such is *Man*, when he spurns at the Law he lives under : Nay, when he gives himself leave to transgress, he must needs put others out of their way : and he that disorders himself first, shall trouble all the Company. Did every man keep his own life ; what a concord in Musick would a world, a Kingdom, a City, a Family be ? But being so infinitely disjoynted, it is necessary some should help it, and be charitable. If no man should repair the breaches, how soon would all lye flatted in demolishments ? Love is so excellent, that, though it be but to ones self alone, yet others shall partake and find the benefit. Posterity will be the better for the Bags that the

*Covetous* hoarded up for himself. But when a man shall be ever striving to do the *world* a *courtesie*, his *love* is so much the more thank-worthy, by how much the good is larger. Without *Charity*, a man cannot be *sociable*: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to do in the *world*. How pleasant can good *company* make his life beneath? Certainly, if there be any thing *sweet* in meer *Humanity*, it is in the *intercourses* of *beloved society*, when every one shall be each others *Counsellor*, each others *friend*, and *Mine*, and *Solace*. And such a *pleasant life* as this, I take to be the best pleasing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly pleasant, unless a *man* be careful to give to *GOD* the *honour* that he owes him. When a *Man* shall do these, and perform his duty to his *Maker*; he shall find a *peace* within, that shall fit him for whatsoever falls. He shall not fear himself: for he knows his course is *Order*. He shall not fear the *world*: for he knows he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He shall not be afraid of *Heaven*; for he knows, he there shall find the favour of a *Servant*, of a *Son*; and be protected against the *malice* and the *spleen* of *Hell*. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the *world* should *flout* my *Innocence*: I will but to obey *Saint Bernard*, then I know I cannot but be *happy*, both below, and after. *Tu qui in Congregatione es, bene vive, ordinabiliter, sociabiliter & humiliter: ordinabiliter tibi, sociabiliter proximo, humiliter Deo.*

Omnia Deo.

FINIS.



# RESOLVES:

Divine, Moral, Political.

## I.

### Of Idle Books.



**I**DLE BOOKS are the *licentiate follies* of the Age; that, like a corrupt air, *infect* wheresoever they come. Some are *simple*; and these, besides making the Author *ridiculous*, seldom hurt the Reader with more then loss of time: For if he hath any sense he will grow wiser by the folly that is presented him: as drunkards are often cured by seeing the beastliness of others that are so. He hath extream ill luck, that takes pains to be laugh'd at, when he might at once both have spared his labour, and preserved his credit. But he that hath not *Judgement* to censure his *own*, will hardly come to be *mended* by *admonition*. And besides; the least caution is to be given of these. For a man will no more dwell in one of these than a Travailer of quality, will lodg in an Alehouse or Booth. It was *Cicero's*, *Lectiorem sine ulla delectatione negligo*, He hated reading where no *pleasure* dwelt. As cobwebs these, by them that are Neat will be swept away, and if they hang still, they catch but only flies.

Another sort are *wanton* and *lascivious*: and these like *rank flesh* unsalted, when they should prove *wholesome food*, carry a *taint* that *poysons*; so in the end they enliven only *Vermine*, and do beget but *stench*. 'Tis true, *Wit* is naturally *readier* at *this* than any other *Theme*, Yet the best is never *obscene*. As the *dry light* is the *purest*, so is *wit*, when it is *terse* and *spruce* without the fulsomness of ungentile language. The old Law *forbad* the *touch* of any thing that was *unclean*. A man may know that hand to have need of washing, from betwixt whose fingers the Ink that drops is foul. *Vicious* or a *Clown* is his *Character* at best: but for the most part *ill-bred persons* are the most *debauch't*. *Civility* is the *Correction* of *manners*: And though if such *works* should be *quaint* in *Language*, yet are they but as *unsavoury breaths* perfumed; there is only a more precious stink, which certainly shews either what the *Conversation* hath been, or what the *Inclination* is: For more then speech, is the *pen*, the *minds interpreter*. As the breaking out of *Itch* and *Blains* shew the body is not clear:

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clear: so loose and *unrins'd* expressions are the *purulent* and *spurcious* exhalations of a *corrupted mind*, stain'd with the *unseasonedness* of the *flesh*.

Yet doubtless if we respect *humane society*, writings that are *scandalous* are worse than these. 'Tis a kind of *barbarousness* in death unto the *dead*: for though both be *alive* at the *publishing*, yet *Printing* is a kind of *perpetuity*, and carryeth to future ages both the *Authors malice* and the *parties infamie* that is *traduced*. A book, that brands a person with *Indignities*, is his *Lots wife* in a pillar of salt: It remains a *Monument of disgrace*. The *malitious* writer is like the *Bee*, *Animam in vulnere ponit*: he puts his *soul* into the *wound* he makes, and *drowns* himself for ever after: For the *venome* which he *vents* himself, lazies his reputation with others. *Multi cum aliis maledicunt, sibi ipsis convitium faciunt*, was an observation of *Seneca's*. 'Tis un noble to *traduce* the absent, though provok't by *passion*: but to display a mans *malice* in writing, is deliberate *wickedness*; to which (with his own *disgrace*) he *sets* his *hand* and *seal*; and does an *injury* for which he cannot make *amends sufficient*, for admit he does *retract* in *publick*, he is not *sure* all that saw his first *book* shall come to *read* his *last*. And then what *case* is he in that *dyes* in divulging *premeditated wrong*? As *witches* pass by all the *wholesome simples* of the earth, and gather only *poysinous* and *baneful* for their *Sorceries*: So the *spiteful pen* picks out only the *vices* and *corruptions* of men, but leaves their *virtues* buried and untouched, which justly but remembered might *balance* all their *failings*. Like *Toads* they gather up only the *venome* of the garden: and as our *gold-finders* they have the honour in the night and darkness to *dive* in *stench* and *Excrements*. But above all to *abuse* the *dead* is most *deadly*. The *dead* is as the *Fatherless* and *widow*, whose *cause*, because they want *defenders*, God himself will *vindicate*. How below the *gallantry* of man is it, to *tyrannize* upon the *undefensibie* and *senseless*? The *brave soul* scorns *advantages*. Is it reasonable in *Arms* to fight against the *naked*? To meet my *enemy* without a *weapon* is his *protection*, If I be *provided*. The *dead* are tamely *passive*, and should the *dishonour* of them be tolerated, what *fame* could rest *unblasted* in the *grave*? Certainly that *pen* is ill made, that instead of *cutting* a *clear letter*, leaves a *blot*. When *Agésilauus* was presented with *Lysanders* treasonable Letters, and was about to read them in the head of his Army, he was told *Lysander* was *dead*: and this took him off his purpose. He *beats* the *air* and *Combats Ghosts*, that *wounds* the *departed* from *life*.

Next to these are the *Heretical*. These *seed* the *world* with *Tares*, like *ill plants* in a *good ground*, if they be let grow to *seed*, they *sow* themselves, and *perpetuate* their *corruptions* to after generations. The *Heretique* must needs be *obstinate* and *arrogant*; for by presuming on his own *sense*, he grows *Incorrigible*. He is the highest *Papall* man in the *World*. For he *sets* up himself *above* the *Church* and all her *Doctors*. While he cries *down* others for *Infallible*, he *lifts* himself

self up to be so. His *presumption* must needs be *vast*, that *builds* more on his own *Tenet*, than upon the *mature judgment* of all the *successive Fathers*. As if God had *revealed* more to *him*, than to all the *pillars* and *propagators* of his *Church*. If he will have *liberty* given him to maintain his own *opinions*, Why should not *Reason* tell him that others will expect the like for themselves? Saint *Augustine* tells us that he is an *Heretique*, *Qui pro alicujus temporalis Commodi, & maxime glorie principatusq; sui gratia, falsas ac novas opiniones, gignit aut sequitur*, That for some *temporal profit*, and for the *glory* of his own *preeminence*, either *Authors*, or *Persists* in some new and *false opinions*. Usually they are for *ends* and *Interest*; And then how infinitely does he *offend*, who will *byass* Gods *Truths*, and *descend* and *bow* them to his corrupted *Benefit*? He raises himself *above* God, under the pretence of serving him, and sins more in his *grave*, and *dead*, than when he was *alive*. For he *poysons* from *generation* to *generation*. And, which is worst of all, he *offends* till the *world's end*, in a *book* which cannot *Repent*.

But above all, the *profane* are to be *avoyded*; The very reading is an *unhappyness*, but a *second perusal*, *guilt*, and *approbation*: The *Heretick* misunderstands *Religion*, but the *Profane* does scorn it. Such the very *Heathen* admitted not to sacrifice; The *Prophane*, saies one, is he, *Qui nihil habet sacri, qui sacra negligit, violat, Conculcat*: Who hath nothing of *Religion* in him, but neglects, destroys and spurns at all that's *sacred*. He is indeed the *practical Atheist*, that contemning *Heaven*, hath more than the meer *Pagan* forgot himself to be man, It is a strange kind of *sauciness* for man to *Jest* with God. He that is well-bred cannot but abominate such rudeness. He is a *Clown* to *Heaven*, that makes himself too familiar with the *Deity*. He vapours away his soul in air that by his *pen* or *tongue* would cast a *disgrace* upon God, If *man* compacted of *Infirmities* be so *Jealous* of his *Honour*, that with the hazard of his *life*, he dares *duell* him that stains it; How will *God*, that made man with this *Jealousie*, be *zealous* of his *own honour* by punishing such as *wildly* do *despise* it? How infinitely will the *superstition* of the *Jews* cry down the *loose neglect* of our times? *Prophaneness* is but a little less *daring blasphemy*; and at *hearing* this, they us'd to be so *extasi'd* and *impassion'd*, as presently to *tear* their *garments*: so *St. and Paul*, *St. Barnabas*, in *Acts* the 14<sup>th</sup>. Such *Reverence* had they to the *Name* of *God*, that they held it an *offense* to *think* of him in any *Noysome place*. Every day was the *mouth* to be *wash'd*, lest Gods *Name* should come out of a *soul place*. And in a *stool-Room* they were all *left-handed* because with the *right* they wrote the name of *God* and *Angels*. Shall the *Clay* grow *insolent* against the *potter*, or the *worm* offer to *perk* it up at the face of *Man*? Beware of the *profane* and *scorner*. He that *neglects* *God* will make no scruple of *betraying* *Man*. If he sits *loose* to *Heaven*, he will never hold *firm* to *Earth*; but for himself will forake his *Friends*, having done so already to *God*, that yet gives him all. Any of these are the *plague* in *paper*, which



which he is in much danger of catching that comes but between the sheets. Nor can he offend alone. A *corrupt* Book is an *Amphisbena*: A *Serpent* headed at either end; one *bites* him that *reads*, the other *stings* him that *writes*. For if I be *corrupted* by his *pen*, the *guilt* grows his, as well as *mine*, although the grave holds him. I will not *write*, lest I hurt my self, and *posterity*. I will not *read* lest I hurt my *self* and *Predecessors*: They that dye of the *pestilence* are not less *infectious* laid forth, than when they are alive. The body of that wickedness shews *poysen*, which continues working longer than *life*, and when all the *sense* is gone. A foolish *Sentence* dropt upon paper sets *folly* on a *Hill*, and is a monument to make *Infamy* eternal.

## II.

## Of Humility.

**H**E that means to build *lasting*, must lay his foundation *low*: As in moory grounds they erect their Houses upon piles driven deep into the ground: So when we have to doe with men that are *boggy* and *rotten*, our *Conversation* would be unsound and *tottering*, if it were not *founded* upon the *Graces* of *Humility*; which by reason of their *slenderness* pierce deep and remain firm. The *proud man*, like the *early shoots* of a *new-fell'd Coppice* thrusts out full of *sap*, *green* in *leaves* and *fresh* in *colour*; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipt with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the *humble man* retains it in the *root*, can abide the *Winters* killing blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can indure far more than that which does appear so flourishing. Like the *Pyramis*, he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more *Eminent*, and still the higher he is, the lesser doth he draw at the top; as if the nearer *Heaven*, the smaller he must appear. And indeed, the nigher Man approacheth to *Celestials*, and the more he doth consider *God*, he sees the more to make himself *vile* in his own esteem. When the *Falcon* flies highest, she lessens her self most, and by so doing, hath the more command of her game. And then this usually falls out, That he which *values* himself least, shall by others be *prized* most. *Nature* swells when she meets a *check*; but *submission* in us to others, begets *submission* in others to us. *Force* does but *compel* our *bodies*; when *Civility* and *Mansuetude* does *calm* and *captive* even the *rugged temper* of the *rude* and *boysterous*, and, like a gentle *Lenitive*, dissipates and asswages the *Tumors* of the most *elated Mind*. *Humility* is the *foot-stool*, without which Man can hardly get up to the *bed* of *Honour*. The *proud man* is certainly a *fool*; I am sure, let his parts be what they will, in being *proud*, he is so. One thing may assuredly perswade us of the *Excellency* of *Humility*. It is ever found to *dwell* most with men that are most *gallant*. 'Tis a flower that prospers not in *lean* and *barren soils*, but in a ground that's *rich*,



*rich*, it flourishes and is beautiful. Give me a man that's *humble* out of judgement, and I can find him full of all parts. *Charles* the fifth, was as *brave* in holding the *Candle* to his *departing* *Visitants*, as when he was *troop'd* about with his *Victorious Officers*. The Legislative Monarch *Moses*, that was the *first* and *greatest* *Divine*, *States-man*, *Historian*, *Philosopher*, and *Poet*, who, as a valiant General, led *Israel* out of *Egypt*, was renown'd with *Atracles*, that could rowl up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his Enemies, was a *Type* of *Christ*, styled a *friend of God*, and (as *Ecclesiasticus* tells us) *beloved both of God and men*: yet was he *meek* above all that were upon the face of the Earth. And, lest our *proud* *dust* should think it a disparagement to be *humble*, we are commanded by our Saviour to learn it of him, who tells us the benefit will be, *rest to our souls*. We are sent to the *Pismire* for *Industry*, to the *Lyon* for *valour*, to the *Dove* for *Isaacence*, to the *Serpent* for *Wisdom*; but for *Humility* unto *God himself*, as an *attribute* more peculiar to his *Excellence*: And certainly, if we shall but *contemplate* him, we shall find him able for all, either that we can, or, cannot conceive: yet by his up-holding and sublevaminous *Providence*, according to his *meer will* he orders, guides, and governs all. No man ever lost *esteem* with *wise men*, by stooping to an *honest lowness* when there was occasion. I have known a great *Duke* to fetch in wood to his Inferiors fire; and a General of Nations, descending to a *Foot-mans* office in lifting up the boot of a *Coach*: yet never thought it an eclipse to either of their dignities. The *Text* does give it to the *Publicans* *dejectedness* rather than to the *Pharisees* *boasting*. That *ship* wants *Ballast* that floats upon the top of the waters: and he may well be suspected to be *defective* within, that would pull on *respect* to himself by his undue *assuming* it. What is that man *worse* that lets his *inferior* go before him? The *folly* is in him that takes it when not due: but the *prudence* rests with him, that in the *sereneness* of his own *worth* does not *value* it. In shows of State, the meanest marches first. I am not troubled, if my *Dog* out-runs me. The *Sun* chides not the *morning Star*, though it presume to usher day before him. My *place* is only where I am at *present*; but that wherein I am not, is not mine. While the *proud* man buttles in the storm, and begets himself Enemies, the *humble* peaceably passes in the shade unenvy'd. The full sayl over-sets the *Vessel*, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Who is't that pitties *Haman*, when only *Mordecaies* uprightnes in the gate shall sicken him? He sure is *queasie stomach't* that mutt *pet*, and *puke*, at such a *trivial circumstance*. *Humility* prevents *disturbance*: It rocks *debate* a sleep, and keeps men in *continued peace*. Men rest not while they *ride* in *state*, or *burry* it in a *surious charge*: but when they *humble* themselves to the *Earth*, or a *Coach*, refreshing sleep does then becalm their *toyls* and *cares*. When the two *Goats* on a narrow *Bridge* met over a deep stream, was not he the *wiser* that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that

would rather hazard both their lives by contending? he preserv'd himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think my self *disparag'd*, either by *preserving peace*, or *doing good*. He is *charitable*, that out of *Christian ends* can be content to part with his *due*: but he that would take it from me, wrongs not me so much as he does himself. I have ever thought it *Indiscretion* to *vie* it in *continued strife*: *Prevailing* is but *victory* in part; his *pride* may still remain *unconquer'd*. If I be *subdu'd*; beside my *shame*, I purchase his *contempt* to boot. When *yielding* out of *prudence*, triumphs over all, and brings him in to be *mine*. I had rather be accounted *too much humble*, than esteem'd *a little proud*: That tends to *virtue* and *wisdom*; this to *dishonour* and *vice*. Even in Gold the stiffest is the basest; but the pure, by being ductible, keeps whole.

## III.

## Of Religion and Morality.

TO render a man *perfect*, there is requisite both *Religion* and *Nature*; that is, *Faith* and *Morality*. But some will tell me, there needs but one; *Religion* comprehends both: And certainly, the *Christian Religion* purely practis'd, will do so; for it *rectifies* and *confirms* the *Law of Nature*; and purging man from *Corruption* by *faith*, presents him *justified*, and a *fulfiller* of the *Law*, which *Nature* cannot do. *Religion* more properly respects the *service of God*; yet takes *care of Man* too. *Morality* looks most to our *conversation* with men: yet leaves us not when we come to *God* and *Religion*. I confess, I understand not, why some of our Divines have so much cry'd down *Morality*. A *Moral man* with some, is but another word for a *Reprobate*: Whereas truly, *Charity* and *probability* would induce us to think, That whosoever is *morally honest*, is so out of *conscience* in *obedience* to the *commands of God*, and the *Instinctments of Nature*, so framed and qualified by *God himself*, rather than out of *sinister*, *lower*, or *less noble ends*: And therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as *true Religion* cannot be without *Morality*; no more can *Morality* that is right, be without *Religion*. I look upon it as the *Primitive* and *Everlasting Law* and *Religion* of man: which, instamp'd in his soul at his *Creation*, is a *Ray* arising from the *Image of God*. Till the *Law* was given, what *Religion* had he but his own *Morality*, for almost 2000 years? It was the worlds *Religion*. What was it else that taught man to *pray*, and *humble* himself to a *Deity*; when he had done amiss, to make *Offertories* to *appease* an *angred God-head*; and to think of ways of *expiation*? And when the *Law* was *promulgated* in *Tables of Stone* to shew the *perpetuity* of it; Was it not the same *reduced* to *literal Precepts*, which even in the worlds *Infancy* was written in the *hearts* of man? The *Judicial* and *Ceremonial Law* of *Jews*,

*Jews*, we see abolisht at our *Saviours* coming. But the *Decalogue*, because 'tis *Moral*, holds. We find it also barely *Preceptive* and *Imperial*. *Do this*, or, *Do not do this*, without a *reason* given (unless in some out of the consequence) because being *Moral* there needed none. The *reason* was in each mans *heart* before: not only among the *Jews*, but the *Gentiles* also. It was the *Universal Religion* of the world, which God at first gave man: So *pregnant* in the *minds* of all; That it was *sufficient* in some good *measure* to curb the loose *exorbitancies* of *depraved Nature*, and lead her up towards her *duty*. What *Barbarous Heathen* condemns not in his *Conscience*, what the *Law* prohibits; or applauds not what it does *command*? Of this the great *Apostle* spake, where he tells us; That *when the Gentiles, which have not the Law, do yet naturally the things contained in the Law, they are a law to themselves*. Even *Reason*, which is *Nature*, leads a man up to *Religions Palace*, though it show us not all the *private rooms* within it. It brings us into the *Presence*, though not into the *Privy Chamber*. It utters us to *Faith*; which rightly stated, is little more than rarified and pure *Celestial Reason*. For of *Faith*, there is *reason* to be given: And though it be set in a height, beyond our *Humane Perspicience*, I can believe it rather *super-elevated*, than *contradictive* to our *Reason*. When Man comes to *Faith*, he then runs out of himself; but not at all *against* himself. By his *virtue*, he but lifts up *Nature* to a higher scale. *Religion* and *Virtue* is but *Nature* better bred, more immediately deducing its *Original* from God the *Author* and *Fountain* of all that is good: suitable to this, is that which the *Orator* tells us, where (*de legibus*) he makes *Virtue* nothing else, but *perfect Nature* raised to its *full sublimity*. And besides the *School-men*, I have met with a *Divine*, declaring, That *Religio est omnium Moralium virtutum Nobilissima*, *Religion* is the *Noblest* of all *Moral virtues*. And it is *Cornelius a Lapide*. *Reason* can tell us, That having *offended*, (without satisfaction) we are lyable to *punishment*. It can set us to *search* for a *Saviour*, though it cannot find him for us in his gracious *Contrivances*, and sublime *Immensities*: Even the *Gospel* in its larger part is *Moral*; The *Law* is the *Compendium* of *Morality*, and the *Gospel* is the *Compendium* of the *Law*. Upon *loving God above all, and our Neighbour as our selves*, hang all the *Law* and the *Gospel*. And this as the *concreated Rule* with Man, is that which the *Apostle* calls the *Royal Law*; which if we *fulfil*, we do *well*. I find in most *Religions*, some *Tenents* that are *destructive* to *Humanity*, though not in the first *sanction* and *frame* of *Religion*; yet in time brought in by particular *Professors*, who have let *posterity* their *disciples*. The very *Series* and *Foundations* of *Religion*, by such as these have been *dispens'd with*, under the pretense of *public Interest* to bring in *particular Designs*. But the true *Christian Religion* and the true *Morality* dares not do a *wrong*, nor so much as plead *necessity*, where, by *suffering*, it may be avoyded. Even in all *Religions*, when they be *cut out* into *sects*, they run to *division*, and *destroy*.



Like little *Rills* from *large Rivers*, they suffer not the stones to rest, but rattle and make a noise with their shallowness, while the main Stream, by reason of his deepness, is both smooth and silent. Men that are of depraved and hard *dispositions*, are aptest to become *Señtaries*; and when such come once to be *dipt* in *Religion*, (for to be well washed, cleanseth) they are usually more *virulent* than any other sort of men. If they had the grounds of *Morality*, even the *goodness* of *Nature* would make them *in-oppressive*, and dictate to them, That it were *Nobler* to *undergo* a *self-denying* or some *Sufferance*, than by *Singularity* and the *Morosity* of an *Eager spleen* give a *publick Disturbance*, perhaps to the *unbinding* of the whole frame of *Government*. Certainly, however the pretext be *Religion*, and that misleading Meteor, *Liberty*; yet in the *Violators* of a just *Authority*, 'tis either an *ill Nature*, or a *sinister end*, which draws them to persist in't. If there were *Charity*, (without which all *Religion* is vain) no man would prefer a *self-immunity*, before a *general peace*. Therefore let men be never so *specious* in the *formal profession* and *Verbalities* of *Religion*, when I see them act things against *Morality*, and such as are *destructive* to *Humane Society*; I shall be content to call it *Craft* or *Policy*, but by no means *Religion* to be imitated. To *circumvent* men into *Snares* of either *Life* or *Estate* or *Liberty*; To *Insidiate* and *intrap* the *unsuspicious* and *well-meaning* man, To grow *great* and *Rise* by my Neighbours *fall*, to which I have contributed; To *undo*e a man for acting *Honesty* and *Conscience*; To *delude* the world by *vows* and *promises*; To *falsify*e *Oaths* and *publick Manifestoes*; To be *prodigal* of the *blood* and *lives* of others; To *lift* them out of the world for *ends*; To *impropriate* my self into that which is not *mine*; To *pretend* one *thing*, and act the *Contrary*: These and the like being against the *Rules* of *Morality*, let them carry what face they will, *Religion* may be the *Paint*, but never the *Complexion* of such *Actions*. He that is not *Morally Honest*, whatsoever gloss his *Religion* bears, he wears it but in *water-colours*, which either a *warm breath* or a *wet storm* will *melt* away or *blemish*. Methinks I find the soundness of *Heathens* putting the *blush* upon the practice of *Christians*, who stain their *sincere profession* by the underhand *complications* of *fraud* and *collusion*. How natural was it in the *Romans* to have their bloods rise at *Lucius Marcus*, for that by *subtilties* wiles and *craft* he went about to facilitate his *Victories* against the *Macedonian Perseus*? When *Meander* of *Samos* flying to the *Spartans* from the *Persian Forces*, declared what *wealth* he had brought along, and how much he would give to *Cleomenes* their *Governour*; *Cleomenes* presently repairs to the *Senate*: And tells them, *It would be well if they banisht their Samian guest, lest he might perswade some Spartan to be wicked*. The name of *Great* had not been undeservedly given to *Alexander*, for telling one that perswaded him to take the *Advantage* of a *dark night* to set upon his *Enemy Darius*: No, says he, *I had rather repent my Fortune than blush at my Victory*: And in a *Christian* it deserv'd a high *applause*, *Conrade* the first Empe-

our of *Germany*; who when *Misicus* (who persisted in his Fathers Rebellion) not being able to defend himself against the Emperours puissance, fled to *Waldericus* Duke of *Bohemia*, and he after promising protection and assistance (to work his own ends) privately treated with the Emperour for delivering him into his hands. The Emperours *Heroick Heart*, disdain'd so base a *Treachery*, or to gain an Enemy by *Compliance* with so great unworthiness, sent Word to *Misicus* That he would do well either to submit himself to him, or provide himself of a surer Sanctuary; for that his pretending friend would betray him. Doubtless there is a moral Gallantry in Nature that will lead a man to any thing but poorness and Indirection. And certainly, 'tis more safe to trust a poor good Natur'd Publican, than any supercilious and high pretending *Pharisee*. I shall surely much suspect that Religion, which hath not got the mastery of *Pride*, *Intemperance*, and *Deceit*. There is a genuine *Cleerness* that looks braver than all the nick-nam'd strong abilities of *over-reaching*. To be a Man answerable to *David's* Quæries in his 15<sup>th</sup> Psalm (which do all point at our *Converse* with men.) In the beginning it makes him dwell in Gods Tabernacle, in the end it sets him immoveable. The Apostle seems to couple both together when he tells us; That fearing God and working Righteousness, makes a Man acceptable in what Nation soever he be. The Immolation of Beasts and the other costly Oblations in the Law were the Highest outward duties of Religion that we read of; Yet never prized like the Intireness of an honest Heart, endeavouring in all things to bear a good Conscience towards God and towards Men. If we believe *Solomon*, the *Prophets*, and the *Apostles*; they will tell us, That to do Justice and Judgement is more acceptable than sacrifice. 'Tis Charity and unspottedness that is the pure and undefiled Religion. And indeed God hath no need of our Service, were it not for our own avail. But man hath. And pursuant to this, there are VI Commandements relating to Man, and but IV to God: Yet indeed because they cannot be divided they all make up one Law. The world consisted of two sorts of people, Jews and Gentiles. The true worship of the Deity was discovered but to one. But the Moral Law relating to man was Naturally imposed on both: and when both parties confirm it, why should any decry it? I take that to be good Divinity, though I have it from the *Roman Persius*.

*Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance  
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:  
Compositum Jus, Fasq; Animi, Sanctosq; recessus  
Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus Honesto.*

Let's give God, what *Messalla's* blear ey'd Race,  
Cannot in their huge incense-Charger place,  
Resolved Right; Pure Thoughts; A mind rais'd high;  
A soul ingrain'd with Noble Honesty.

## IV.

## Of Truth and Lying.

I Find to him that the tale is told, *Belief* only makes the difference, betwixt the *Truth*, and *Lyes*. For a *Lye* *believed* is *true*; and *Truth* *uncredited*, a *Lye*. But certainly, there rests much in the *Hearers* *Judgement*, as well as in the *Tellers* *Falsbood*. It must be a *probable* *Lye*, that makes the *Judicious*, *Credulous*; And the *Relator* too, must be of some *Reputation*: otherwise, strange stories detect some deformity in the *mind*. And in that, (as in certain natural proterivities in the body) they are seldom *taking*, but often *beget a dislike*. They may a little *flourish* a mans *Invention*: but they much more doubtless will *cry down* his *Judgement*, and discover a *mind* that *floats* and is *unbalanced*. There is a generation of men, whose *unweighed* *custome* makes them clack out any thing their *heedless* *fancy* springs; That are so *habited* in *falsbood*, that they can *out-lye* an *Almanack*, or, which is more, a *Chancery Bill*; and though they ought to have *good* *memories*, yet they *lye* so *often*, that they do at last, not *remember* that they *lye* at *all*. That besides *creating* whole *scenes* of their *own*; they cannot *relate* any thing *cleer*, and *candidly*: but either they must *augment*, or *diminish*. They *falsifie* so long the science of *Arithmesick*, that by their *Addition*, and *Subtraction*, they quite destroy the noble Rule of *Fellowship*. Like *Samsons* *Foxes*, with their *Fire-brands*, they leave a *flame* in every field they pass through. *Falsbood*, like dust cast in the eyes of *Justice*, keeps her from seeing *Truth*. It often creeps even to the *Barr* at *Tribunals*; and there *perverteth* *Judgment*. A *severe* *penalty* were well *inflicted*, where the *Advocate* should dare to *obtrude* an *untruth*. How can that *Judge* walk right, that is *bemist*ed in his way? We can never come at either *peace* or *justice*, if we be not lighted through the dark by *Truth*; and *Peace* never abides long in any *Region* where *Truth* is made an *Exile*. Certainly a *Lyar*, though never so *plausible*, is but a *defective* of the *present tense*; being once *discovered*, he is look't at, not only as *inconsiderate*, but *dangerous*. He is a *Monster* in *Nature*: for his *Heart* and *Tongue*, are *incongruous*, and *dissentive*; As if upon a *Humane* body the head of a *Dog* were set on. The heart is much *unpurified*, which bubbles up such frothy *Vanities*. And besides he that often *lies* in *discourse*, when he *needs* not, will be sure to do it ever when he *needs*. So his *Interest* being only *inward* to himself, all that is *without him* is not set by. And doubtless *Humanity* hath not a worse *Companion*, than he that *singularly* loves himself. Think not to live long in *peace* if thou *conversest* with a *lying* man. Nor canst thou think to live long in *Reputation*: You can neither *freely* relate any thing after him, nor pass a *right* *judgment* upon any thing he *speaks*. If you believe him, you are *deceived*: If you do not believe him, he takes it as an *affront*. The way is either to pass him by, as not minded; or check him a little obliquely

obliquely in his own way. As when one told *Galba*, he had bought *Lamprey* in *Scicily* five-foot-long. He answered him; That was no wonder, for there they were so long that the *Fishermen* used them for *Ropes*: A *Liar* is the *Ball of Contention* that can set even *Goddeffes* together by the *ears*.

I could sooner pardon some *Crimes* that are *capital*, than this *wild-fire* in the *tongue*; that whip's, and scorches wheresoever it lights. It shows so much *Sulphur* in the mind of the *Relator*, that you will easily conclude, It is the breath of *Hell*. I wonder not that the *Ingenious* *bleud* does boyl so high at having the *Lye* given. For surely, a *Liar* is both a *Coward* and a *Traytor*. He *fears* the face of man, and therefore *sneaks* behind the littleness of a *Lye* to hide himself. A *Traytor* he is, for *God* having set him to defend his *Truth*, he basely deserts the *hold*, and runs to his enemies *Colours*. He dares not keep the *Post* he is assigned to, by owning of his *Truth*. But like a *Coyner* (pretending *Gold*) he *stamps* the great *Kings* Image, *Truth*, upon *Copper*, and coorse *Allay*. What is that *Man* good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary *Relations*? One would break that *Dyal* into *Atomes*, whose false lines only serve but to *mislead*. Whose every stealing *Minute* attempts to shame the *Sun*. *Speech* is the *Commerce of the world*, and *Words* are the *Cement of Society*. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the *professions* and *Declarations* that men seriously and solemnly offer? When any of these fail, a *Ligament* of the *World* is *broke*: and whatever this upheld as a *foundation*, *falls*. *Truth* is the good mans *Mistress*, whose *Beauty* he dares *Justifie*, against all the furious *Tiltings* of her *wandring* enemies; 'tis the *Buckler* under which he lies securely *covered*, from all the strokes of *Adversaries*. It is indeed a *Deity*; for *God* himself is *Truth*; and never meant to make the *Heart* and *Tongue* disjunctives. Yet because *Man* is *vanity*, and a *lye*, we ought to *weigh* what we *hear*. He hath an easie *faith* that without *Consideration* believeth all that is told. That *fish* will soon be caught, that will be *nibbling* at every cast-in-bayt to *swallow* it. But for him whose weakness hath abandon'd him into a *Liar*; I look upon him as the *dreggs* of *mankind*. A *Proteus* in conversation, vizarded and in disguise: As a thing that hath *bankrupted* himself in *Humanity*, that is to be contemned, and as a *counterfit* to be nay'd upon a *post* that he may deceive no more. If there be *truth* of *Tongue*, I may hold a *Traffique* with men of all other vices: but take away that, and I tread upon a *bog*, and *quick-sands*; And, like the Prophet *Isaiahs* Idolater, *Chap. 44. 22.* when I expect deliverance as from a *God*, *I carry a lye in my hand.*

Though I speak not always all that is *truth*, yet would I never speak any thing *false*. A *Man* may be over-born and kill'd: but *Truth* is a thing *Immortal*; and going out of the world with him, gives him courage even under the *Axes* stroke. I would not value life so dearly, as to purchase it with the poorness of a *lye*. And we ought to take discourse from others, as we use to chuse some fruits, not by their out-side, but by their weight, and poizing them. *Nec*

*Nec citò Credideris : Quantum citò credere ledat,  
Exemplum vobis, non leve, Procris erit.*  
Believe not rashly : Harm from thence that flows.  
Dear *Procris* Fate in sad example shows.

## V.

## Of Preparing against Death.

**T**He life of man is the incessable walk of time ; wherein every moment is a step, and pace to Death. Even our growing to perfection, is a progress to decay. Every thought we have, is a sand running out of the glass of life. Every letter that I now write, is something cut off from the measure of my being here.

But since no man can be happy, in the life that is affrighted with the fear of dying ; It ought to be our principal care, either to put off Death ; or, overcome the fear of it. Else, while we have life, we shall not enjoy it : but dayly with the fear of dying, dye. To put off Death, is not in Man to do. First Fate (without him) dooms him once to dye. The Decree is past, and no Appeal is left. To avoid Death totally therefore, 'tis in vain, to try : We may sometime Court him into a forbearance : But the whole worlds wealth is a bribe too small to win him to acquittance. Yet the fear of Death is not Invincible. It is a Gyant to the weak, but a Pygmie to the well-resolved. We may master that, and then though we cannot totally overcome Death, we may contemn him ; or, so brave him, as to make him smile, not frown upon us. It is therefore fit, we take heed of such things as are like Multiplying-glasses, and shew fears either more numerous, or bigger, far than they are. Such are Inexpectation, Unacquaintance, want of Preparation.

Inexpectation. The sodain blow astonishes : but foreseen, is either warded, or avoided. A surprize alone is torture. In it, I have not time to think, till the time of thinking be too late. 'Tis falling from a precipice in the dark. A man is at the bottom, before he knows he is from the top. The soul is over-whelm'd with horror, which is infinitely blacker by it's not being look'd for. Bellsazzers knees had never bear each other, if he had expected the hand to appear. When Accidents like Thieves, unthought on, set upon us ; the consternation gives the deeper wound. It is worse for the time than hanging ; for it choaks the spirits, as to help ; but lets them live, to cruciate and vex without remedy. Like Spirits in the night, they flash Hell-fire into our face, and drive us from our wits and hopes : And our terrors are the more, because we dedicate that time to rest, without expecting ought that should affright us.

Unacquaintance. Familiarity takes away fear ; when matters not usual prove Inductions to terror. The first time the Fox saw the Lyon, he feared him as death ; The second, he feared him, but not so much ;

The



The third time, he grew more bold, and pass'd by him without quaking. The practis'd Seaman smiles at storms, that others dare not look on. A Lyon is not frightful to his Keeper; and Mastiffs are not fierce, but when they meet with strangers. Every report of a Musket startles the new-come Souldier: but ranging through the fury of two or three Battails, he then can fearless stand a breach, and dares undaunted look Death in the face.

Lastly, want of Preparation. Must not he be over-come, that, unarm'd, meets his weapon'd Enemy? God, that by his Providence, is akin to wise men, and so does usually protect the prudent, is not oblig'd to preserve the fool. He that does first abandon himself, by his own example teaches others to do so too. When I am prepared for the worst, the worst cannot dismay me: but unprepared, I must lye down and yield. Even premeditation alone, is a piece of defence. Negligence not only invites the Foe, but leaves open all our Ports, and Avenues for him to enter at. The difference is not much between not meeting an evil, and being prepar'd for't.

Least, then, I make my death seem more terrible to me, than indeed it is, I will first dayly expect it. It were madness, to think, I should never arrive at that, to which I am every minute going. If an Enemy, that I cannot resist, shall threaten that within such a space, he will assault and plunder me, but will not tell me the precise time; shall I not every hour look for him? It was Plato's opinion, That the wise mans life, was the meditation of death. And to expect it, is to give the blow a meeting, and break the stroke: Not to expect it, is a stupidity; since the world hath nothing that is like a Reprieve. The Philosopher will tell us, as well as the Divine; That, *Omne Humanum Genus, quodcumq; est, quodcumq; erit, morti damnatum est.* All Humanity that either is, or shall be, once shall dye. And surely then, he is but dead already, that does not look for death. A Glass though it be brittle, (if safely kept) may last long. But Man preserv'd declines. His Childhood, Youth, Virility, and Age, they are but several stages passing him to death. He may flourish till about fifty, and may dye any day before: But after that, he languishes like an October Fly, till at last he weakly withers to his grave.

Secondly, I will grow to be acquainted with it, by considering what it is. And certainly, well look't into, he is rather lovely, than a Monster: 'Tis Fancy gives him those hideous shapes we think him in. It is a soft and easie Nothing; the cessation of Life's functions, Action's absence, and Nature's smooth repose. Certainly, it is no more to dye, than to be born. We felt no pain coming into the world; nor shall we in the act of leaving it. Though in the first, one would believe there were more of trouble than in the latter. For we cry coming into the world, but quietly and calmly leave it. When Socrates was advis'd by his friends, That if not for his own sake, yet for that of his children and acquaintants; he would have a care to preserve himself from death: He presently tells them; That as for his children, God that

gave them, would have a care of them: and for his friends, (if he dyed) he should in the other world find the like, or better: and those that here he left, would but a very little while stay from him. What is there that in Death is terrible, more than our unwillingness to dye? Why should I be angry, when my Prince repeals my banishment, and admits me home to my Country, Heaven? When the Soul, (like a Swallow, flipt down a Chimney) beats up and down in restless want and danger; Death is the opened Casement that gives her rest and liberty from penury, fears, and snares. 'Tis Nature's play-day, that delivers man from the thralldom of the worlds School to the freedom of his Fathers family. The Philosopher will tell us (take it which way you will) whether the Soul perishes, or be translated, there is either no ill, or much good, in Death. But when we know the Soul is Immortal, and purchased to be a Vessel of Everlasting Honour, what should affright us? unless we fear to be happy. When my death approaches, I am growing to Immortality, commencing Doctor, and beginning to understand all those crabbed Criticisms that puzzle here Mortality. It frees me from the scorns of life, the malice and the blows of Fate, and puts me in a condition to become invulnerable. It mounts me up beyond the miles and reaches of this unworthy world. It lays me in the rank with Kings, and lifts me up to Deity.

Lastly, I will endeavour to be prepared. Neither surprise, nor strangeness can hurt me, if I be ready for both. He defeats the Tyrant of his feast, that is so prepar'd as not to shrink at torment. The way to dye undauntedly, is to do that before, which we ought to do, when dying. He that always waits upon God, is ready whensoever he calls. I will labour to set my accounts even, and endeavour to find God such to me in my life, as I would in death he should appear. If I cannot put off Humanity wholly, let me put off as much as I can; and that which I must wear, let me but loosely carry. When the Affections are glewed to the world, Death makes not a Dissolution, but a Fraction; and not only separates the soul, but tears it away. So the pain and the hazard is more. He is a happy man that lives so, as Death at all times may find at leisure to dye. And if we consider, that we are always in Gods hand; that our Lease is but during pleasure, and that we are necessitated once to dye: As we shall appear Infidels, not to trust a Deity, so we must be fools, to struggle where we can neither conquer; nor defend. What do we do living, if we be afraid of traveling that high-way which hath been pass'd through by all that have liv'd, and must be by all that shall live? We pray, undress, and prepare for sleep, that is not one night long; and shall we do less for Death, in whose armies we must rest prisoners, till the Angel with his Trumpet summons him forth to resign us? This will not make life more troublesome, but more comfortable. He may play that hath done his task. No Steward need fear a just Lord, when his accounts are even and always ready drawn up. If I get the Son and Heir to be mine, the Father will never hold off. Thus living, I may dye at any time, and be afraid at no

*time*: Who dyes Death over every day, if he does not kill death out-right: at least he makes him tame with watching him.

VI.

Against Extreme Longings.

**E**xtrême Longings in a Christian (for the things of this world) I seldom see succeed well: Surely, God means so to temper his, as he would not have them violent in the search of a temporal blessing: or, else he knows our frailty such, as we should be more taken with the fruition of a benefit, than the Author. Prosperities are strong pleaders for sin: but troubles are the secret Tutors of goodness. How many would have been lost, if they might have but found the enjoyment of their own desires? The too earnest pursuit of temporals, is a kind of mental Idolatry, wherein we prize our desires beyond our duty; and neglecting our submission to a Providence, we over-value our own frail ends, and set them up as another kind of Deity. So we sometimes have our wishes, but with such success, as Pyrrhus had in his wars: who in two Battails against the Romans, gain'd his victories with so great loss, that he told his applauding friends, One victory more would absolutely undo him. Agrippina's, *Occidat modò Imperet.* proved a prophesie of her own destruction. When it comes to that, We must have children or we dye; we expose our selves to be our servants drudges, and on our knees, and in our bosoms, nurse up their illegitimate Issues. We lay our selves open to unlawful practices, for obtaining what we covet; and, like teeming women, we miscarry if we fail of what we long for. Death had not flown in among the Quails, if Israel had not been too much impetuous after them. Let him that eats too greedily, beware he does not surfeit. I have known a Falcon upon her down, come (missing her quarry) spit her self upon the Falconers pole. Our senses are not clear when they are born along in a burry. Who rides upon speed, sees matters but in pass; his eye is so sodainly snatcht from the object, that he neither knows whither he goes, nor what he leaves. When we are too eager upon what we desire, we become like children, froward, and crying, till we pull the rod upon us. 'Tis but blind and bestial metal to be rampant after what we affect. Like a ship in a storm, when our Anchor (Moderation) is gone, we float before the raging winds. When we proceed calmly, we have time to look about us, and may walk secure: But prickt on fiercely, we bait our own sharp hook, and put our selves into a posture of being deceived.

— *Quisquis trepidus pavet, vel optat,  
Quòd non sit stabilis, suisq; Juris;  
Abjecit Clypeum, locòq; motiss,  
Nectit, qua valeat trahi, Catenam.*

Who not himself, *unsteady* steers ;  
 But *passionately* hopes, or fears ;  
 Quits his *defence*. He loosely sits,  
 And his own *Chain*, to draw him, *knits*.

Is the judgement of the grave *Bacchus*. When *God* commands *sobriety* and *patience*, shall *Man* presume to shew himself *intemperate* ? He that makes *haste* to be rich, shall not be without sin. So, though the thing we *aim* at, be good in it self ; yet who can tell, whether it shall be good to us ? St. *Augustine* will tell us, That he which *prays* for the things of this *life*, is sometimes graciously *heard*, and often graciously *refused*. The *Physician*, better than the *sick*, knows what befits his *health*. He that is not heard to his *sense*, is often to his *safety*. *Unistractedly* to use the *means* is good ; but to give up our selves to *passion*, is *undoing*. If the thing I *covet*, be good, I cannot trust it into better hands than *Providence* and *Industry*. But he that is *violent* in his *quest*, takes himself from those *Protections* ; and rowls upon his own *vain fancy*. That which the wise man says of *Anger*, may hold of all other *Passions*, They rest in the bosome of *Fools*. What, shall the *faculties* of the *Noble Soul*, made to *Contemplate Heaven*, and the *Sacred Deity*, stoop so low, as to be wholly taken up with *temporal* and *terrestrial vanities* ? 'Tis like an *Emperour* catching *Flies*. *Saturn*, that is the highest *Planet*, is the *slowest* in his *motion*. Sure he, that in a brave *serenity* can bear up himself from being a *slave* to himself ; that can be content sometimes, to take the *Cloud* for his *guide*, as well as the *fire* ; that looks upon what he would *have*, with a quietness in his *appetition* ; that can *calmly wish*, and *want* : It is he, that may be written *Man*. If I can, I will never *extreamly covet*. When I dote upon any thing here below, like a *souldier* I break my *rank*, and If I presently be not *arrested* again, by my *Commander*, *Reason* ; I am in the way of being either *kill'd*, or *prisoner*. Besides, 'tis so like either the *weakness* of a *Woman*, or the *rudeness* of a *Clown*, that indeed, I thereby proclaim to all men, that I want both *strength*, and *breeding*.

## VII.

## Of Prayer.

IT is not an easie matter for men of inferior rank, to get *access* or *freedom* of *conference* with one that is an *Earthly Prince*. Admission to *all*, would wheigh him down to a *slave*. He cannot be a *Center* large enough to *receive* all the *lines* that come from the vast *Circumference*, But had he an *Ear* for *all*, he could not have wherewith to *grant* and *satisfie* *all*. Nor were men sure to *speed*, although they were *admitted*. He that to *all* should *grant* what is *asked*, would quickly leave himself nothing at all to *grant* : he might perhaps *enrich* some others ; but he should be sure to *impoverish* himself. How great then is the *freedom* and the *Prerogative* of the *devout Christian*, who hath a *re-*  
*ference*

*rence* and an *affection* to the *greatness* and the *goodness* of his *God*? Though he often lives here in a *sleight esteem* among men, yet by his *prayers* and the *ardent effusion* of his *groans* and *wishes* he can freely *confer* with the *King of Heaven*. *Prayer* penetrates through all the *clouds* and *sphears*. It makes a man a kind of *Intimate* with *God*, and by a *towring flame* *mounts* him to the *bosom* of the *great Creator*; who not only hears his *Intreaties*, but delights in his *requests*; *invites* him to *come*, and promises a *pleasing* or *happy return*; which he shews in *fulfilling* his *desires*, or *better*: *fitter* for him. In respect of whom the *greatest Monarch* is more *mean* than the *basest Vassal*, in regard of the *most mighty* and *most puissant Emperor*. *Man* does not *near* so much *exceed* the *work* of *Creatures*, as *God* above doth *him*. What if I be not *known* to the *Nimrods* of the *world*, the *Pharaohs* and the *Ptolemies* of this *Agypt*: I can speak to *Him*, to whom they all as well as I *must bow*. My *admission* is as *easy* as theirs, and by my *humble Prayers* (unless my *own offences* hinder) I never am *debarr'd* *access*. 'Tis the *Colloquy* that continues the *friendship* 'twixt *God* and *Man*. We see those that are *daily attendant* upon *great Persons*, by the benefit of their *access* and *conference*, have a *greater prevalency* with them, than those perhaps of *greater parts*, that live as *strangers* to them. And we cannot think, but he which *prays often*, by that means comes acquainted with *God*: If the *Nobleness* of *Man* be such, that he will be more *civil*, and *tenderer* to him, that is *obsequious* and *respectiv*e to him, by *continued addresses*, and expressing his *sole dependence* to be upon him; than he will to one that *looks* not after him: Surely, *God* will much more take notice of him, than by *assiduous* and *frequent applications* makes himself *familiar* with his *Deity*. It would encourage one in *Prayer*, to read what *St. Austine* hath *Metaphorically* enough delivered us, *Oratio Deum ungit, sed Lachryma compungit; hec Lenit, illa Cogit*: *Prayer*, *anoynts* *God*: but *weeping*, pierceth *Him*: that *appeaseth*, this *compels* *Him*. However, it is so *Essential* a part of *Religion*, that I think I am not amiss, if I say, There can be *none* without it: We read not of any *Religion*, the *Thief* had, besides his *Prayer on the Cross*: Yet we see, by the *mercy* of our *Saviour*, it presently convey'd him from a *bad life* to *Paradise*. And surely, *Man* of all other *creatures*, would be the *most miserable* without it. When he is shut up in *Prison*; when he is in any *accidental danger*; when he hath fallen into *displeasure*, by his *offence* and *disobedience*; where is his *friend*, where his *support*, where his *reconciler*, if this be wanting? I had rather be deprived of all the *solaces* of this *life*; yea, and the *Ordinances* that tend to a *better*, than be *debar'd* of *recourse* to my *God* by *Prayer*. Next to *Christ*, it is *Mans Mediator*, to re-instate him in the *favour* of an *offended Deity*. 'Tis the *Moses* that *opens* the *Rock*, and *brings* *Israel* *food* in the *wilderness*. 'Tis the *Sun*, that gives *Jeremy* *light* in the *Dungeon*. It puts a *muzzel* on the *Lions jaws*, that else would *tear* a *Daniel*. 'Tis the *Angel*, that *walking* with the *Children* in the *furnace*, keeps them from so much as *sirnding* in the *midst*

of fiercest flames. It attacks the Suns swift steeds; and, like a Sentinel, commands them stand, in the speed of their full career. With reverence be it spoken, 'Tis a kind of Charm cast upon the Almighty, so powerful, that it prevails upon Omnipotency, and makes God that we sue unto, to become a sutor unto us; Let me alone (as if he were held) was beg'd of Moses, when Moses importuned him. Certainly, because God saw it so absolutely necessary for his children, He would not leave it in the power of Man to take it from them. Romes Empire, in all her ten Persecutions, could not take this from Christians. This they could make use of in the dark without a Tongue, and in the midst of all their Enemies, while their Tormentors stood and watcht them. Load a man with chains, let him lye upon the rack or Grid-irons, leave him but a live heart, and Prayer shall dwell there out of the Tyrants reach, and comfort him. And doubtless then it speaks Gods heaviest Judgement, when men are seared up by a spirit that cannot pray. Who can apprehend any thing more miserable than a Judas or a Spira, both shut out from Prayer? It deprives the Soul of hope; and then is Despair let in, with that Immortal worm, the terrors of eternal guilt. He gives up himself to perdition that neglects to give himself to Prayer. Man was never so great an Independent, but every minute he must need his God. And if he makes himself a stranger, can he expect to be heard as a Friend? Other sacrifices of the Law have sometimes met with a cheque; but this from a sincere heart is an offering that is ever pleasing: and importunity does not give offence. If it prevail'd upon the unjust Judge, will not the most righteous God be gain'd upon? And indeed, what is it can send us away empty, but our own sins? For if it carry us not safely through all the rodes of danger, the fault is in our selves not it. Like a faithful Companion when friends, wealth, health, honour, and life, is leaving us, this holds us by the hand and leads us to overlook the shades of Death. When speech is gone, it lifts up hands and eyes; and, instead of Language, groans.

## VIII.

*The Virtuous Man is a wonder.*

IF it were true when David lived, *There is none that doth good, no not one*; How can it be less in these times, when the long Series of Practice, hath heightned, and habituated Man in vice, beyond that of passed ages? The Virtuous man therefore doubtless must be a Wonder. That Fire is of an unusual composure, that is made to burn in water: And so must his Temper be, that can hold his Heat and Brightness, compassed with Corruptions waves, and courted by those temptations every where, that (like the Antient air) encircles him. That I see men wicked, it is no marvel at all. Bate a man Education, and 'tis Natural for him to be so. Folly is bound up with the life of a child. And since Vice is a Declination, surely Man is born to ill, as heavy

as heavy things sink downward. And then how much easier is it falling down the Hill, than climbing it? When the handsome curtezan *Theodata*, vaunted to *Socrates*, how much she was to be esteem'd before him; because she could gain many profelytes from him, but he none at all from her: He reply'd, it was no wonder; for she led men down the easie and descending road of *Vice*, while he compell'd them to the thorny and ascentive path of *Virtue*. They that are tyded down the stream of *looseness*, have much the advantage of those that follow *goodness*. *Virtue* dwells at the head of the *River*; to which we cannot get but by rowing against the *Current*. Besides those *inclinations* that sway the soul to ill, the way is broader, and more strewed with *gilded pleasures*. He that walks through a large field, hath only a narrow path to guid him right in the way. But on either side what a wide room hath he to wander in? What *Latitude* can bound a *prophane wit*, or a *lascivious Fancy*? the loose tongue lets fly at all, while the sober *David* lets a watch at his lips, and examines all his *Language* ere it passes. Every *Virtue* hath two vices, that close her up in curious limits: and if she swerve, though never so little, she sodainly steps into *Error*. Life is a passage 'twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; missing the *Chanel*, our *Bark* is presently suckt into *ship-wrack*: *Religion* hath *Superstition*, and *Profaness*. *Fortitude* hath *Fear*, and *Rashness*: *Liberality*, *Avarice*, and *Prodigality*: *Justice*, *Rigor*, and *Partiality*; and so the like in others; which have made some to define *Virtue* to be nothing else but a mean between two extreems. The truth is, the track of *Virtue* is a nice way, 'tis walking upon an edge. And were there not a star within that guides and shooths in rayes of comfort; *Nature* would hardly take the pains to be virtuous. *Virtue* is a war wherein a man must be perpetual sentinel, 'Tis an *Obeliske* that requires many *Trophies* to the erecting it; and, though founded in the *Earth* (man,) his spire does reach to *Heaven*. Like the *Palm-tree* though it hath pleasant fruit; It is hard to come by, for the stem is not easie to clime. *Vir bonus, citò nec fieri, nec intelligi potest: nam ille, alter fortasse tanquam Phoenix, anno quingentesimo nascitur.* A good man is neither quickly made, nor easily understood: for like the *Phoenix*, he by accident is born, but one in 500 years. And this was *Seneca's* opinion. To which not unfutable, is that of *Ansonius*.

*Judex ipse sui, totum se explorat ad unguem, &c.*

*Offensus pravus, dat Palmam et Præmia Rectis, &c.*

*Vir bonus & Sapiens, qualem vix reperit ullum*

*Millibus è multis hominum, consultus Apollo.*

Who's his own Judge, himself doth all Indite, &c.

Who hates the Bad, rewards good, crowns the Right, &c.

'Mongst many thousands, Learn'd Apollo can,

Thus wise and good, scarce find one single man.

And indeed *Virtue* hath this in it. It is a *ship* that rides among the *Rocks*; is exercised in *Sufferings*, and in *Difficulties*. It is a *Scæva's shield*, throng'd with the arrows of the *Enemy*. Who had known of

*Mutius Scaevola*, if his hearts *Resolution* had not left his hand *insensible of flames*? Where had been the memory of our Martyrs, if their *Pagan* persecutors had not given them the glory of their *Torments*?

*Non est ad Astra mollis à terris via. —*

*Imperia dura tolle, quid Virtus erit?*

From Earth to *Heaven*, the way's not *soft*, nor *smooth*. —

In *easy things*, brave *Virtue* hath no place.

Like mid-*June* swine, we can quickly rowl and rumble us in the mire of *Vice*: but to be a *Virtuous man*, is toil and expugnation, 'tis winning of a *City* by *inches*; for we must not only make good our own ground, but we must *Repel* our *Enemies*, who will assault us, even from every room we pass by. If in *Vice* there be a perpetual *Gressation*, there must be in virtue a perpetual *Vigilance*: and 'tis not enough to be incessant, but it must be universal. In a *Battail* we fight not but in complete *Armor*. *Virtue* is a *Cataphract*: for in vain we arme one *Lim*, while the other is without a defence. I have known a man slain in his eye, while (all else armed) he hath but peered at his *Enemy*. 'Tis the *good man* is the *World's miracle*; he is not only *Natures* mistress, but *Arts* master-peice, and *Heavens* *mirrour*. To be soaked in *Vice* is to grow but after our breed. But the *good man* I will worthily *magnifie*; He is beyond the *Mausoleum* or *Ephesian Temple*. To be an *Honest man* is to be more than *Nature* meant him. His birth is as rare as the *change of Religion*, but in certain few periods of time. Like the only true *Philosophers stone*, he can *unalchemy* the *Allay of life*, and by a certain *caelestial superfatation*, turn all the brass of this world into *Gold*. He it is that can carry on his *Bark* against all the *Ruffling winds*, that can make the thorny way *pleasant*, and un-intangle the *incumbrances* of the *Earth*. A *wise a virtuous man*, though he be in misery, he is but like a *black Lant-horn* in the *night*, He may seem *dull* and *dark* to those that are about him, but within he is full of *Light* and *Brightness*, and when he lifts to open the door, he can *shew it*.

## IX.

## Of Venial Sins.

**W**HAT *sin* is there which we may account or *little* or *venial*, unless comparatively? If we look at the *Majesty* offended; that is *infinite*. If we look at the corruption offending, that would be *infinite*. And then as to the very *Entity* of *sin*; How can there be a less in *infinities*? since every *infinite* must needs run out beyond the line of *Degrees*. What therefore doth aggravate or diminish *sin*, arises out of circumstance; the very first original of *sin* being equally in all privation. In the main, I find their are but two opinions of *sin*: One concludes, every *sin* *Mortal*; The other holds, some to be but *Venial*:



*Venial*: The first cries up Gods *Justice*, the other may let in his *Mercy*. The reformed way (as *sin*) says, Every *sin* in it self is *Mortal*; So that every thought we think, every action we commit, either is no *sin*; or else is such as without a *Saviour* sinks us into *Hell* for ever: there to be *Tormented* to *Eternity*.

The Church of *Rome* is not so highly severe. Some *sins* they can allow to be but *Venial*; such as *oblige* not man to the *Punishment* of *Eternal death*: which indeed is a *Life endless*, in *endless torment*. But yet they allow them to be such as deserve *Punishment*, although such as are easily *pardonable*: *remissible of course*, or *expiable* by an easie *penitence*. And three ways they tell us they become *venial*.

First is that which is *Venial* in it's kind: As an *Idle word*.

Secondly, *sin* may become *Venial* by *event*: As a *mortal sin* by true *Repentance* may become *Venial*.

Thirdly, a *sin* may be *venial* either by *infirmity* or *Ignorance*, when those (they say) that are done out of either of these, neither *need* a *Saviours passion* to *satisfie* for them, nor *oblige* man in himself to be bound to a *perpetuity* of *punishment*: but by a *short penitence* or a *little singeing* in a *Purgatory-fire*, they shall *vapor* away as things that never were done. I intend not here to dispute the *Truth* of either of these *opinions*. I believe if we take *sin* either way, we shall quickly find enough that (both out of *duty* and *prudence*) may *fright* us from *committing* it: If all be *mortal*, we need no more; All arguments are less than that, to which nothing more can be added: if the *punishment* be *eternal*, whatever is said *more*, is *less*. But take *sin* in the *milder sence*, and should we grant it *venial*; Yet certainly there is cause enough to beware: for albeit some have made so *slender account* of *sins* that are *Venial*, as to rank them but with *straws* and *trifles* easily *committed* and as easily *wiped off*: Blots with the same breath made and expunged. Yea the Noble St. *Augustine* (*Sermon. de sanctis* 41, et in *sententiis cap. 46.* informs us, *Non justitiam impedire nec animam occidere venialia Peccata*; That *venial sins*, neither *hinder Justice*, nor *destroy* the *Soul*. Yet I find diverse that upon deliberation have signed them with so black a *brand*, that every wise *Christian* will think them *Rocks* as dangerous as those that split the ship, and perish all the freight. A *Tuleny* with less than pin-holes will let in water as well as the wide-spaced *Cive*. They say, *Venial sin* may become *Mortal* four manner of ways:

1st. Out of *Conscience*. For, be the matter never so slight, as but to *lift* a *Nush* from the *ground*, yet *done* against *Conscience* it *packs* the *Author* to *Hell*. Yea though the *Conscience* be *Erroneous*.

2ly. Out of *Complacency*. It is the same St. *Augustines*; *Nullum Peccatum adeo est veniale, quod non fiat mortale dum placet*. No *sin* can be so *venial*, but that *delight* in it will make it *Mortal*.

3ly. Out of *Disposition*. Because by often falling into *venial sins* a man is disposed unto *mortal*: by the *proclivity*, and *tendency* of his own *Corruptions*: Wherefore St. *Gregories* caution may be of very

good use unto us, *Vitâsti Saxagrandia; Vide ne cbrnaris Arenâ.* Let the Mariner that hath scap'd the *Rocks*, take heed he be not wrack't upon the *Sands*.

4ly. Out of *Progression*. For though *Sin* at first puts up a pleasing head, and shews but a *modest veniality*: yet, if it be not *check't*, it quickly *swells* to what is *sad* and *mortal*. And besides these, they are content to admit of *seven* several *dangerous effects* of those *sins* that thus they *smooth* for *venials*.

First, they say even the *petty venial* does *oblige* a man to *Punishment*: Nay, if a man *dyes* with *Mortal* and *Venial* sins together, he shall be *punisht eternally* for both.

2ly. It *soiles* the *soul*, 'tis the *dust* of that *Charecole* which with its *flying Atomes* blacks the *beauty* of the minds *fair countenance*. And though in the *Elect*, *Grace* wipes it off, as to *guilt*; yet it does not do it, as to *punishment*, but he must be *cleans'd* in *Purgatory*.

3ly. Like *water* cast on *fire* it *deads* the *heat* of *Charity*. 'Tis the *Cold* that *chills* the *enlivening warmth* of *Virtue*: As *piercing winds* they hinder the *fruit* of *piety* from *ripening*, and by degrees *insensible*, they *steal* us into *drowsiness* and *Lethargy*.

4ly. It *wearies* and *loads* the *soul*, that it cannot be so *active* in *good* as she ought. Like *Bells* and *Vexels* they may *jingle* and perhaps seem to *adorn*; but indeed they *hinder* our *flight*, are but *specious Fetters*, and *proclaim* us in anothers *property*.

5ly. They *keep us back* from *glory*: and whereas without them, we might pass the *nearest way* to *Heaven*, they make us go about by *Purgatory*; where we must *stay* and *bathe*; and *file*, and *burn off* all our *Rust*.

6ly. They *diminish* our *glory*: for, while we should be *doing* what *increases* it, we *trifle* upon *these*, and *lessen* it. Every *good Action* contributes a *Ray* to the *lustre* of a *Christians Crown*, but *neglect* alone *exposes* it to *famish* from its *brightness*.

7ly. They are often *occasions* of *mortal* sins: They are *Natures kisses* that *betray us* to *Incontinence*. They are the *sparkles* and the *Redness* of that *wine* which oft *intice* to *Drunkenness*. Therefore take now which *side* you please, with all these considerations where is the offence that justly we can *count little*? That *Gale* that *blows* me to a *wrack* among the *Rocks*, be it never so *gentle* is to me the same with a *Tempest*, and certainly in some respects more *dangerous*. All will *labour* to *withstand* a *storm*, but *danger* unsuspected is not car'd for. There be far more *deaths* contracted out of the *unperceiv'd irregularities* of *diet*, than by *open* and *apparent surfeits*. If they be *less* in *quality*, they are more in *number*; and their *multitude* equals them, to the others *greatness*. *Nolite contemnere venialia quia minima sunt, sed timete quia plura; Despise not venial sins, because they are small: but rather regard them because they are many, was St. Augustines Counsel* of old. The *Aggregation* of *Atomes*, made at first the *Worlds huge Mass*. And the *Aggregation* of *drops* did *drown* it when

it was made. Who will think that wound *small*, that gives a *foe* an *Inlet*, if not to *death*, to *disease*? If *great Sins* be *killing*, the *small ones* take us *Prisoners*, and then we are at the *mercy* of the *Enemy*. Like the *Ashes* from the *Mount Vesuvius*, though singly *small* and nothing; yet in *conjoynd quantities* they *embarren* all the *fields* about it; The *Grass* though the *smallest* of plants yet *numerously increasing*, it covers all the face of the *Earth*: the *mizling rain* makes *fouler way*, than the *violence* of a *right down shower*. *Great sins and publick* I will *avoid* for there *scandal and wonder*; *Lesser and private* for their *Danger and Multitude*; both, because they *displease my God*, and will *ruine me*. I cannot if, *I love him*, but *abhor* what he *loaths*. I cannot, if I *love my self* but *beware* of what will *destroy me*.

## X.

*Of Memory and Forgetfulness in Friendship.*

**F**orgetfulness in *Friendship* may sometimes be as *necessary* as *Memory*: For 'tis *hard* to be so *exactly vigilant*, but that even the *most perfect* shall sometimes *give* and sometimes *take offence*. He that expects every thing to be *fully compleat*, remembers not the *frailty* of *Man*. Who remembers *too much*, forgets *himself* and his *friends*. And though perhaps a man may endeavour to be *Tyte* in all *his ways*; Yet he makes himself *too Papal*, that thinks he cannot *erre*, or that he *acts* not what *displeaseth* an *other*. If *Love* can *cover a multitude of infirmities*, *Friendship* which is the *growth* of *Love* surely ought to do it *more*. When *Agefilans* found some that *repined* at his *Government*, he would not see their *Malignity*: But *Commanding* them to the *wars* with himself, he suffered them to enjoy both *offices* and *places* both of *Trust* and *profit* in the *Army*. And when they were *complain'd* on for the *illmanaging* thereof, he would take their part and excuse them. And by this means, of *dangerous* and *underhand-enemies* he form'd and smooth'd them into *open* and *constant friends*. He was a *Christ* and a *Saviour* that *laid down his life* for his *sheep*, even while they were *straggling* and *averse* to his *fold*. And it look'd as *unhandsome* when *Jonas* would be so *pettish* at the *withering* of his *Gourd* alone. Nor ought my *Forgetfulness* in *friendship* to be *exercis'd* only *abroad*, but oftentimes as to my *self* and at *home*. If I do my *friend* a *Courtesie*, I make it *none* if I put him in *mind* on't; expecting a *return* I am *kind* to my *self*, not *him*; and then I make it *Traffique* not *Eneficence*: Who looks for *requital* serves *himself* not *me*, and with the *Noble Barque* of *friendship*, like a *Merchant*, he *Ventures* for *game*. As *Heaven* lets his *dews* fall in the *night*, so those *Favours* are most *Coelestial* and *refresh* us most, that are *stollen* upon us even while we are *asleep*: like the *fragancies* in some plants, they *exhale* too *foe*dainly when exposed to the *open Sun*. What I do in *friendship* is *gallanter*, when I mind it not more. He that *tells* me of the *favour* he hath *done* me, *cancel*s

the *debt* I owe him; he *files* off the *Chain* that kept me his *prisoner*, and with his tongue *unlooseth* the *fetter* that his hand put on. Intitling himself to the *Cheque* which *Martial* bestoweth upon his talking *Posthumus*.

*Quæ mihi præstiteris memini, semperque tenebo;*

*Cur igitur Taceo (Posthume)? tu Loqueris.*

*Incipio quoties alicui tua dona referre,*

*Protinus exclamat; Dixerat ipse mihi.*

*Non belle quedam faciunt duo: sufficit unus*

*Huic operi. Si vis ut loquar, ipse tace.*

*Crede mihi, quamvis ingentia, Posthume, dones;*

*Auctoris percunt garrulitate sui.*

What (*Posthume*) thou haste done, Ile ne're forget:

Why should I *smoother't*, when thou *Trumpetst* it?

When I to any do thy *guists* relate,

He presently replies, I heard him say't.

Some things become not two: Here one may serve;

If I must tell, do thou thy self reserve.

Believe me, *Posthume*, though thy *guists* be vast;

They perish when the Authors tongue runs wast.

Certainly if *Liberty* bee to be *prefer'd* before *Bondage*, though he *injures* himself that *upbraids* his *friend* with ought that he did bestow; yet he does indeed (though he intend it not) *befriend* him in it. As the *Romans* did their *slaves*, he *manumits* me with a *Cuff*; and I am not much less *beholding* to him for this *unkindness* than I was before for the *Benefit*; which as it is the *givers Honour* so it is the *takers Bondage*. If I be able to do a *Courtesie*, I *rebate* it by remembering it; I *blot* it out, when I go about to *Text* it. If I *receive* one, I render my self unworthy of it, whensoever I do *forget* it. That is but a barren earth where the *seed* dyes before it comes to *Ripeness*. Sutable to these, It was thus, long since, enacted by the richly-speaking *Seneca*. *Beneficii inter duos lex est. Alter statim oblivisci debet dati: Alter accepti nunquam. Qui dedit Beneficium, taceat: Narret, qui accepit.* Between to *friends* it is the law of *kindness*, That he that *does* it, *forget* it presently: but he that does receive it, never. Let him that *bestows* it, *hold* his *tongue*: but let him that *takes* it, *tell*. Surely that man means it nobly, and it comes from his own genuine *goodness*, when he cares not to have *any* know it but his *friend alone*. But he that *blows* his *Trumpet* at his *Alms*, is a *Pharisee*. In *friendship*, I would ever *remember* my *friends kindness*; but I would *forget* the favours that I do him. I would also forget his *neglects*: but I would *remember* my own *failings*. *Friendship* thus *preserv'd ends not* but with *life*. *Continuance* will extend it to the same *effects*, with the *eyes* of *Nature*; which uses to overlook the *defects*, of her *own*, and not to be less *kind*, though in something there be *disproportion*, that might take her off.

## XI.

*Wherein a Christian excels other men.*

**T**Here are several things wherein a *Christian* hath much the Advantage of all the professors of other *Religions*. He excels them all, in his *Fortitude*, in his *Hope*, in his *Charity*, in his *Fidelity*. In his *Fortitude*; That is, when his cause is *Just*. It was well defin'd of the Orator, *Fortitudo est virtus pugnans pro aequitate*; *Fortitude* is a *virtue* combating for *Justice*: otherwise he shrinks under the load, and couches like *Issachers* ass, between the two burthens of his Cause and Conscience. He may show like *Abraham* with his *brandisht* Sword above, as if he would presently *sacrifice Isaac* himself: But the Angel (his within-Conscience) lays hold on his *Arm*, and ties up his *hand* from *striking*. And indeed courage in a bad matter may be *humane policy*, but cannot be *Christian valour*. At best it is but *Beauty* with a *skar*. And the end of intention, when it comes to *discover* it self in the end of the *Action*, will have a greater *influence* upon the mind of *man* than the *success*, be it never so *prosperous*. I may be *applauded* by the lookers on, as *brave* and *full* of *Fortitude*. When the Bates and Flutterings of a *Conscience* within shall *blow* up *coles*, and kindle nothing but *flames* that shall *consume* me. If I fight in a *bad Cause*, I fight against my *self* as well as against my *Enemy*; For besides him, I *combat* my *Soul* against my *Body*: and, instead of one *Enemy*, I make my *self* two at the *least*. But in a *Just cause*, how *bountiful* of all things is a *Christian*? Nothing in the *invention* of man can *appal* his *Noble Courage*. 'Tis true, there is no *Religion*, but some have *sealed* the defence thereof with their *lives*. But certainly the *World* hath never *drunk* a quarter so much *bloud* of any other *Religion*, as it hath done of the *Christian*. The *number* of all other *Religions* put together cannot come *neer* the *untold multitudes* of *Martyrs* for *Christianity*; nor hath ever any other increased so with *suffering*: as if the *Martyrdome* of one were the *watering* to make another *grow*; so far from avoiding the fury of their *Enemies*, as they have often *itched* after *Torments* with an inward pleasure, sung while the *Element* of fire was *whipping* them: If their be any *Nectar* in this life, 'tis in the sorrows that we *indure* for goodnes. The *Cause* gives *courage*, which being just, we are *backt* by a *Melior Natura*, that will not let us fear. It is *Dauids querie* *Psal. 27. when God was his light, whom should he fear?* He dishonours God that in his cause gives ground. Who will fear a temporal King, when he is in pay under one that is *eternal*? When the *Persian Vranes* chequ't *Hormisda* for his *Christianity*, and would have perswaded him to renounce his profession. His answer was, that he commanded that which was both *impious* and *impossible*, to think that he should forsake the God of the *Universe* to make him his *friend* that was *King* but of a *petty* part. When the Aged *Polycarpus* was urged to *reproach* his *Christ*, he tells the

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the *Proconsul Herod*, That fourscore and six years he had served him, and never was harmed by him; with what Conscience then could he *blaspheme* his *King* that was his Saviour? And being *threatned* on, with fire, if he would not swear by *Cæsars* fortune; he tells him, 'Twas his *ignorance* that made him to expect it. For, says he, if you know not who I am, hear me telling you, that I am a Christian. And when at the *fire*, they would have fastned him to the *stake*, the brave *Bishop* cries out to let him alone as he was. For, that God who had *enabled* him to *endure* the fire would *enable* him also without any *Chains* of theirs to stand *unmoved* in the *midst* of *flames*. So with his *hands* behind him, *unstir'd*, he took his *Crown*. So may you see some Reverend *Temple* fix'd, not valuing all the *winds*, till fatal *Violence* force it *down*; or *piece-meal* else the eager *flame* digest it into *Cinders*. Here was discovered the *Noble* and *Heroick* Nature of Christianity, the *strongest* courage in the *weakest* age; A *Magnanimity* as far exceeding old *Romes* boasted *Scævola's*: as the whole body, does the hand in *Magnitude*. When *Lucius* was lead to *Execution* he gave thanks that being *dismissed* from wicked *Masters*, he should be *remitted* to the *King* of *Heaven*. *Victor Uticensis* tells us, That when *Dionysia* a *Noble Matron* was immodestly denudated and *barbarously* scourged, with a *Courage* beyond her *Sex* and in the *midst* of *bloud* she told her *Tormentors*, That what they intended for her *shame* should hereafter be her *Glory*. It is most true that in matters unjust, Christian Religion wheys the *bloud* and makes a *Coward* of man: But in matters that are right, it advances *Humane Courage* beyond the *standard* of *humanity*. Heaven and the commands of a *Deity* are in the eye, whereby all the *Temptations* of this World become *unwedged* and *unprevailing*. And certainly one main cause hereof is his *Hope*, wherein as well as *Fortitude* he excels all other, as seeing further by the Gospels light than any in the world beside. The Heathen as they lived in darkness, so they going to the Bed of *Death* without a *Candle*, saw not where they were to lye. And in the *general*, they saw nothing beyond *Death*, but either *Dull Oblivion* or *Annihilation*. Or if not these, they dyed in doubt; which more than any thing distracts the mind in uncertainty.

*Post mortem nihil est: ipsaque mors nihil;*

*Velocis spatii meta novissima.*

*Spem ponant avidi, solliciti metum.*

*Quaris, quo jaceas post obitum Loco?*

*Quo non-nata jacent.*

Death nothing is; and nothing in it's place:

'Tis but the last point of a *Posting Race*.

The greedy, *Hope*: the troubled *Fear* lay by.

Wouldest know where 'tis, that after *Death* men lye!

'Tis where those are, that never yet were *born*.

Having this from so grave an *Author* as *Seneca* we may for the most conclude it the *Heathen Creed*. *Mahumetisme* indeed proposeth some-thing

thing after the bodies dissolution. But it is a *sensual* happiness, such as the *frailty* of the Body is *Capable* of; such as here they *covet*, they propose in *Paradise*. So the change being little, the *expectation* cannot be *great*, since *life* that they *enjoy* here in some certainty of *knowledge*, will be rather prefer'd, than a little bettering with the *hazard* that is run in *dying*. The *Jew* in part allows an *Immortality*: though the *Sadduces* deny it. So, their hope is *buried* in the same *grave* with them. And for the *major* part they hold *Pythagoras* his *Metempsychosis*, only limiting it to the same *species*. And their *Fear* is as well of *worse*, as their *Hope* is of any better being. But the Christian hath a *Hope* that is better far. The Joys attending him are *spiritual* and *eternal*, The beautiful *Vision* of the face of *God*, to see and know the *immense* *Creatour* of all things. The *union* to the *God-head*, the *injoyment* of a *Deity* beyond our here *Conceptions*, blessed; Such things as for the great *Apostle* were not lawful here to *utter*, the being freed from *evil* and the fear of it, the being set in a state of *purity* and *perfection*, far beyond the *thoughts* that here in the *weakness* of the *flesh* we carry, as far exceeding our present *Apprehensions* as *Spirits* do exceed the *drofs* of black corruption. The *Hope* and *Faith* of these must needs beget a *Fortitude*, which others wanting these can never reach. Death as a *Pirate* steals away others from their *Country* here, and with ten thousand *fears* they are *distracted*, because they know not what they shall be *put* to. But the Christian goes as sent for by an *Ambassadour* to the *Court* of *Heaven*, there to partake felicities unutterable. And indeed is happier here, because he knows he shall be happier after: He can be *content* to part with a life here full of *Thorns* and *Acerbitics*, that he may take up one that's *glorious* and *incorruptible*: and having this *Anchor* above others, with far more ease he rides out all the storms of *Life*. Next, In *Charity* he surmounteth all the professors of all the other *Religions*. He can part with all for that *God* that hath *provided* more than all for him. He can, not only *bear*, but *pardon*, all the injuries that can befall him: not only *pardon* them, but requite them with *good*. What *Religion*, but it, will teach man to pray for him that *persecutes* him, to *bless* him that *curseth* him, to *heap Coles* of fire upon his *Head*, that shall *gently* warm his *Charity*, and *inflame* his *Love*, not *render* him *worse* by making him more *inexcusable*? We look not upon him as a *Christian*, if when he *dyes* he forgive not, and pray for, his *Enemies*. Herein *out-soaring* the *Dictates* of depraved *Nature*, which would *prompt* us to *retaliate wrongs*; This *Charity* begets his *Fidelity*. For indeed it is the glue of *Souls*, that by the *influence* of *Divinity* cements them together in *Love*. *Nulla vis major pietate verâ est*. There is no *Friendship* like the *friendship* of *Faith*: *Nature*, *Education*, *Benefits*, cannot all together tie so strong as this. *Christianity* knits more *sure*, more *indissoluble*. This makes a *knot* that *Alexander* cannot *cut*, a *league* *Hell* cannot break. For as *Grace* in her self is far above *Nature*, so is she in her *Effects*. The souls of *Believers* like wines once mixt, they straight become

*inseparable,*

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*inseparable*, as purest wools once mingled, never part : The fire cannot divide them. They flourish, fade, they live and dye together. A Christian though he would, he cannot resolve to be false. Whatsoever is joyned together upon *temporal Considerations*, may be by the same again dissolved : but that *League* which deduces its *Original* from *Heaven*, by *Earth* can ne're be severed. *Tyrants* shall sooner want *Invention* for *Torments*, than *Christians* with *tortures* be made *Treacherous*. Who can separate the conjunctions of a *Deity*? Nor is it in *kindness* only, but in *Reproof*, that his *fidelity* shews it self : However he conceals his *friends faults* from the sifting eye of the world ; yet, if he offends, his being a *David* and a *King* shall not free him from this *Nathans Reprehension*. To which he is drawn, that he may save not spoil. He scorns to be so base as to flatter, and hates to be so currisb as to bite. So his *Reproof* is *kindness*, and the wounds he makes are not without *Balsome* to heal ; These qualifications of all other men make a Christian the best *Companion*. An *Enemy* he never is ; if at any time he seem so, 'tis but that he may be a *friend*. For he is averse to only ill. He would kill the *disease*, but does it, to preserve the *Patient* ; So that it will be my *Fault*, not his, if he be not a *friend* to me. And when he is so, he is sure without *private Interest*, *Fear*, or *Malice* : and affords me a *Security*, which I cannot well expect from any other *Rank of men*.

## XII.

## Of Losses.

IF we scan things rightly, we have no *Reason* to be sinned for those worldly goods that we lose : For what is it we can lose which properly we can call ours ? *Job* goes further ; he blesteth him that taketh away, as well as him that gives. And by a *question* concludes his *Contentment* with both. Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and not evil? And hitherto, the *Text* cleers him from being *passionate* for any, or all, his *Crosses* : If after he did fly out, It was the redarguing of his *misguided friends*, not his being *stript* of all ; that moved him. Nay 'tis certain, in the *Rectitude* of *Reason* we cannot lose at all. If one lend me a *Jewel* to wear, shall I, because I use it, say, 'tis my own. Or when my friend requires it again, shall I say, I have lost it ; No, I will restore it rather. Though we are pleased that we are *trusted* with the *borrowed* things of this *Life* ; we ought not to be *displeased* when the *great Creatour* calls for what he had but lent us. He does us no *injury* that takes but his *own* : And he pleads an *unjust Title* against *Heaven*, that repines at what the God of *Heaven* resumes. It was doubtless such a *Consideration* as this, that made *Zeno* when he had been *Shipwrackt*, only to *applaud Fortune* and to say, She had done *honestly* in reducing him but to his *Coat*. Shall God afford us all our life long not only *Food* but *Feasting*, not for

Use



Use but Ornament, not Necessity alone, but Pleasure? and when at last he withdraws, shall we be passionate and Melancholy? If in the blackness of the night, one by accident allows me the benefit of his light to walk by; shall I quarrel him because he brings me not home? I am to thank him for a little, which he did not owe me; but never to be Angry that he affords not more. He that hath abundance rides through the world on Horse-back: Perhaps he is carried with some more ease; but he runs the hazard of his Beast: And besides the Casualty of his own Frailty, he is subject to the danger of those stumbles that his Bearer makes. He that wants a plenty, does but walk on foot: He is not born so high upon the Creature, but more securely passes through the various Adventures of life. And not being spur'd by pricking want, may take his ease in travelling as he pleases.

In all losses I would have a double prospect: I would consider what I have lost, and I would have regard to what I have left, it may be in my loss I may find a Benefit. I may be rid with it of a Trouble, a snare, or danger. If it be wealth, perhaps there was a time when I had it not. Let me think if then I liv'd not well without it. And what then should hinder that I should not do so now? What news is it that a Bird with wings should fly? Riches have such, and 'tis a thousand to one but some other did lose them before. I found them when another lost them, and now 'tis likely some other will find them from me: and though perhaps I may have lost a Benefit, yet thereby likewise I may be eas'd of a Cumber. In most things of this nature 'tis the opinion of the loss more than the loss that vexes. If yet the only prop of my life were gone I might rather wonder that in so many storms I rid so long with that one single Anchor than now at last that it should break and fail me. When War had ravished all from Stilpo, and Demetrius ask'd him, How he could brook so vast a desolation? He returned, that he had lost nothing. The goods he had, he still enjoy'd; his Virtue, Prudence, Justice, still were with him, these were matters permanent and immortal: for the other it was no wonder, That what was perishable, should perish.

In the next place, let me look to what I have left. He that miscarries once will husband what is left the better. If the Dye of Fortune hath thrown me an ill chance, let me strive to mend it by my good play. What I have is made more pretious by my want of what I once was owner of. If I have lost but little, let me be thankful that I lost no more, seeing the remainder was as flitting as the rest that's gone. He that in a Battail is but slightly wounded rather rejoices that he is got off so well, than greives that he was hurt at all. But, admit it were all that is gone; A man hath Hope still left. And he may as well hope to recover the things he hath lost, as he did acquire them, when he had them not. This will lead him to a new Magazine, where he cannot deny but he may be supply'd with Advantage; God will be left still. And who can be poor who hath

him for his *friend* that hath all. In *Penury* a Christian can be *rich*; and 'tis a kind of *Paradox* to think he can be poor, that is destined to be a Kingdoms *Heir*.

## XIII.

## Of long and short Life.

**T**HERE is no question but Life in it self is a *Blessing*: And it is not *worsened* by being long. The being of every thing, as a being, is *good*. But, as some *Actions* that are good in themselves, by their *Circumstances* become *Condemnable*; so that *life* which abstractively is *good*, by *Accidents* and *Adherencies* may become *unfortunate*; He that lives long, does many times outlive his *Happiness*. As evening *Tempests* are more *frequent*, so they carry a blacker terrour along: *Youth* like the *Sun*, it rises *clear* and *dancing*; when the afternoon is *cloudy*, *thick*, and *turbulent*. Had *Priamus* not liv'd so long, he had neither seen his *fifty Children* slain, nor *Troy* (*enlarged*) lost, nor himself after two and fifty years *Reign* made *captive*, and by *Pyrrhus* slain: *Sylla* got the name of *Happy*, *Pompey* of *Great*, yet by living long they both lost both those *Titles*: *Augustus* his high *Fortune* was not sweetned by his long extended *life*. It could be no great pleasure to want an issue male of his own; to see his *Adopted Sons* untimely lost; his *Daughters looseness* staining the *Honour* of his *House*: and at last rather by *Necessity* than choice to fix upon a *Successor* neither worthy of *himself* nor *Rome*. How much more *blest* had *Nero* been, if he had not out-liv'd his first five years of *Empire*? What is past with us, we know: but who can pry into the *Bowels* of *Fate*? And though (at that time) *Seneca* had only tasted the disposition, not felt the anger of *Nero*; Yet he found enough to enforce him to cry out: *Hec quam multa pœnitenda occurrunt, diu vivendo?* Alas, how many irksome busineses befall us by our living long? If a man be bad or *unfortunate*, he does but increase his misery here or hereafter. If he be good, he is subject to the more *abuses*: For, the greater part of the *world* is *ill*, and *ill natur'd* self-love bends almost all men to themselves, preferring their own *Benefit* before the *inconvenience* of another. And being so, he that is good is exposed to more *sufferings* than another. A good man grows in this *world* like some *Garden-plant* in a hedge, over-top'd and justled to a *Declination*: besides his being *shaded* and *dropt* upon, the *Thornes* and *Bushes* are too *rude* and *Clovnish* for the *fineness* of a *fruitful Tree*. And if the *World* were good, yet the *Business* of the world is *Youths*. Age like a long travail'd *Horse* rides dull toward his *Journeys end*; while every new letter out, *gallops* away, and *leaves* him to his *Melancholick Trot*. In *Youth*, untamed blood does *goad* us into *folly*; and, till experience *reins* us, we ride *unbitted*, *wild*; and, in a *wanton sling*, disturb our *selves* and *all* that come but *neer* us.

In *Age*, our *selves* are with our *selves* displeas'd. We are look'd upon by others as things to be *endur'd*, not *courted* or *apply'd* to. Who is it will be fond of gathering *fading flowers*? *Fruits* past *Maturity* grow less to be *esteem'd*. *Beauty* it self, once *Autumn'd*, does not *tempt*.

On the other side, what is it that we loose by dying? If, (as *Job* says) our life be a *warfare*, who is it will be *Angry* that it ends *betimes*? A long supper, though a feast, does grow to a tedious thing; because it tyres us to a *Lassitude*, and keeps us from our rest that is sweeter. Life is but a *play* upon this *worlds stage*. And if a man were to chuse his part, in *discretion* he would not take it for the *length*, but for the *ease* and *goodness*. The short life has the shorter *Audit* to make. And if it be one of the *greatest Felicities* that can *befal man*, to be in such a Condition as he may not *displease God*; surely then, soon to enter upon *Death* is best. 'Tis true, I may by living be *Instrumental* to Gods Glory, the good of *others*, and my own *Benefit*. But if I weigh my own *Corruptions*, the *World's Temptations*, and my *Enemies Malice*, the odds is on the other side. Who can say, he can travail in *safety* when his way is in a *Forest of wild Beasts, Thieves, and Outlaws*; when man is his own *Syren*, and when in all the *streams* he *swims* in, *Bayts* are *strewed*? Death to a *Righteous man*, whether it cometh *soon* or *late*, is the beginning of a *certain happiness*; the end but of a *doubtful* and *allayed pleasure*. I will not much *care* whether my *Life* be *long* or *short*. If short the *fewer* my *days* be, the *less* I shall have of *Trouble*, the sooner shall I *arrive* at *Happiness*. If I escape from nothing else, yet shall I *escape* from the *hazard*, life will *keep* me in. If long, let me be sure to *lay it out* in doing the *more good*. And then though I *stay* for it a *while*, yet as *abstinence* sharpens appetite, so *want* and *expectation* will make my *Joy* more *welcome*.

## XIV.

## Of Establishing a troubled Government.

HE that would establish a *troubled Government* must first vanquish all his *Foes*. Who can be quiet while his *Enemie* is in Arms against him. *Faction heads* should be *higher* by a *pole* than their *bodies*. He that would rule over many, must *first fight* with many and *Conquer*; and be sure to *cut off* those that raise up *Tumults*, or by a *Majestique awe* keep them in a *strict Subjection*. In every able *Prince*, *Lipsius* would have two things eminent, *Vis et Virtus*, *Power* and *Virtue*. He ought to have power to break *insurrection* at *home*, and repel a force that would *invade* him from *abroad*. He ought to have *Virtue* to preserve his *state* and *Dignity*, and by the necessary art of *Policy* so to order all the *streams* of *Government* as they may run *clear* and *obedient* in their proper *Channels*. *Power* is, certainly,

the most essential part of *Sovereignty*. 'Tis an *inseparable attribute* of the *Deity*. God is *Omnipotent* as well as *Omniscient*. And without it, he were not God: 'tis that which distinguisheth and *super-poses* him above all. When we would speak of the *true God* indeed we always name him *God-Almighty*. As therefore he that would be a *Prince*, the first thing in his *aim* should be *Power*; so when he is a *Prince* and *devests* himself of it, he *deposes* and *unthrones* himself, and *proclaims* himself a *Prey* to any that will *attempt* the *boldness* but to take him. He seems to tell his *Enemies*; that he is now *weak* and *unarmed*, and invites them to *set upon him*. Without *Power*, he is but *Fortunes Idol*, which every *Sejanus* may *revile* and *spurn* at his *Pleasure*. 'Tis *Power* that begets *Fear*, and *Fear* that first made *Gods*: But suppose he hath *power*, if he have not *Resolution*, like a Child he wears a *Sword*, but knows not how to *use it*. *Irresolution* is a worse *Vice* than *Rashness*: he that *shoots best* may sometimes miss the *mark*, but he that *shoots not at all* shall be sure never to *hit it*. A *Rash act* may be mended by the *activeness* of the penitent, when he *sees* and *finds* his *error*. But *Irresolution* loosens all the *joynts* of *State*: like an *Ague* it *shakes* not this or that *Limb*, but all the *body* is at once in a *fit*. 'Tis the *dead palsey*, that, without almost a *Miracle*, leaves a *Man* unrecoverable. The *irresolute man* is lifted from one *place* to another, till tyr'd, at last he hath no *place* left to *rest on*. He flecks from one *Egg* to another, so *hatcheth* nothing at last, but *addles* all his *Actions*. An easie *Prince* at best is but an *useless thing*. A *facile natur'd Man* may be a good *Companion* for a *private person*: but for a *Prince* to be so, is *mischief* to *himself* and *others*. *Remissness* and *Connivence* are the *ruines* of *unsetled Kingdoms*. The *Game* of *Majesty* will not admit of too open a *play*. *Simplicity* is as *Liberality*, of which *Tacitus* observes, *Nisi modus adsit, in exitium vertitur*, If it stands too still, it *putrifies*.

My *passions* and *affections* are the chief *disturbers* of my *Civil State*. What *peace* can I expect within me, while these *Rebels* are not under *Subjection*? Separations are the *wounds* of a *Crown*, whereby neglected it will *bleed to death*. If I have not the *virtue* of *Judgment* to discern their *trains*, and *fly Suggestions*; If I have not the *virtue* of *Courage* to withstand their *Force* and *Batteries*: If I have not the *power* of *Authority* to command them to *Obedience*; If I have not the *power* of *strength* to *master* all their *Complications*: I leave *my* self a *prize* to *vices*, and at last shall not *live to be man*. *Plato* was of *Opinion* that those *Common-wealths* could not be *safe*, whose *Governours* were not *Philosophers*, Or whose *Prince* was not a student of *wisdom*. And surely, if a *Man* understands not something of *Reason*, or be not able to *judge* of *prudence*, he shall very hardly find a *Life* without *Broyls*, or be able to *govern* his own *unruly passions*. Therefore as the *Prince* that will be *safe* among *turbulent Subjects*, must ever be upon his *Guard*; so he that knows the *Irregularities* of his own *deprav'd affections*, must keep perpetual *Sentinel* upon them. A sleeping

*Samson* needs but a *feble woman* to cut his *locks off*, and deliver him up to *destruction*. 'Tis *Security* and *confidence* that as oft undoes a *Prince*, as *Force*. But *vigilance* is seldom *under-min'd*. A *state awake* and upon its *Guard*, tis difficult to *surprize*. *Cato* was of opinion that *Governour* deserved most praise that could *govern himself* and his *passions*. And as the strength of him that commands consists most in the consent of those that obey: so if I can bring my *passions* and *affections* to submit to *Religion*, and *Reason*, I may settle my *Dominion* in my self so, as I need not fear the assault of them without me. If I cannot prune off all my superfluites, let me yet so restrain them as I may not act my own shame, nor give matter of *insultation* to others. If my strength be once gone and I become blind, I then am fitted to make sport for the *Philistims*. He that is a *slave to himself*, and his *own fond lusts*, can never long preserve his *liberty* from others. As man is commonly his own prime *flatterer*, so is he, for the most part, the first engine of his own low *servitude*.

## XV.

## Of doing Good with Labour, and Evil with Pleasure.

IT was anciently said. That whatsoever *good work* a man doth with *labour*, the *labour* vaniseth, but the *good* remains with him that wrought it: And whatsoever *evil thing* he doth with *pleasure*, the *pleasure* flies, but the *evil* still resteth with the *Actor* of it. *Goodness* making *labour sweet*, while *evil* turneth *pleasure* to a *burthen*. The *Creation*, which was *Gods work* for six days, hath both publiht and perpetuated his glory ever since. Where the *end* is but *profit alone*, how uncomplainingly we toyl and tug the *trembling Oar*; we strain our *nerves*, and anoint our selves with *sweat*, and think it *pleasure* while we compass what may *solace* us hereafter. The first *Inventors* of *Arts*, though with pains they spent much *time* and *treasure* too; yet being done once, all their *watchings* are presently vanisht. But the *fruit* of their *labour*, paid them with *content*, while living; and after that, gives the *Tribute* of a *Noble Fame* to their *memory*. While we are *working* what is *good*, we are but scattering *seed*, which after all our *harrowing*, will ripen up to *happinefs* for our selves: like well plac'd *benefits*, they redound to the *Collators honour*. *Beneficium dando accepit, qui digno dedit*: By *giving* he receives a *benefit*, that lays it on the well-deserving man. *Alexander Severus* was of so *Noble a Nature*, that he thought not them his *friends*, that ask'd not something of him: And when it was in dispute, who was the *best Prince*? his opinion was, that he ought to be held for *best*, that retain'd his *friends* by *favours*, and reconcil'd his *Enemies* with *courtesies*. *Tullus Hostilius* was to *Rome* a *forreiner* a *Tradesmans son*, and an *Exile*; yet his *industrious virtues* listred him so deservedly to the top of *Honour*, that *Valerius Maximus* scruples not to tell us; That *Rome* never repented,

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that she borrowed a *King* from her neighbours, rather than set up one of her own. His Succesor *Servius Tullius*, was not less a wonder: The same City that bred him a *slave*, for his virtues chose him a *King*; and to his eternal Honour, left his *Statue* paradox'd with *Servitude* and *Royalty*.

Nay, it's certain, though the success of noble actions be sometimes most *ingrateful*; yet, when they are done out of *uprightness* and *integrity*, they reward the Author with such an *inward shine* of *conscious satisfaction*, that he remains *unprickt* with the darts of even the *worst returns*. And the greater his *labour* and *hazard* was, the pleasanter is the remembrance when 'tis past. In dangers *escaped*, a man may find himself *beloved* of the *Deity*, guarded by his *better Angel*, and cared for by a *Genius* that he knew not of; which cannot but administer *comfort* and *content* to himself: whereas *unworthy* and *inglorious actions*, though they give a present blaze to the sinful *corruption* of man; yet it is such a *fire*, as that is of *burning-houses*; where the *flame*, while *shining*, is not without *affrighting smoke*; but, that once past, the *end* is *rubbish*, *stench*, and *ruine*. *Tarquin's rape* was dogg'd with the *ever-throw* of his *house*, and *expulsion* of *Monarchy*. *Sforza* languish'd near as many years a prisoner in the *Tower of Loches*, as he had *usurped Empire* in his *Nephews* turmoyle'd *Dukedome*. When *Lysimachus*, through *thirst*, was forced to yield himself to the *Scythians*; he could then bewail himself, that for so short a *pleasure*, he should part with so great a *happiness* as his *liberty*. Like a draught of pleasant *poysen*, the gust is *gone*, while the torture *stays*, and burns us to our *grave*. How long an *age* doth many a man repent one *youthful ryot*? Surely, as a wise man never *repented* of a *good action*; so he never did, but *repent* of a *bad one*. I will not therefore care how *laborious*, but how *honest* my actions be; not how *pleasurable*, but how *good*. If it could be, let me be *virtuous* and *noble*, without *pleasure*; rather than *wicked*, with much *joy*. It was indeed, a resolution well becoming a *Royal Christian*, That he had much rather be in the *Catalogue* of *Unfortunate Princes*, than of *wicked*; for his judgement clearly was, That a *Crown* was not worth *taking up*, or *enjoying*, upon *sordid*, *dishonourable*. and *irreligious terms*.

## XVI.

That Virtue and Vice generate after their kind.

AS in the first *Institution* of *Nature*, and the *Propagation* of *Corporal Essences*, it was enacted, and yet continues, That every thing should bring forth fruit after his kind: So I find it in the propagation of *Virtue* and *Vice*, they bring forth fruit after their kind. *Virtue* begets *Virtue*. *Vice* begets *Vice*. And 'tis as natural for a man to expect a return of *Virtue* out of *Virtue*. and a return of *Vice* out of *Vice*; as 'tis for him to expect an *Elephant* should beget an *Elephant*,

or

or a Serpent beget a Serpent. Nay, not only the *genus*, but the very *species* holds; and oftentimes, the proportion of that *species* too. High *actions* beget a return of *Actions* that are so: And poor low *flattering deportments*, beget a return of the like. The *Eccho* is according to the *voice* that *speaks*: The *report* of the *Peice* is proportionable to the *magnitude* it bears: If it be but by *reflection* only, the *beams* are reverberated bright, as is the *Sun* that shines them. And *clouds* import a *shade*, as is their proper *blackness*. For his *friendship* and *riches*, the *Romans* bestowed on *Attalus* the Kingdom of *Pergamus*: and he to express *gratitude* (not having children of his own) left the *City* of *Rome* his *Heir*; returning their *gift* advantag'd with his infinite *wealth*. *Camillus* his *Noble act* of *whipping back* that treacherous *Schoolmaster* by the *Youths* that he would have *betray'd*, obtained him the yielding up that *City* to him, which his *valour* with all the *Arms* of *Rome* could not enforce. *Terentius* his *virtues* and his being one of the *Roman Senate*, made so deep an *impression* in *Scipio's* manly heart, that when the *Carthaginians* came to sue for *peace* and a *league*, he would not hear them, till they brought him forth discharg'd of his *Imprisonment*, whom he placed on the *Throne* with himself, and then dismiss'd his *arms*. And this again so prevailed with *Terentius*, that when *Scipio* had his *Triumph*, *Terentius*, though a *Senator*, put himself into *Scipio's* *Livery*, and as his freed man waited on his pompous *Chariot*. In the second *Punick* War, when *Capua* was besieged by *Fulvius*, two *Countray wenches* would needs be kind to *Rome*; one daily made her *offering* for the *safety* of the *Army*, the other supply'd the *captiv'd* *Souldiers* with *food* and other *necessaries*: which at the *saccage* of the place, the *Senate* of *Rome* requited with restoring them their *goods* and *liberty*, and *granting* them what else they *desired*. He teaches me to be *good*, that does me *good*: he prompts me to *enlarge* my *heart* to him, that first *enlarges* his own to me. If *virtue* in the *heart* be not totally dry'd up and withered: *Curtesies* receiv'd, are *waterings* that make it *shoot up* and *grow*, till it flower and returns a *seed*. That *Virgin* which the loose *Courtiers* of *Charles* the fifth, had *purveyed* for his *wanton appetite*; when with *tears* for our blessed *Ladies* sake (whose *picture* then adorn'd the room she was in) she begg'd the preservation of her *Chastity*; it wrought so high in the Emperours *Heroick bress*, that it made him *chast*, that was resolv'd to be otherwise; and to *reward* her for that *virtue* which he fully did intend to *violate*: being indeed a rare example, that *lust*, fired by *youth*, *power*, and *opportunity*, and enflamed by *Beauty*, should be abated into *Continence*, by only meeting with a *native Modesty*. And the same genuine effect hath *vice*. It not only *corrupts* by *example*, but it *sows* it self, and gives a *crop* of the same *grain* that by our selves is scatter'd. With the *froward* thou shalt learn *frowardness*. *Passion* enkindles *passion*; and *pride* begets *pride*. How many are *calm* and *quiet*, till they meet with one that is *Cholerick*? He that *sows* *Iniquity*, must look to *reap* it. Did not *Dauids* *Murther* and *Adultery*,

*Adultery*, bring the *Sword* and *Incest* into his *Family*? How fatally and evidently was the *Massacre* at *Paris*, scourged in those that were held for the chiefest actors and contrivers of it? *Charles* the *King*, before the 25th year of his Age dy'd, bath'd, and dyed in blood. *Anjou*, the succeeding *King* was *assassinated*, and slain in the same room the *Massacre* was plotted in. *Guise*, murdered by the Kings appointment. The *Queen*, consum'd with grief. And with succeeding *Civil War*, both *Paris* and the *Nation* torn. It is a strange retaliation in the story of *Valentinian* and *Maximus*. *Valentinian* by fraud and force vitiated the wife of *Maximus*: for which *Maximus* by fraud and force murder'd him, and marryed his wife: whose disdain to be compell'd, and desire to revenge her *Husbands* death, made her plot the destruction of *Maximus* and *Rome*. And indeed, 'tis so plentifully proved in all stories, that no *Proverb* is become more true than the saying of the *Satyrist*.

*Ad generum Cereris, sine cede & sanguine, pauci  
Descendant Reges, & sicca morte Tyranni.*

Few Tyrants find *Death* natural, calm, or good;  
But, broacht with slaughter, rowl to *Hell* in blood.

There is in *Vices* not only a natural production of evil in general, but there is a proportion of parts and dimensions; as if the seed brought forth the plant, or the parent did beget the son. *Bagoas*, a *Per-  
sian* Noble man, having *poysoned* *Artaxerxes* and *Arsumnes*, was detected by *Darius*, and enforced to drink *poysen* himself. *Diomedes*, that with humane flesh fed beasts, at last by *Hercules* was made their food himself. Pope *Alexander* the 6th, having design'd the *poysoning* of his friend *Cardinal Adrian*, by his *Cup-bearers* mistake of the *Bottle*, he cosened the *Cardinal* of his draught; so dyed by the same *Engine* that he himself had appointed to kill another. *Treason* and *falsehood* how often is it paid in its own peculiar kind? *Tarpeia* that betray'd her father, for what *Tatius* his Souldiers wore on their *arms*, instead of the *Bracelets* she expected, was paid with their *Shields* thrown on her till they pressed her to death. And to requite the *falsehood* of three *Captains*, whom he hired to dissuade *Philip* of *Austria* from giving him *battel*, *Charles* the fourth of *Germany* paid them in *counterfeit money*, assuring them that *counterfeit money* was good enough for their *counterfeit service*. Certainly, in vain they expect good, that would have it arise out of evil. I may as well when I plant a *Thistle*, expect a *Fig*: or upon sowing *Cockle* look for *wheat*, as to think by *indirect courses*, to beget my own benefit. But, as the best Husband looks to have his seed the cleanest; so doubtless, the best policy for a mans self, is to sow good and honest *Actions*, and then he may expect a *harvest* that is answerable.



## XVII.

## Of Memory.

Should the *Memory* of the World but fall *asleep*, what a Fair of mad Beasts would the *Earth* be? and surely much the *madder* for the *Tongue*. Since he that *forgets himself* in his *tongue* gives an other cause to remember him either with *neglect*, or *offence*; In all that does *belong* to *man*, you cannot find a *greater wonder*. What a *treasury* of all things in the life of *Man*? What a *Record*, what *Journal* of all? As if *Provident Nature*, because she would have *Man circum-spect*, had provided him an *Account-book* to carry always with him. And though it be the worlds vast *Inventories*, yet it neither *burthens* nor *takes up room*: To myself it is insensible, I feel no weight it presses with; to others 'tis invisible, when I carry all within me they can see nothing that I have. Is it not a miracle, that a man from the *grane* of *Sand* to the *full* and *glorious Sun*, should lay up the *world* in his *Brain*; and may at his pleasure bring out what part he lists, yet never empty the place that did *contain* it, nor *crowd* it though he should add more? What kind of thing is it, in which the spacious *Sea* is *shoard* and *bounded*? where *Citties*, *Nations*, the *Earths* great *Globe* and all the *Elements* reside without a *Cumber*? How is it that in this little *Invisible place*, the height of the *Star*, the bigness of that, the distance of these, the compass of the *Earth*, and the Nature of all should lie and always be ready for producing as a man shall *think fit*. If a *Conjurer* call up but his *phanatique Spirits*, how we *stare* and *startle* at their strange *approach*? Yet here by *Imaginations* help we call what ere we have a mind to, to *appear before us*, and in those proper *shapes*, we have heard them related in, or else in those which we our selves have seen them in. Certainly, it cannot be but a work of *infiniteness* that so little a *Globe* of *skull* as *man* hath, should hold such an almost infinity of *business* and of knowledge. What *Oceans* of things *exactly* and *orderly* streaming forth shall we find from the *tongue* of an *Oratour*, that one who did not see him speaking would believe he read them in some *printed Catalogue*; and he that does see him, wonders from what inexhaustible *Fountain* such easie streams can *flow*? Like a *Jugler* playing his prize, he pulls words like *Ribbons* out of his mouth, as fast as two *hands* can draw. Ask him of the *Sea*, he can tell you what is there; of the *Land*, of the *Skye*, of *Heaven*, of *Hell*, of *past things* and to *come*. A learned man by his *Memory* alone is the *Treasury* of all the *Arts*, he walks not without a *Library* about him. As the *Psalmist* says of the *Sun*, It goes from one end of the *Heaven* to the other, and nothing is hid from the heat thereof: So the *Memory* with *imagination* travails to and fro between the most remoted parts, and there is nothing that is not *comprehended* by it. And the *Miracle* is; Neither after all this, nor before, can any *print* hereof be *discern'd*. What is outwardly seen



more than there is in a *lively Image*, which is no other than a *Block*? And who can tell me where this *vastness* lyes? What *hand*, what *pen* did write it? *Anatomic Man*, and you shall find there is nothing in him like it. *Bones, Sinews, Nerves, Muscles, flesh, blood, veins, and marrow, and corrupting substances*; but no *relick*, no *likeness*, of that which in his life came from him. No *track*, no *notion* of any thing *remote* or *forein*. Dissect the *Brain*, the *Senses seat*, and the shop of *busie thoughts*, and Court of *Record* in *Man*. What do the *curious inspectors* of *Nature* find there? but a white and spongy substance divided into 3 small *Cells*, to the smallest of which the *Memory* is ascribed, but not a *line* nor any one *Idea* of any thing that's *absent* can be read there. Certainly, if *momanteny* and *putrefactive man* can undiscerned and unburthen'd bear so much about him; If so little a point as the least *Tertia* of the *brain* the *Cerebellum* can hold in it self the notions of such *immeasurable extents* of things: we may rationally allow *Omniscience* to the great *Creatour* of this and all things else. For doubtless we know what we do remember, and indeed what we remember not we do not know. *Cicero* tells us, 'tis the *Trace* of things *printed* in the *mind*. Questionless 'tis an understanding faculty conserving those *Ideas* arising from common sense through imagination, which with the help of these again whenever there is cause thee's ready to *produce* them. 'Tis the *Souls repository* where she stores up all that she is pleas'd to *keep*, the *furniture* of the *World* lyes there packt up: and as he that goes into a *ward-robe*, missing sometimes at first of what he seeks for, removes, and turns over several parcels, before he finds the thing he comes to look for: So man or'h sodain remembers not all he would, but is sometimes put to *hunt and tumble* over many things till he comes at last to that he there would find: as if *wrapt* up in *folds*, by degrees we *unlap* and light upon them. Nor is the difference hereof in men less *wonder*. In some men how *prodigious*! In others how *dead* and *dull*? *Appianus Claudius* had so strong a *Memory*, that he *boasted* he could *salute* all the *Citizens* of *Rome* by their Names. And *Mithridates* of *Pontus* could speak 22 *Languages*, and *Muster* his *Souldiers* by his *memory*, calling them all by their names. And upon this *ground* where the *Senate* had condemn'd his *Books* to be *burnt*, *Cassius Severus* told them, If they would not have them remain, they should *burn* him too, for that he had them all in his *memory*. On the other side some of the *Thracians* were usually so *blockish*, that they could not count beyond *four*, or *five*. And *Messala Corvinus* liv'd to *forget* his own *Name*: as I have known some, that have in health *forgot* their own *children*, whom they have dayly seen and liv'd with. If we consult *Philosophy*, how this huge difference comes, that will presume to tell us, 'tis from the *temper* of the *brain*; the moderately dry being happier in their *memories*, than the over-moist, which being liquid and slippery, are less receptive and tenacious of any slight *Impressions* that occasionally thereon are *darted*. Like glimpses of the *Sun* on *water*, they shine at present,

present, but leave no sign that they were ever *there*; and this may be the reason (because of their great *humidity*), why *memory* in children is so brittle. But how it comes to pass, that many old men can *remember things* of their youth done *threescore years ago*, and yet not those they acted but the *day before*, is certainly to be admired; since none can tell me, where they lodge *characteriz'd* the while, without being *shuffled out*, or *quite defac'd* by new succeeding actions. One thing in the *Memory* beyond all, is observable. We may easily *remember* what we are *intent* upon; but with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly *forget* what we *would*. What would some give, to *wipe* their *sorrows* from their *thought*, which, maugre all their industry, they cannot but *remember*. With good reason therefore would the wise *Themistocles* have learn'd the *Art of forgetfulness*, as deeming it far more beneficial to man, than that (so much cry'd up) of *memory*. And for this cause, (doubtless) we had need be careful, that even in *secret*, we plunge not into *evil Actions*. Though we have none to witness what we do; we shall be gall'd sufficiently with our own peculiar *memory*; which haunting us perpetually with all our best endeavours, we cannot either *cast away*, or *blot out*. The *Worm* would *dye*, if *Memory* did not *feed it to Eternity*. 'Tis that which makes the *penal part of Hell*: for whether it be the punishment of *loss*, or the punishment of *sense*: 'tis *memory* that does *enflame* them both. Nor is there any *Aetna* in the *soul of man*, but what the *memory* makes. In order unto this, I will not care to *know*, who 'tis that does me *injury*, that I may not by my *memory* *malice* them. *Remembering* the wrong, I may be apt to malign the *Author*, which not *knowing*, I shall free my self of  *vexation*, without the bearing any grudge to the *man*. As *good Actions*, and ignorance of *ill*, keep a perpetual calm in the *mind*: so questionless, a *secret horror* is begotten by a *secret vice*. From whence we may undoubtedly conclude, That though the *gale of success*, blow never so full and prosperously, yet no man can be truly *happy*, that is not truly *innocent*.

## XVIII.

No man *Honest*, that is not so in his *Relation*.

BESIDES the general and necessary dependence that every *man* must, and ought to have upon *God*; There is no *man* whatsoever, but is even in this world particularly *related* to some *particular* person above the *generality* of other men. He can neither *come* into the world nor *continue* in it, and be an *Independent* man: And by his demeanor, in his strictest *Relations*, he may be guess'd at in the other progress and course of his life. In all the *Relations* that are contingent to men, those are most binding, which *Nature* hath fram'd *nearest* in the several conditions of men. In which, if a man be not *honest* in vain he is expected to be found so in others, that are more *distantly*

extended from him. The highest *tye* of all, (as most concerning the publique good), I take to be between a *born Subject*, and *legitimate Prince* pursuing the good of the Countrey. He is *Pater Patriæ*, and every *subject* is but a little more remotèd *son*. He that is prodigal of his *Subjects lives*, will easily be drawn to be careles of any but his *own*. And indeed, (as *Cyrus* used to say) *No man ought to govern others, but he that is better than those that he governs*; there being a greater obligation upon a *Prince* to be good, than there is upon *other men*: for, though he be *humane* in his Person, as others are; yet, for the publick sake, his Person is *Sacred*, and the *Government* he exercises is *Divine*; so, with greater caution ought to be *administred*, and, in *imitation* of the *Gods*, requires a greater height of *virtue*, so to irradiate his *Throne*, that men might gaze with *Admiration*, and obey with *Reverence*. Near this was the Noble *Spartans* answer, who when one desir'd to learn how a *Prince* might be *safe* without a *guard*, he replyed, *If he ruled his subjects as a Father doth his children*.

The same reciprocal *tye* is in *subjects* towards their *Prince*. And if a man be not *honest* in this his *Relation*, that is, in his *Loyalty*; let no man expect that man to be *honest* in any thing further, than conduceth to his own *particular Interest*: The breach of this, not only out of *Political*, but *Natural Reason*, the *Laws* have made more *capital* than other *crimes*; not only *punishing* the person *offending*, but *attainting* all his *Posterity* with the *confiscation* of all that they were capable of owing in this life. *Rebellion* being as *Parricide* and *witchcraft*. Nor is the *Ignominy* less than the *Crime*. To be a *Traitor*, delivers one to the lowest *scorn* of *men*, as well as to the heaviest *curse* of *Law*. And no State that ever yet I read of, but held such *unworthy of life*, and so not fit for any *conversation* of *men*, as having forfeited in that all which makes one man *companionable* to another. In like manner, he that is a *Parent*, and morose, and froward to his *children*, hardly will be affable to any. Who neglects *Nature*, undoubtedly is an *uncivil man*. He that loves not his *own*, will not probably be drawn to love those who are *nothing* to him: So is it with a *child*. If he once contemn his *Parents*, he exposes himself to be contemn'd by *others*. And to shew how horrid sins of this nature are, the *Levitical Law* made *disobedience* unto *Parents*, *stoning*; the worst of the four *capital* punishments among them: Nor was he to *live*, that had *curst* either *Father*, or *Mother*. Neither can I believe this law was abrogated in the days of *Solomon*, who tells us, *The eye that mocketh his father, or disdains obedience to his mother, the Crows of the valley shall pick it out, or else the young Eagles eat it*: which, in effect, is to say, That he shall come to some *untimely end*, either *hang'd* on some *tree*, or *cast out* without *burial*, for the *fowls* of the *air* to *feed on*. To this inclines the opinion of *St. Jerome*, where he says, *Nec vultu ledenda est pietas Parentum*: We ought not to cast so much as a *discontented look* at the *piety* of a *parent*. He that hath forgot to be a

son,

son, is an *Agrippa* to the world, and is born averse to *Nature*. As *corrupted humors* are the continued dissembler of the body that did breed them; so a *vitious and disobedient son* is the torment of the *Parent* that begot him. It was a good reason the *Philosopher* gave to one, why he should not go to law with his father: Says he; *If you charge him unjustly, all will condemn you: And if your charge be just, you will yet be condemned for blazing it.* 'Tis an unhappy question *Cassianus* asked an undutiful son: *Quem alienum tibi fidum invenies, si tuis hostis fueris? Qui fallere audebit Parentes, qualis erit in ceteros?* What stranger shall he ere find faithful to him, that to his *Parents* is become an *Enemy*? What will he be to *others*, that is to *Parents* false? It is the same in other *Relations*, between *Husband* and *Wife*, between *Master* and *Servants*. *Cato* did not doubt but she would prove a *poysoner*, that had first been guilty of *Adultery*. And indeed, whosoever is not *honest* in his *Relations*, gives the world an *Evidence*, that he can be *false* in the *lesser*, that hath already failed in the *greater*. To be *false* in our *Relations*, is to break our *trust*, in which both *Religion* and *Nature* hath set us. He that is *perfidious* and *untrue* in that, cancels all the *bonds* he after can be *tyed in*. When *Judas* had *betray'd* his *Master*, nor *Friends*, nor *Enemies*, nor his own *Conscience* would *endure* him after. Whereas, he that *behaves* himself well in his *Relations*, gives us hope of his being *sound* in *all things* that we have to do with him *besides*. If we can believe the Excellent *Silius*; we shall find by being *false* in *these*, we not only *lose* our selves with *others*; but we become implunged even in all the *calamities* of *life* in the several *Relations* that we *have*, and *live* in.

——— *Qui frangere rerum*

*Gaudebit pæta, ac tenues spes linquet amici,  
Non illi domus, aut conjux, aut vita, manebit  
Unquam expers luctus, lachrymæque: Aget æquore semper,  
Ac tellure premens; aget ægrum, nocte dieq;  
Dispecta, ac violata fides —.*

——— Who loves to break

*Wife Natures bonds*, and cheat his *friends* poor hope,  
*Contracts turmoil*, and *tears*; that never stop.  
*Nor house*, nor *wife*, nor *life* is *safe*: but he  
*Ore-whelm'd* with *Earth*, ploughs the *unquiet Sea*:  
*A broken Faith* discern'd, is *sickness* ever —.

Certainly, there is no man but some way hath *relation* to others, either by *Religion*, *Policy*, *Nature*, *Alliance*, or *Humanity*; therefore as a *Christian*, a *Friend*, a *Kindred*, a *Superiour*, or a *Man*, to all a man may take occasion to be *honest*. Though I comply not with all their *ways*, yet *Christian Piety*, and natural *Probity* is never to be *parted with*. He that looses, or throws away *these*, descends into a *Beast*, that hath not *Reason* for his *guide*, and is *humane* but in *shape* alone.

## XIX.

*Of the Salvation of the Heathen.*

I Have met with some, that will not by any means allow that a *Heathen* may be saved. I do not know, that they ever read the *Book of Life and Death*, or were admitted to the *counsel* of the *most High*; no more, but by collection arising from *sound Principles*, and the tender sense of *Humane Nature*. Indeed, I know not how to applaud their *Charity*, that will desperately *damn* such a world of men, and the succeeding Generations, of so many *Ages past*, and to *come*. Is it not enough, that we may be admitted to be *Heirs* our selves, but all our other *Brethren* must be *dis-inherited*? Nor can I think, *God* approves their *judgement*, who so strictly undertake to limit his *mercies*, which yet to us appear not only *above*, but *over all* his *works*. None of his *Attributes* being magnified neer so much throughout all the *Scriptures*, as his *Mercy*. And in some measure to *allay* the *severity* of the *Law*; The first two *Tables* that were delivered with *Thunder, Lightning, and Terror*, being *broken* at the *giving* of the *Second*, *God* then was pleased to proclaim *The Lord, the Lord, strong, merciful, and gracious, slow to Anger, long-suffering, &c.* Where, to ballance the *10 precepts* in the *Decalogue*, there are *10 Attributes* relating all to *Favour* and to *Mercy* towards *Man*. The *Mercy-seat* was over all the *Ark*, and that all-shaded with the *Cherubs wings*. And why those *Cherubims* may not type unto us not only the *two Tables* of the *Law* in the *Ark*; but the *two Testaments* of the *Law* and the *Gospel*, and the *two Generations* of the world the *Jews* and the *Gentiles*, either of them mutually respecting each other, and the *Oracles of God* arising from between them; I know no prohibition. Some indeed have given *laps'd Nature* too too high a *priviledge*: Enabling her of her self alone to work out her own *Salvation*, as *Pelagius*, and before him (inclining that way) *Origen*. And if I find him rightly cited, *Zuinglius*, where he tells us that *Numa, Cato, Scipio*, and such like just *Heathen*, without *Faith* in *Christ* were *Naturally saved*, that is, by the virtue of the *Law of Nature* which they did observe. The last (the *Observation* of the *Law*) being intimated by the *Apostle*. Who tells us though they have no written *Law*, yet naturally doing the things of the *Law*, they are a *Law unto themselves*. Others have more modestly interpreted this Text, as *Aquinas*, and several more beside, allowing them yet *Salvation*: though not so much from the natural knowledge they have both of *God* and *good and evil*, as from the *help* they have in their *Souls* from the assistance of *Supernatural Grace*, whereby they are enabled through *Faith* to fulfil the *Law*. *St. Peter* tells us, that in every Nation, *He that feareth God and worketh Righteousness is accepted with him*. 'Tis not *Mans Merit*, but 'tis *Gods Acceptance* that is his security. And surely, if we will not be too critical we may find examples of this truth. It is doubtful whether *Job* were

not of the line of *Eſau*: certain, ſaith *St. Auguſtine*, He was neither *natural Iſraelite*, nor *Proſelyte*, but born and buried in *Idumæa*. And *Bellarmino* aſſures us he was not of the Children of *Iſrael*: but either an *Idumæan*, or an *Arabian*. Both of which were counted Enemies to *Iſrael*. Next may be inſtanc'd *Melchizedeck*, *Jethro* the *Prieſt of Midian*, *Rahab* the *Harlot*, *Naaman* the *Syrian*, and others.

But it will be alleadged from the Fourth of the *Acts*, That *Salvation cannot be had by any other but by Chriſt*. For among men there is given no other *Name under Heaven*, whereby we muſt be ſaved. And without *Faith* in him *Salvation cannot be had*, and *Faith* in him they cannot have, becauſe they never heard of him. I grant all but the laſt, and literally that too. I doubt not but all, to whom the ſound of the *Gospel* hath any way come, are ſtrictly obliged to this: When God hath ſhewed them this *Name*, in vain they ſeek for another. *Nominal Chriſt* is neceſſary to thoſe that have *nominally* heard of him. Yet who can tye up the *Spirit of God*, from *illuminating* this to their ſouls, either in their *life*, or in the very *Farewell of it*? But this is rather *poſſible* than *proving*, Though I hope it will not prove a *Paradox* if I ſhould beg leave to believe that ſome who never heard of *Chriſt*, may yet *dye* and be *ſaved* by having a *Faith* in him. How many of them have dyed *Penitent* for their ſins, for which they have found their *Conſcience* checquing them, and withall wholly reſting themſelves on the *Mercy* of the *Supream God*? What was the *Philoſophers*, *Oens entium miſerere mei*, but this? He would never have *ſled* to mercy, if his *Soul* had not been *conſcious* of ſome *ill*: And if he had not had *Faith* he would never have prayd for it, ſince no man prayes for that whereof he does deſpair the *Graunt*. What were the laſt words almoſt of every *common Malefactor* among them at his end, but a deſiring *God* and *Nature* to forgive him? Beſides the *Grace* and *Favour* of *God*, two things are required of *Man* for the *attaining* of his *Salvation*, *Faith* and *Repentance*. For to both theſe hath *God* engaged himſelf. He that *Repents* ſhall find *Mercy*, and he that *believes* ſhall be *ſaved*. *Repentance* cloſeth the breaches of that *Law* which ſin before did *violate*. When the heat of *Luſt* hath thriveled up the *Conſcience* into *wounds* and *clefts*, (as *Rain* on *Earth* that's chapp'd) *repentant Tears* will fill up all thoſe *Chafms*: *Penitentiaâ aboleri peccata indubitanter credimus*, ſaies *St. Auguſtine*. *Repent* and *believe*, is the *precept* of the *Gospel*. Now I would aſk the queſtion, whether *Chriſt crucified* and *Gods Mercy* be not things *co-incident*? Nay, if it be not the very effect and height of *Gods mercy*: which they ſie to though not in the *literal name* of *Chriſt* yet in ſuch a name as is the ſame, and comprehends the offered *Chriſt* in it, *Mercy*. The *Mercy-seat* was the *Propitiatory*, and *Chriſt* is call'd our *Propitiation*. Our *venerable Bede* giving us the *Anagogical ſenſe*, tells us plainly; *Propitiatorium aureum eſt Humanitas Chriſti glorioſa*. The golden *Mercy-seat* is *Chriſts glorious Humanity*. In the firſt of *St. Luke*, In the *Song* of the *blessed Virgin*, it is ſaid, *God hath helped his*

*Servant*

*Servant* Israel in remembrance of his Mercy. In the Song of *Zacharias*, It is said, *He hath gone on to perform the Mercy promised to our Fore-fathers.* Which *Mercy* in both places, by all Interpreters, is understood of *Christ*, the *Messiah*.

In two several places in *Genesis* it is promised, by God himself, That in *Abrahams seed* (which is meant of *Christ*) all the Nations of the World should be blessed. In a third place, there it is, All the *Families* of the *Earth*. And in the *Acts* it is said, All the *Kinreds* of the *Earth* shall be blessed. But if they must give an account for literal *Christ*, and yet through insuperable Necessity and Ignorance they could never come to know or hear of him; I conceive *Christs* coming would be so far from being a *Blessing* to *them*, as it would prove unto 'em a *Rock* and *Bitterness*. Before the coming of *Christ*, we shall find few of the *Jews*, resting expressly upon the promised *Messias*; but their anchor was *Gods mercy*, and so the very thing which was the *pious Heathens refuge*. The holy Prophet *David* clearly did rely on it, *Psal. 52. I will trust in thy mercy for ever and ever.* But we may come neerer, even to the very *Name*, which we may illustrate by this insuing Instance.

A *King* hath a *Province* in *Rebellion*, whereby his *Subjects* become all guilty of *Treason*, and so in the *justice* of his *Laws* are *dead*. This *Kings Son* intercedes, and satisfies his *Father*. Whereupon he publisheth a *general Pardon*, that for his *Sons sake*, all shall be *restored* that will *come in*, *confess* their *offence*, and *claim* a *Reception* in right of his *Son*. Now some of these *Traytors* hear not of *this*: But out of their *confidence* of their *Princes* known *goodness*, and the *hope* they have of *pardon*, they come *repentantly*, prostrating themselves to his *mercy*. Now whether this *King*, being of a *Noble Nature*, and inclinable to *mercy*, may not, without impeachment to his *Justice*, receive them to *Grace*, by virtue of his *General Pardon* for his *Sons sake*, though they never heard of it; I submit to charitable judgements.

If this may not be, I yet demand, How it can stand with *Gods Justice*, in requiring their *Faith* in that which they never had means to know, *Nominal Christ*? What they could *reach* to, they *fasten* upon. But must we think them fit to be *punisht*, because they lay *hold* on that which they cannot *come at*? Though they cannot plead *merit*, or a personal filial *Mediator*; yet, I see not what hinders, that they may not plead *mercy*. I am sure, *St. Paul* tells us, *That they who do not know the Law, shall not be judged by the Law*: But by that *Law of Nature* in themselves, which is so far *inseminated* in the *hearts* of *all*, as is sufficient to leave *all* without excuse, and convince them *all* as *authors* of their own *destruction*, if they *perish*. And why then, shall we think, they who never heard of the *Gospel*, should be *condemned*, for not having *faith* in the *Gospel*? *Lex non cogit ad impossibile*. But if they must *dye* for *ignorance* of that which they could not *know*, it may be asked, Whether they do not *dye* for a *fault* that is none of their own?



When the *Apostle* in the 1. of *Corinths* and the 6. came to *Fornicators* that were out of the pale of the *Church*, he refused to judge them, as out of his *bounds* and *jurisdiction*: And I conceive it may become a charitable *Christian*, either not to pass a final sentence upon all the *Heathen*; or else to incline to *Charity*, which is the *Law* of the *Gospel*. Why may we not argue of *Faith*, as *St. Paul* does of *Works*: If the *Gentiles* have a *faith* in *Gods* mercy, may not they be saved by that, as *Christians* by their *faith* in *Christ*, which is but *Gods* mercy manifested? And certainly, without this *faith*, it will be true, what the *Father* says of their best works, *They are but shining sins*. But what is it should hinder now, that this *faith* may not justify? As I believe the *Character* and *Impress* of *Gods* Image in them, is their *law* forbidding their *sin*, and injoyning their *duty*; so I also believe, as a *Needle* once touch'd, their *Consciences* will direct them to a *Refuge* in their *Makers* mercy. Therefore I hope, I shall not much err, if I should believe, A *Heathen* which never heard of *Christ*, labouring to keep a clear *conscience*, truly *repentant* for his *offences*, and casting himself with *faith* upon *Gods* mercy, may come to live in *heaven* among the *blessed*.

If any object then, that 'tis no *priviledge* to be a *Christian*, I suppose him much mistaken: For as *St. Paul* answers for the *Jews*, It is a *Chief*, that unto them are committed the *Oracles* of *God*. They are pre-eminenc'd before the rest of the world. Though a *Pagan* possibly may in the dark night of *Nature*, by *Gods* mercy grope out a way to *Heaven*; yet without doubt, he is more *happy* that hath a *light* and a *guide* to direct him thither. The *Illuminations* of the *Gospel*, are enlivening and instructing beyond the *sullied* *Notions* of *Philosophy*. Any man will like his *Title* better, that is declared an *Heir*, than his that is but in a *capability* of *adoption*. Methinks, our *Suns*, and *favour* that we find from *Heaven*, should make us look upon them with *pity* and *love*, rather than with *uncharitable* and *destroying* censures. I see, they live better by the faint gleams of *Nature*, than many *Christians* in the coruscations of the *Gospel*. And why should I think, that they who live better by the *dim glimpses* of their *conscience*, and die, resigning themselves to *God* and his *mercy*, whom they have *spelled out*, and *found* in the *Book* of the *Creatures*, and the *Book* of their *Conscience*; should yet be cast away in *Eternal* perdition? Certainly, looking on their *actions*, without hearing either party speak, one would take the poor *Indians* to be better *Christians* than the *Spaniards*, that destroyed them. However, none can deny, but *God* by his *secret* grace may both attract, and accept them. And I cannot, but have a more honourable apprehension of my *Omnipotent* and ever *Gracious* *God*, than to believe, that so pure, so munificent, and so absolutely perfect an *Essence*, should delight it self to see so many millions of millions of men lie *frying* in *Eternal* Torments, that yet were his own most noble and admired *workmanship*, and whose frailties he both *knew* and *pitied*. And this to befall them through a *pristine* (and in them unavoidable) *corruption*; out of which they

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did not *escape*, (for ought we know), only because they did not *know* the way. What pleasure can any good man take, to see but poor simple *Beasts* continue sweating in perpetual pain? What good can I reap, by seeing the languishing *torture* of another? Those that are pleas'd with spectacles of *cruelty*, we naturally abhor as *savage* in their *natures*. If *Caligula* and *Nero*, were both justly condemn'd of *cruelty*; the one for bidding the Executioner so *strike*, as Delinquents might *die leisurely*; and the other for but *looking on*, while his *Mother* was *dissected*, though *dead*; What disposition can those men have, who can so jollily give up *worlds* to keener and more lasting *punishments* than all their dire imaginations can devise? Is it suitable to a *Father of mercies*, and of his *creature*? or, Who will longer *laugh* at these poor *Heathen*; who made their *Saturn* full of *children*, and then to *devour* them as soon as they were *born*? If I do err, in this inclination to a *charity*, I had rather it should be on this hand, than trenching but the least on *cruelty*; and whatsoever it is, I shall ever submit to the *moderate*, and the *wise*.

X X.

Whence a Mans Fame arises.

Sometimes there is not a greater *cheat*, than *Fame* and *Reputation*. The *Hypocrite*, till he be discovered, appears garnished with all the plumes that *brave Report* does usually *fly* withal: but once *detected*, is as black and spotted, as the *Panthers skin*, or the outside of the *Dragons belly*. Indeed, 'tis hard for any to escape the *lash* of *cenfure*: But the *Emanations* of a true and perfect *report*, for the most part rise from a mans *private conversation*. Few *converse* so much with persons *abroad*, as to shew their humors and inclinations in *Publique*. To their *Superiours*, they put on *Obsequiousness*, and *Pageant-out* their *Virtues*, but strongly they *conceal* their *Vices*. To their *Equals*, they strive to shew the *gratefulness* of a *condition*. To their *Inferiours*, *courtesie* and *beneficence*. To all there is a *disguise*. Men in this, like *Ladies* that are careful of their *beauty*, admit not to be *visited*, till they be *dress'd* and *trim'd* to the advantage of their *faces*. Only in a mans *retirement*, and among his *domeflicks*, he opens himself with more *freedom*, and with less *care*; he walks there as *Nature* fram'd him: He there may be seen not as he *seems*, but as he *is*; without either the deceiving Properties of *Art*, or the varnish of belyed *Virtue*: So, as indeed, no man is able to pass a true *judgment* upon another, but he that *familiarly* and *inwardly knows* him, and has *viewed* him by the *light of time*. When *Tiberius* had a *Noble Fame* among strangers, he that read him *Rhetorick*, stuck not to pronounce him *Luto & Sanguine maceratum*.

Neither can a constant *good report* follow any man, but by a constant

stant adherence to virtue, and virtuous actions. 'Tis much harder to read the actions, and to know rightly Great persons, than 'tis men of Inferiour condition: For, though they be extravagant, yet their greatness is some kind of axe to the loose and scattered reports that fly about from mean mens tongues. And their attendants not only palliate their vices as improper for them to divulge: but withal, they magnifie their good parts, and represent them fuller to the world than they are; That often-times those pass in the common, for persons rarely qualified; who, being strictly viewed, are but flourish and deceiving out-side. And besides this, many a man while he hath a curb upon him, keeps himself in modest bounds, from which once freed, he lavishes, into excess and gross enormities; like hot metall'd Horses, that may ride well with a wary hand upon them; but when the reins are loosened, they sting and grow unruly. 'Tis liberty and experience that truly shews a man what he is. Suetonius observes it of Tiberius, that when he had gotten to Caprea, where he lurked, remov'd from the eyes of the people, he at once poured forth himself in all those horrid vices, which before for a long time with much ado he had dissembled. And though Politicians seek to shadow themselves, by appearing the least of what they are; yet, they come at last to be unmasked, and declare themselves to the world: like Hedge-hogs, they rowl up themselves before strangers; but in private are so dilated, as they may easily be known to be but vermine; so that, in the end, private sins are rewarded with a publick shame: and then the supposed honest man is, hated as a grown monster, discovered by the blab of time. Vice is a concealed fire, that even in darkness will so work, as to bewray it self. And doubtless, something it is, according to those among whom a man lives. Even a good man among ill neighbours, shall be ill reported of; and a bad man, by some, may be beloved. Some Vices are falsely lookt upon as Ornament, and Education: and a modest Innocence, is as much mistaken for silliness and ignorance. To be good, is thought too neer a way to contempt. That which the Antients admired, we both slight and laugh at. A good honest man, is but a better word for a fool: so that no man, can promise himself free from the whip of a licentious tongue. Slanders and calumnies like contagious airs are Epidemical in their Infection: only the soundest constitutions are less thereby tainted than the other; but all shall be sure to find a touch. I like not those that disdain what the world sayes of them. I shall suspect that womans modesty, that values not to be accounted modest. While I am innocent, injurious rumors shall the less torment me. But as he that is careful of his health will not only avoid infected places, but antidote himself by preventing Physick; and will not be abstemious only at a Feast, but in his private diet; So he that would be well esteemed must not only eschew ill company, but must fortifie himself with Precepts and Resolution to preserve himself, and not only in the throng, and abroad, but in his retired dressing-room; for since a mans good or bad fame, does first take rise from such as be about him, and servants being neither

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always *ours*, nor ever *discreet*; It behoves him that *loves* his own *reputation*. to give them no *cause* of reporting what shall *cross* it. He that is careless of his *fame*, I doubt is not fond of his *Integrity*. The first ground to be layd is a mans *Honest endeavours*, and that as well in the *Chamber* as in the *Court*: and then 'tis likely a *Good Fame* follows. If I do *my part*, I shall be the less troubled, if the world shall not do *his* in *allowing* me what I *labour* for,

## XXI.

*That 'tis some difficulty to be Rich and Good.*

**G**race and Riches like the Matchings of *Cosen-Germans*, though they be not forbidden, yet they seldom marry together. 'Tis rare to see a *Rich* man *Religious*. For *Religion* preaches *Restraint*, and *Riches* prompt to *Liberty*. If our saviour himself had not given an exposition of his own hard Text of the *Camel* and the *eye* of a *Needle*, by casting it upon such as place their trust upon riches; Certainly no *Rich man* could be thought to be saved, but God must be put to work a miracle for it. When *wealth* abounds, men seldom come by suffering to be sober. They buy out their penance, and slip over those *Considerations* that should make them *serious*. The Education of *Rich* men teaches to command, so they never come to be acquainted with that which is better than a *sacrifice*, *Obedience*. Buoy'd up by the *Corks* of *wealth* and *Greatness*, they are seldom let down into the depths where the greatest fishes like grown *Resolutions* are to be found. They are so humor'd by *Attendants*, and so elated by the *Bowings* of all about them, and withal so swallowed up with pleasure, that they often miss of knowing rightly either themselves or others. And by the Pravity of mans *weak Nature*, it so sets them on the solaces of this Life, that they seldom have time to think of another or better. The *worm* of this *fair fruit* is *Pride*, and it sooner takes the *goodly* than the *lean*. Old *Jacob* begg'd but only *Food* and *Rayment*: and *Agur* prays directly against a *Plenty*: and though *Solomon* was so wise as not to aske it; yet we see, when he had it, well nigh it had *eaten out* all his *wisdom*. Certainly, *Riches* be not evil in themselves: yet for the most part there is a *Casual illness* that attends them. And if our blessed Saviour had not seen something in them more than we apprehend, he would never have declar'd it so much difficulty for a man at once to be both *good* and *opulent*: neither would he have advis'd the young man to sell what he had, or commanded his Disciples to leave all and follow him; nor would he have so exempl'd *poverty* to us in his own *meanness*, if he had not known our *human frailty* too apt to be drawn away by *abundance*. Besides the danger of their *flattering* us to a *Reliance* upon them, they hinder us from the *sense* of *Charity*, not feeling the *wants* that others

others *live* in, we cannot be sensible of their *endurances*: so we are not begotten into commiseration. How strict and vigilant have I known some upon a poor mans *Labour*, who hath toy'd all the day from six to six, for sixpence? who, if it were not for the pleasure of *night* and *darkness*, which gives him some slender *Refreshment*, he might certainly be concluded in a worse *condition* than the *Savage Beasts of the Desert*. Nature hath priviledg'd them against the want of *Apparel*; and though they be put sometimes to *hunt* for their *Food*, yet providence hath made that a pleasure to them, so far, that they are rather to be envied than pitied. But the daily *Labouring Man* sells both his *strength*, his *time*, and his *ease*, for that alone which will not satiablely content his *craving Belly*. Not apprehending the *hardship* of others, by reason of the *Beckonings* and *Illigations* of *pleasure*, and the divertive crowd of other occasions, *Rich men* have not leisure to stay upon these, to *consider* and *weigh* their *Condition*: so, that *Charity* which they have, is rather *self-love* than *Charity*: which doubtless is not rightly call'd so, when God is not the *scope*, and others more their *object*, than themselves. And it is as undoubtedly true, that without the *wings* of *Charity*, it will be very hard to *mount* to the *Region* of *Happiness*. *Riches* besides; are often as thorns to *choak* the fruits of *Piety*. They are a kind of *Rank Earth*, which so fast puts out weeds, that any fine seed of *virtue* becomes *sifted* and *robbed* ere it can get *Root*. Yet *Industry* and perpetual *Attention* might perhaps prevent some of these *Inconveniences*. But there is one thing in *wealth* which *fascinates* beyond all these: 'Tis apt to seduce a man into a *false* opinion of *wisdom* in himself. And it may be it was from hence, That when *Simonides* was asked, Which was best for a man, *wealth* or *wisdom*? He made some doubt how he should resolve the *Business*. The *Reason* was, he said, He had often observed wise men to wait and attend at *Rich mens Houses*. And how easie is it for a Man to think himself *wise*, when he shall find he hath a *wise man* as his Servant *humoring* him? Nor is he only charmed to these erroneous ways of *Pleasure*, and stroaked along by the *Courtship* of those that stoop low to creep under his *shade*, and gather of his *fallings*: But if he be in a way of miscarriage, his *wealth* keeps him not only from being *reclaim'd*, but from knowing wherein he *fails*. Men are often wary how they *hazard* their interest by *Reprehension*. A *poor man* like *clay* (being so'ned by his *Low situation*, and the *samminess* of *want* that lights upon him) is apt to be easily *moulded* into any *Form*: But the *Rich*, thined upon by the *sun* of *prosperity*, set on the promoted *Hill*, and in the glaring *light* of *Grratness*, are hardened into a *Brittleness* scarce admitting any shape but that by chance you find them in: Like *Venice-glasses* any hot liquor of *Admonition* makes them crack and fly in pieces presently. And indeed it is no small *unhappiness* to be set in such a *station* as will not admit a friend to be free with him. He is *open* to *slutery*, but *sec'd* against *admonition*. He that by the Engine of a *massy wealth* is craned up

above the Rebuke of friends, had need of a *Noble nature* and a virtue strongly corded, else he shall quickly slide to the lowest scale of *Vice*. Certainly, there is none so *wise* as that he never errs: But he is well onward in the way to be wise, that can bear a *Reproof*, and mend by it. I doubt not but there are that be *wealthy* and *wise*, that are *Rich* and *Religious*; and as they are extraordinarily *happy* in themselves, that can escape the trains that their *Affluency* lays for them, and make use of those brave *Suppeditaments*, that a great Estate allows them to do good *withal*: So they ought to be magnified by all that are Spectators of so *Noble a Conjunction*. As a *Rich Tyrant* is the worst of all *wild Beasts*; so a *Rich Christian* is one of *Christs wonders*. *Nihil honestius magnificentiusque, quam pecunias (contemnere, si non habeas) si habeas, ad Beneficentiam, Libertatemque conferre. Senec.* If we have no wealth, 'tis *honest* and *Princely* not to be fond on't: But far more *Heroick* (if we have it) to sow it into *Charity* and *Beneficence*. Like fire in a *Chimney*, a *Rich man* good is *Regular*, *Bright*, and *Refreshing* to all that come within the *distance* of his beams. He lights the blindly dark, and *gildes* the *room* he shines in. And whosoever comes into it, like it: It will draw their *eyes* upon him, as if there were some *Divinity* in him, that invited all to pay a kind of *Adoration* to him, for the *Bounty* and the *Benefits* that *Fate* has made him *steward* of.

## XVI.

*Against being proud by being Commended.*

**T**HERE is such a kind of grateful *Tickling* to the *mind* of man in being commended, That though we many times know those praises that are given us are not *due*, yet we are not *Angry* at the *abusing Author*. Though surely he that is commended for what he doth not deserve, ought in *justice* to *rectifie* the *Auditory*, else he grows *accessary* to a cheat upon the *Hearers*, by a combination of an *untruth*; so leads them into an *Error*. It was, I confesse, *ingenuous* in *Pope John* the 20th, what his successor *Aeneas Sylvius* tells us of him: when one had *praised* him much more than he knew he *deserved*, he turns to the *Company* and tells them. Though the Man hath *faci*ered many *brave things* upon me whereof I am not *guilty*, yet I do confesse I no way am displeas'd that he hath *pleas'd* to *praise* me. Perhaps he might pardon him the sooner if he believed he told of what he ought to do, though yet he had not done it. So apprehended Praises may as easily be *dispens'd* withal, as handsomely made use of. They are but *admonitions*, *ribbanded* and *trick't* to a more *pleasing shape*, which perhaps, without such spots and pendants, would never win upon a *fantastique Brain*. In *Noble minds* 'tis certainly a *spurr*, if not reward, to *Virtue*. The *generous Spartans* before they went to *warr*, they us'd to offer *Victims* to the *Muses*; That what they acted

*Valiantly*

Valiantly, might be *elegantly* and *truly* recorded. He that despises to be well reported of, wants of that living fire in his *Soul*, which does type out (and runs into) *Eternity*. And he on the other side that shews himself *elated* by it, gives proof he is but some light stuff; that, as a *Bubble* by a *Boy*, can be blown from his shell, till the very air alone can blurr him again into *spittle*. Praise hath several *operations* according to the *mind* it meets with. It makes a *Wise* man *modest*, but a *Fool* more *arrogant*. It extends him to such a height, that it turns his *weak brain* giddy till he falls; some have plac'd it in the rank with *contempt*, and have therefore warned, That to a Mans face, we should neither *praise* too *lavishly*, nor yet *Reprove* too *sharply*. Indeed to a spirit rightly *generous*, a *Face-commendation* will sooner beget a *blushing flight*, than the *Rebuke* that boldly and openly flies upon him. Hence therefore, 'tis only allowable at *Funerals* for men to be *hyperbolical* in praising. Any thing may then be offered when blows cannot be felt: otherwise a *Riotous tongue* will sever *modest blood*. Since least of all he values *praise*, that most of all deserves it. He that is an intimate *Servant* to that *glorious Virtue*, will be content in silence to enjoy her *Graces* without those *hollow Echoes* of the *Tongue*. I like not praising when 'tis too *loud*. A little is as shadowings to a well-limb'd piece; it sets it off better: but when it is too *deep*, it duls the *native life*, and unpleasants the *air* it carries. But for a man to grow *proud* by being *commended*, is of all uses the worst we can make of it. Every good thing a good man speaks of another, like the *blast* of a *Trumpet* in *war*, should *incite* and *incourage* the person commended to a closer *pursuit* of a *Nobler* and more *generous Virtue*. But to be proud of *Trappings* calls a Mans *Humanity* in question. Though he be a *Bucephalus*, it shews him but a *Beast*: and any one may judge how like the *Ass* it was, first to mistake the *Reverence* to be his, that was done to the *Goddeffs*; next that he could be proud of it, if he had been so. To contemn a *just commendation*, is to kick at *kindness*: To be proud on't is to take in so much, until it does *intoxicate*. Though another mans praise cannot in my self make me better than I am; yet (with my help) it may make me much worse. The best is to *labour* an *improvement*. If any one speaks well, I would be glad, I could *Act* better. I shall like it better, if my *deeds* may go beyond his *Tongue*. I had rather in this case men should *see more* than they do *expect*, than *look* for more than they can *find*.

## XXIII.

## Of Secrefie.

**T**He *Hooting Fowler* seldom takes much game. When a man hath the project of a course in his *mind* digested and fixt by *Consideration*, 'tis good *wisdom* to resolve of *Secrefie*, till the time our *Designs* arrive at their *Dispatch* and *Perfection*: He shall be allowed to have enough of the *unadvised*, that brags much either of what he will do: Or, of what he shall have. For, if what he speaks of, falls not out accordingly; In stead of *applause*, a *mock* and *scorne* shall strike him. They seldom *thrive* in *business* that cannot but proclaim their *Intentions*. They speak themselves to be *way-layd*; and if they have ought worth the taking, they are *setters* to their own *Robbery*. Even water will forbear to rise where the *Pipe*, through which it is to pass, hath a *flaw* in't. The projects of men are a kind of *Chymistry*: Keeping them close, they may *prosper*. But the glass once crack't, and *air* admitted in, the product then will *vanish* out in *Fame*. When *Quintus Metellus* could not compass his *Conquests* in *Spain*, he seems to neglect the *principal City*, and with a *Rowling Army* flies to other parts. And when in regard of so wild a War his Friend did ask him, what thereby he *intended*? His answer was, *If his shirt knew his mind, he would have commanded it to be burn'd*, immediately. We see that which carries on, even evil actions to their *prosperity*, and is indeed, the main of their success, and without which, they would certainly come to *nothing*, is their *secrecy*, and *Clandestine* creeping along. 'Tis the invisibility of *Spirits* that performs their *Witch-craft*. And it was in the *dark* and *night*, that the envious sow'd his Tares. And if *Secrecy* can so promote those *Designs* that are to be *abhorr'd*, why is it not as well *advantageous* to what we intend for *good*? Nature for her own *Preservation* has taught wild Beasts to dwell in *holes* and *dens*. The *Fishes* bed in mud. And *Birds* build not in open fields, but in the shaded woods, and solitary Thickets. How many have undone themselves by their *openness*? He strumpets all his *Business*, that does *disclose* his *secrets*.

*Candaules* lost both *Kingdom*, *Life*, and *Wife*, by only shewing of her *Beauty Naked*. Nor was that *fabled Ring* of *Gyges* more, than his *great wisdom* guiding his *Affairs*: whereby he knew what other *Princes* did; but so *reserv'd himself*, that he to them remain'd still undiscovered. *Stratagems* are like *Mistresses*, they are *deslow'd* when known: and then they seldom live to be *married* by being *effected*. By divulging, we seem to *tempt* others to prevent us. He that before lay still, and did not mind it, when he sees another running for a *prize*, will post away to *out-speed* him. And indeed, he is not like to *speed well*, that cannot keep his own *counsel*. The *Philosophers* check will justly fall upon him; That 'tis pitty, of those he learned to *speake*,  
he



he was not as well instructed to be *silent*. 'Tis a miserable *flux*, when a man hath a *flood* of words, and but a *drop* of soul. To such people usually, all the *physick* they can take to stop it, operates the wrong way. That *mind* which cannot keep its own determinations *private*, is not to be *trusted* either with his own, or others *business*. He lets in so much *light*, as will not suffer his *designs* to *sleep*; so they come to be *disturbed*, while they should gather strength, by *repose*. If the *business* be of what is yet to *come*, 'tis vanity to *boast* of it; 'tis all one with the Almanack, to *roze* at what weather will happen. We *boast* of that, which not being in our *power*, is none of our own. The *Bird* that *flies*, I may as well call *mine*. He digs in *sand*, and lays his *beams* in *water*, that builds upon *events*, which no man can be *Master of*; What can he shew but his own *Intemperance*? bewraying even a kind of *greediness*, while he *catches* at that which is not yet in his *reach*; which seems to unfold but an *uncompacted mind*, that is not so wise as to *subsist well* with what it hath in *present*. Such men, if we come to *dissect* them, we shall find like *Chameleons*, that have not the *solid entrails* of other *creatures*, but are fill'd with only *lungs*. And then, if after our *boasting*, we come to be *disappointed*, the *defeat* is made more *visible*; and we turn'd out, to *herd* with those that must be *laughed at*. Nor yet can I offer ought to the world after this, but it will come forth upon some *disadvantage*. If I *boast* of any thing, I teach others to *expect*, and then they look for *Swans*, or *Quails*, though it be in a *wilderness*; where, admit it be *fair*, it shall not be thought so: because their *hopes* are possess'd with *Rarity*. *Secresie* is a most necessary part, not only of *Policie*, but *Prudence*. Things *untold*, are as things *undone*. If they succeed *well*, they are *gratefuller* for being *sodain*: if *ill*, they may be *dispenc'd* with, as for ought any knows, they being no other than *casual*; so not at all in *intention*. I observe the *Fig-tree*, whose *fruit* is *pleasant*, does not *blossom* at all; whereas the *Sallow* that hath glorious *palms*, is continually found *barren*. I would first be so *wise*, as to be my own *Counsellor*; next so *secret*, as to be my own *counsel-keeper*.

## XXIV.

*A Christian's threefold Condition.*

Who is't can be so *sanguine*, as to be always *constant* in a full-blown *jollity*? 'Tis the glorious *sun* alone, that in himself is ever *bodied*, full of *light* and *brightness*. But as in the *Moon* we see a *threefold condition*, that gives her an *alternate face*; her *wane*, her *increase*, her *full*: So I see the same resembled in a *Christian*, three efficient causes working them; *Sin*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. When after *sin*, a *Christian* once considers, he finds a *shadow* drawn upon his *light*. The

Steps of *night* stay printed in his *soul*: his *shine* grows *lean* within him, and makes him like the *Moon* in her declining *wane*, obscuring and diminishing that *clearness* of the *spirit* which lately *shined* with such *brightness* in him. It dims the *beauty* of the *luminous soul*: like the *sensible plant*, when the *hand* of *flesh* does *touch* it, she shrinks in all her *leaves*: or else she, like the *humble one*, falls *flat*, and lankly *lies* upon the earth. Nay, sometimes (as the *Moon* in our lost *sight* of her) he seems *quite gone*, and *vanisht*: resting for a time like a *diseased man* in a *trance*; as a *winter-tree*, or *fire* that's buried in *concealing embers*; without or *sense*, or *show*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts *water* in his face, *bedems* him with *tears*, packs the *spirits* back again to the *heart*, till that he rows'd up by them; rubs up his benum'd *soul*, that there is to be seen some *tokens* both of *life* and *recovery*. *Repentance* is the *key*, that *unlocks* the *gate* wherein *sin* does keep man *prisoner*. Who is't can be so *black* and *dead* a *coal*, that this *Lacrymal water*, with the *breath* of the *Holy Spirit* cannot *blow* up into a *glowing light*? This makes him *spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* again; unwraps his wrapt-up *beauty*, and by little and little, if not at once, *recollects* his decayed strength of the *apprehension* of *Gods Spirit*; so sets him in the way to *joy* and renewed *courtes*. *Repentance* is *Penelope's night*, which undoes that which the *day* of *sin* did *weave*. 'Tis indeed the only *Aqua-vitæ* to fetch again the *fainting soul*: And it might justly therefore cause the Emperor *Theodosius* to wonder at the effect. That *living man* should *die*, he saw was ordinary and familiar: But it was from *God* alone, That man being *dead* in *sin*, should *live* again by *Repentance*.

But lastly, *Faith* appears, and perfects what *Repentance* begun and could not *finish*: she cheers up his *drooping hopes*, brings him again to his wonted *solace*, spreads out his *leaves*, enivours his *shrunk nerves*, and to a bright *flame* blows his *dying fire*: That like the *Moon* in her full glory, he becomes indued with a plenteous *fruition* of the *presence* of the *Almighty*. Thus, while he *sins*, he *wanes* himself to *darkness* and *obscurity*. When he *repents*, he begins to recover *light*; and when his *faith* shines *clear*, he then *appears* at *full*; yet in all these, while he *lives* here, he is not only *charged* with some *spots*, but is subject to the *vicissitudes* of *change*: Sometimes he is froliqu'd with a *feast* within him: Sometimes he is shrinking in a *starved condition*, and sometimes dull with *darkness* of *desertion*; yet, in all, he *lives*: though in some *weakly*, and in some *insensibly*; yet, never without one sound *consolation* in the worst of these sad *variations*. As the Planet *Mercury*, though *erratique* and *unfix'd*, yet never wanders far from the *Sun*: Or, as the *Moon*, when she is *least visible*, is as well a *Moon* as when we see her in her *full proportion*: Only the *Sun* looks not on her with so large an *aspect*; and she reflects no more than she receives from him: so a *Christian* in his lowest *ebb* of *sorrow*, is an *Heir* of *Salvation*, as well as when he is in the *highest flow* of *comfort*; only the *Sun* of *Righteousness* darts not the beams of his *love* so plentifully: and

and he throws no more, than *God* by *shining* gives him. When the *Holy Spirit* holds in his *beams*, frail *man* then needs must *languish*. 'Tis *deprivation* that creates a *Hell*; for where *God* is not, there 'tis that *Hell* is. When ere this *tyde* runs out, there's nought but *mud* and *weeds* that's left *behind*. When *God* shall hide his *face*, in vain elsewhere we seek for a *subsistence*. He is the *air*, without which is no *life*. His *with-drawings* are our *miserics*; his *presence* is *joy*, and *revivement*. 'Tis only *sin* that can *eclipse* this *light*. 'Tis the *interposure* of this gross opacous *body*, that *blacks* the else *bright soul*: This is that *Great Alexander*, which keeps the *light* from this *poor Diogenes* in his *Tub of Mortality*: And this, sometimes, must be expected, while we are here *below*. Even *time* consists of *night* and *day*; the *year*, of *various seasons*. He that expects a *constancy* here, does look for that which this world cannot *give*. 'Tis only *above* the *Sun*, that there is no *Moon* to *change*.

## XXV.

## For Ordering of Expences.

IT is very hard for an open and easie *nature* to keep within the *compass* of his *fortune*; either *shame* to be observ'd *behind* others, or else a vain glorious *itching* to *out-do* them, *leaks* away all, till the *vessel* be *empty* or *low*; so that nothing involves a man to more *unhappines* than an heedless *letting* go in an *imprudence* of *mispending*. It alters quite the *frame* and *temper* of the *mind*. When *want* comes, he that was *profuse*, does easily grow *rapacious*. It is extreme unhappines to be thus compos'd of *Extremes*. To be impatient both of *plenty* and *want*. 'Tis a kind of *Monster-vice*, wherein *covetousness* and *prodigality*, mingled, dwell together, and one of them is always gnawing. It puts a man upon the *stretch*, and will not suffer him to lie at *ease*. Like the *Estridge*, he feeds on *Iron*, and puts it out in *fethers*. He runs any hazard to *get*, and when he hath it, he *flaunts* it away in *curls* and *airy vanities*. On the other side, a *sordid parsimony*, lays a man open to *contempt*. Who will *care* for him, that *cares* for no body but himself? Or, who will expect any thing of *favour* or *friendship* from him, that makes it his matter-piece to *scrape* from all that fall within his *gripe*, or *reach*? The *enforcing* of the forged *Testament* of *Minutius*, lost *Crassus* and *Hortensius* more honour with *posterity*, than all their *wealth* and *authority* could repurchase. Nor is he less a *scorn* to *others*, than a *punishment* to *himself*. He pulls from *others*, as if he would make all his *own*; and when he hath it, he keeps it, as if it were *another mans*. In *expences*, I would be neither *pinching*, nor *prodigal*: yet, if my *means* allow it not, rather thought too *sparing*, than a little *profuse*. *Saving* inclines to *judgment*; but *lavish expences*, to *levity* and *inconsiderateness*. With the *wife*, 'tis no

disgrace to make a mans *ability* his *compass* of *sail*, and line to *walk* by : and to *exceed* it, for them that are not *wise* ; is to be sure to *exceed* them, as well in *folly* as *expence*. He is equally ridiculous, that will *burn out* his *Taper* while the *Sun* doth *shine* ; and he that will go to *bed* in the *dark*. to save his *expence* of *light*. It is my part to know what I *may do* ; while others only look at the *stream*, but are not concern'd how the *Fountain* may *supply* it. Though they look to what I *spend* as grateful to *them* ; yet, I ought to *care* for what may be *convenient* for *me*. He that *spends* to his *proportion*, is as brave as a *Prince* ; and a *Prince* exceeding *that*, is a *Prodigal* : There is no *Gallantry* beyond what's *fit* and *decent*. A *comely beauty* is better than a *painted one*. unseemly *bounty*, is waste both of *wealth* and *wit*. He, that when he should *not*, *spends too much*, shall when he would *not*, have *too little* to *spend*. It was a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why he asked but a *half-peny* of the *Thriftyman*, and a *pound* of the *Prodigal*. The first, he said, might *give* him *often* ; but, the other, ere long, would have *nothing* to *give*. To *spare* in weighty causes, is the worst and most unhappy part of *thrift* that can be : *Liberality*, like a warm *stew*, *molliſes* the *hardest Earth*, and prepares it for *fertility* : But he that is *penurious*, turns his *Friends* into *Enemies*, and *hardens* that which himself desires to find *pliant*. Who can expect to *reap*, that never *sow'd* his *seed* ; or in a *drought*, who will not look to have his *harvest poor* ? Doubtless, there is not any worse *husbandry*, than the being too *neer*, and *fordidly miserable* ; and there is no man but at the long-run *loses* by't. When the *bush* is known to be *lim'd*, they are simple *Birds* that will be drawn to *perch* on't. Nor on the other side, can we find, that to *spend vainly*, even in a *plentiful fortune*, hath any *Warrant* from either *Prudence* or *Religion*. 'Tis a kind of scandal to the wife, to see a *Riotous waste*, made of *wealth*, that might be employed to many more *precious uses*. If we have a *superfluity*, the poor have an *Interest* in it : but surely none is due to either *waste*, or *wantonness*. Wealth foolishly *consum'd* is wine upon the *pavement dash'd* ; which was by *Providence* destin'd to have *cheer'd* the *heart*. If the thing had been *condemnable*, or his intention *warrantable* ; it was not phras'd *unwis*, when *Judas* grumbled at the *Ointments expence* ; *Ad quid perditio hec* ? Certainly, here is better *use* to be made of our *Talents*, than to *cast* them away in *wast*. If God gave us them not, to lie *idly* by us, we cannot think he should be pleas'd, when either *loosly* we consume them, or *lewdly* we mispend them. 'Tis the improving, not the waste or hoarding, that the *Master* does commend ; and this should be with *moderation* : else the *gloss* and *grace* of all is dull.

Nullus Argento Color est, acervis  
Abdite terris inimice lammæ,  
Crispe Salusti, nisi temperato  
Splendest usu.

Dear *Salust*, thou that scorn'st the *Oar*,  
 With *Earth* from *Misers* cover'd or'e,  
 'Tis neither silver nor looks spruce  
 But's bright, by sober use.

CENT. II.

## XXVI.

## Of a Christians settledness in his Saviour.

**D**oubtless there are some whose Faith mounts them above all the pleasures and inconveniences of Life. We see a carnal *Beauty* can so take up all the faculties of some *weak Souls*, as they can despise all storms that cross them in their way to their *designed end*. They ride *triumphing* over all they *meet*, nothing can *weigh* against their fix'd affection, like springs that burst out in *remoter places*, their windings tend but to pour them into the *Sea*.

And if this be so great and prevalent as to mate and master all the other passions of Man; certainly it may be allowed a *Christian* to be wholly possess'd with the radiance of *Divine Beatitude*, being by *Faith* settled upon the perfections of his *Heavenly Saviour*. The beauty rightly considered is far more ravishing than all that we can apprehend besides; And the *blessedness* that he is *Robed* with, cannot but be far more consentaneous to the soul than all the *sick and smitten* pleasures of *Mortality*. Let him circuit about with never so many ambiguous turnings; yet like a *dis-united Element*, he is never at a quiet repose, till he makes up to the *Center* of his soul, his *God*. As the *Needle* in a *Dial* disturb'd and shaken from his point does never leave his *quivering motion*, till it fix and sleeps upon his *Artick pole*: So fares it with a *Christian* in this *World*: nothing can so *charm* or *scatter* him, but still the last *result* of all does *Anchor* him in his *Saviours Arms*. All that put him out of the quest of *Heaven* are but *Interposures*, *diversions*, and *disturbances*. The Soul that once is truly touch'd with the magnetique force of *Divine Love*, can never relish any thing here so pleasingly, as that entirely she can rest upon it. Though the *Pleasures*, *Profits*, and *Honors* of this *Life* may sometime *shuttle* him out of his *usual course*: Yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs *to and fro*; like *quick-silver*, and is never quiet within, till he returns to his *wonted Joy* and *inward happiness*. There it is his *Center* points, and there his *Circle's* bounded. Which though unseen and unperceived by others, are such to him as nothing can buy from him. Compared with these, the gaudiest glitterings of the *gaming world* are but as *painted scenes* upon a *stage* that change with every *Act*, and ne're last longer with us than while the *Play* of this *swift life* continues: To the *Pious Man*, they are but as *may-games* to a *Prince*: sifter for *Children* than the *Royalty* of a *Crown*, or the *expectation* of him that looks to *Inherit perpetuity*. And for this (if by the solid *Rule* of

*Judgment*

Judgment we shall measure things) we shall find *Reason*, not to be contradicted. For in God, as in the Root, are the Causes of all *Felicity*. All the oriental lustres of the *richest gems*; All the *enchanting Beauties* of *Exterior Shapes*; the exquisiteness of figures; the loveliness of colours, the *harmony of sounds*, the *light and Clarity* of the *enlivening Sun*; The *Ravishing form and order* of all. All the *heroick virtues* of the *bravest minds*, with the purity and quickness of the highest *Intellects*, are all but *emanations* from the *Supream Deity*. The ways the wise *Philosopher* had to find out God will plainly shew us, that he is all *Perfection, Causation, Negation*, and the way of *Eminency*. For the first: it leads us through the *scale of motions* by steps, till we ascend to a *Deity*; In the last *mover*, we must *period* all our search. For the second it tells us, Whatsoever is *frail, corruptive, impure, or impotent*; we may conclude, it cannot be in him. And for the third: if we find any thing in the *Creature* that is but *faintly amiable* and taking, we may be sure in God to find it in *immense perfection*. *Absolom's Beauty, Jonathan's Love, David's Valour, Solomon's Wisdom, Ulysses his Policy, Augustus his Prudence, Caesar's Fortune, Cicero's Eloquence*, with whatsoever else we most admire. The *Purity of Virgins*, the *Fragrancy of Nature*, the *intelligence* of all, with all the *Complacency* that either *Reason* or our senses can present us with. Neer this comes the *Eloquent Boetius* when speaking of God, he says:

*Tu Requies tranquilla piis: Te cernere, Finis,  
Principium, Vektor, Dux, Semita, Terminus idem.  
Thou art the just mans Peace: Beginning, End,  
Means, Conduct, Way, do all to Thee extend.*

And when all these *Inherent Radiations* shall by the Soul be found in the *Almighty*; It is no wonder that she should be *surprized with Delectation*. And it is as little wonder that the brittle, weak, and short-liv'd pleasures of this world should at all once take her; who, as *Fire* flies upwards, is naturally *fram'd* to ascend to a *Beatitude* in her own great *Creator*. He that is settled and well-pleas'd here, gives cause to *suspect* he does not look up higher. It should not more greive me to live in a continued sorrow, than it shall *joy* me to find a *secret dissatisfaction* in the world's *choicest solaces*. A full delight in *earthly things* argues a neglect of *Heavenly*. For trusting here, there will be cause to distrust my self of too much trusting where is no *stability*.

## XXVII.

## Of Reading Authors.

**T**He Comparison was very apt in the *excellent Plutarch*, That we ought to regard Books as we would do *Sweet-meats*; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomeness

ness: not forbidding either, but approving the latter most. But to speak clearly, though the *profitableness* may be much more in some Authors than there is in others, yet 'tis very rare that the Ingenious can be ill. He that hath wit to make his *pen pleasant*, will have much ado to *separate* it from being something *profitable*. A *total Levity* will not take. A *Rich Suit* requires good *stufte*, as well as to be *unsel'd* out with *Lace* and *Ribbands*. And certainly, Wit is very neer a kin to *wisdom*. If it be to take in general, or to last; we may find, it ought to be *interwoven* with some *beautiful flowers* of *Rhetorique*; with the grateful *scenting herbs* of *Reason*, and *Philosophy*, as well as with the *Simple*s of *Science*, or *Physical Plants*, and the ever green sentences of *Piety* and *Profoundness*. Even the looser Poets have some *Divine Preceptions*. Though I cannot but think *Martial's* wit was much clearer than his *pen*, yet he is sometimes *Grave* as well as *Gamesome*. And I do not find but deep and solid matter, where 'tis understood, takes better than the light flashes and skipping *Capers* of *Fancy*. Who is it will not be as much delighted with the weighty and substantial lines of the *Seneca's*, and *Plutarch*, the crisped *Salust*, the politic *Tacitus*, and the well-breath'd *Cicero*, as with the *frisks* and *dancings* of the jocund and the airy *Poets*. Those abilities that Renowned *Authors* furnish the world with, beget a kind of *Deistical Reverence* in their future *Readers*. Though, even in the unpartialness of *War*, *Alphonsus* wanted *Stones* to carry on his *Siege* of *Cajeta*, and none could be so conveniently had, as from *Tullies Villa Formiana* that was neer it; yet, for the noble regard he bore to his long pass'd *Eloquence*, he commanded his *Souldiers* that they should not *stir* them. *Composures* that aim at *wit* alone, like the *Fountains* and *water-works* in *Gardens*, are but of use for *recreation*, after the *travails* and *toils* of more serious *employments* and *studies*. The *Palace* and the constant dwelling is *composed* of solid and more durable *Marbles*, that represent to alter-Ages the *Ingenuity* and *Magnificence* of the *Architect*. And as the *House* alone is no compleat *habitation*, without these *decorations* for *delight*; no more is the work of the *brain* on all sides furnished without some *sprightly conceits* that may be *intermixt* to *please*.

*Nec placeat facies, cui Gelasinus abest.*

No *Beauty* has that *face*,  
Which wants a *natural grace*.

Those *Romances* are the best, that, besides the *texture* for taking the *Fancy* in their various *accidents*, give us the best *Idea's* of *Mortality*, with the expressive *Emanations* of *wisdom*, and *divine knowledge*. Those that are light, and have only the *Gauderies* of *wit*, are but for youth and greener years to *toy* withal. When we grow to riper age, we begin to leave such studies as *sports* and *pastimes*, that we out-grow by more maturity. Of this Age *Horace* was, when he declar'd,

*Nunc itaq; & versus, & cætera ludicra pono :  
Quid verum, atq; decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum :  
Condo, & Compono, quæ vox depremere possum.*

Now *Rimes*, and childish *Fancies*, quite are gone :  
The graceful *Truth* I search ; that rest upon,  
And well digested, gravely put it on.

*Focular strains*, they are but *Spring-flowers* ; which though they please the eye, they yield but slender *nourishment* : They are the *Autumn fruits*, that we must thrive and live by ; the *Sage sayings*, the *rare Examples*, the *Noble Enterprises*, the *handsom Contrivances*, the *success* of good and bad *actions*, the *Elevations* of the *Deity*, the *motives* and *incitements* to *Virtue*, and the like ; are those that must build us up to the *Gallantry* and *Perfection* of *Man*. I do not find, but it may well become a man to pursue both the *one*, and the *other*, to precept himself into the *practice* of *Virtue* ; and to *fashion* both his *Tongue* and *Pen*, into the exercise of handsom and significant *words*. He that *foundations* not himself with the *Arts*, will hardly be fit to go out *Doctor* either to himself, or others. In *reading* I will be careful for both, though not equally. The one serves to *instruct* the *mind*, the other enables her to *tell* what she hath *learn'd* ; the one without the other, is *lame*. What benefit yields *fire*, if still rak'd up in *ashes* ? though *flint* may bear a *flame* in't : yet, we *prize* it but a *little*, because we cannot get it *forth* without *knocking*. He that hath *worth* in him, and cannot *express* it, is a *chest* of *wood* perhaps containing a *Jewel*, but, Who shall be *better* for't, when the *key* is *lost* ? A good *style* does sometime *take him*, that good *matter* would *beat away* : 'Tis the *gilding*, that makes the wholefom *Pill* be *swallowed*. *Elegance* either in *Tongue*, or *Pen*, shews a man hath minded something besides *sports* and *vice*. 'Tis *graceful* to *speak*, or to *write proper* ; not is it easie to separate *Eloquence* and *Sapience* ; for the first leads to the other, and is at least, the *Anticourt* to the *Palace* of *Wisdom*. A good *style*, with good *matter*, consecrates a *work* to *Memory* ; and sometimes while a man seeks but *one*, he is caught to be a servant to the *other*. The Principal end of *reading*, is to *enrich* the *mind* ; the next, to *improve* the *Pen* and *Tongue*. 'Tis much more *gentile* and *surtable*, when they shall appear *all* of a *piece*. Doubtless, that is the *best work*, where the *Graces* and *Muses* meet.

## XXVIII.

## Of the Variation of Men in themselves.

It is not only in respect of *Fortune*, but of the *Mind* also, That *Solon's* saying may be held as *Oracle*, *Ante Obitum*, &c. No man is to be accounted *happy*, till he hath escaped all *things* that may possibly make him



him *unhappy*. Not a day, nor an hour, but give some examples of the *mutability* of all *Humane affairs*. And though the *Mutation* of the *Mind* be not so frequent: yet, the *accidents* of the *world*, the variation of *condition*, the difference of *Ages*, the change of *better* to *worse*, and *worse* to *better*, outward *hurts* and *inward diseases*, have shown us the same persons distinguished into *contrary men*. And truly the *Inchantment* that the *world* works on us, when she either *laughs loud*, or *frowns deep*, is so strong, that 'tis justly matter of *amazement*, for a man in the *leap* of the one, or in the *tumble* of either of these, to *retain* a mind *unaltered*; yet, are not all men *changed* alike. The same *Cordial* that *cures* one man, may, by meeting a divers humor, *distract* or *kill* another. *Fortunes* effects are variable, as the *Natures* that she works upon. *Wealth* is as the *Wine* of *life*: some it puts into a *delightful mirth*, that gratifies all the *company*; while it makes others *tyrannous* and *quarrelsome*, that no man keeps himself in *safety*, but he that has the wit to be *absent*. Where it lights upon *weak minds*, it usually changes them into *worse*; they have not wherewithal to bear the *stress* that a *great Estate* will put them to. And when they cannot bear it out by *wit* and *reason*, they fly to *authority* and *power*, which enacts *submission*; but will not be *accountable* for any kind of *merit* that may induce it, saving only *potency*. And certainly, though it be true, which is commonly believed, That for the most part, where God designs a *Governour*, he *qualifies* him with *parts* proportionable for his *employment*. Yet, doubtless, the very condition of *Power*, and *Greatness*, naturally estates a man in another *temper*, than what he was in without it. *Noble souls* so *elevated*, become like *bodies* planted *above* the vaporous *Orb* of *Air*, that then rest there in quiet, without propension of *descent*, or *falling*. And though *Inferior souls* may wonder, how they can *live* under such *clouds* of *business*, as daily break upon them: yet, as when *Philo* fantasied, That when *Moses* liv'd *forty days* in the *Mount*, without *food*, that he was nourisht by the *Ear*, and sed upon the *Musick* of the *Spheres*, which then he heard: So, there is no doubt, but the *application* and the *applause* of others, the *hummings* of *fame*, and the *echoings* of *Honour*, relieve him against the *gratings* of a stomach *sharpened* with offending humours. The *Musick* of *Honour* does drown the *noise* of the *throng*. How easie is it for him to be at *ease*, and *stand*, when every one shall extend a *hand* to his *sustentation*? The wheel of *Honour* must needs turn *cheerfully*, and dispatch much *grist* too, when 'tis continually driven about by the *floud* of *preferment*. But indeed, a man shews himself in *Authority*, according as he was inwardly principled before he came to it: for, many times the *disposition* appears not in the *non-age* of *Power*, no more than *Reason* in a *child*, the *Organs* are not *fitted* to discover it. Thus *Manlius Torquatus* in his *youth*, was of so dull and lumpish a *spirit*, That his Father holding him unfit for matters of *State*, design'd him to a *Countrey Farm*: yet, afterwards by several *glorious acts* he obliged both his *Father* and his *Countrey*, even to the *merit* of a *Triumph*: so that it falls out to be most frequently true, That by



*preferment*, good men are made *better*, but ill men *worse*: as the *Drum* that beats a *Tiger* into *madness*; but a man, into *courage* and *valour*. It therefore much concerns *Princes*, where their *bounty* bestows *preferment*: and the more, because their *subjects* have an *interest* in them as well as themselves. 'Tis true, nothing can be certain, as to the *futurity* of *temper*. *Good* or *bad* lodging in the *heart*, cannot by man be *espied*. Neither was the *youth* of the Noble *Scipio* untainted with *vice*, or the beginnings of the *Monster-Nero*, without some signs of *good*. The *scum* rises not, till the *water* boyls; nor is the *Oyl* gathered till the *liquor* be *heat*. Let no man therefore *despair* too much of the *bad*, nor *presume* too much of the *good*; the last, like a rich *plant* in a lean *soyl*, may degenerate into *wildness*; and the other, though single, like *stocks* in *manured* beds, may come up *strip* and *double*. If there be *wit*, there is ground for *hope* the *soyl* is not *desperate*. *Reason* upon *recess*, will shew him how much he is to *detest* himself: but, he that hath not *wisdom* to *judge*, will very seldom have the *luck* to *reclaim*.

## X X I X.

## A Caveat in choosing Friends.

**T**Hough no man, branded with a signal *vice*, be fit for a *wise* man to make a *Friend* of; yet, there be two sorts of men that especially we ought to *avoid*: For, besides the learning of their *vices*; they are not tyte enough to trust with a *secret*; The *Angry* man, and the *Drunkard*. The *prudent* man would be glad to enjoy himself in *peace*, without being haled into the *justling* throng, where is nothing to be got but *dishonour*, *blows*, and *clamour*. To be but only a *spectator* is not to be out of *danger*. If a *Granado* be *fired*, all within the *burst* are in *hazard*. If either of these *Bears* break *loose*, you shall be sure to be either *frighted*, *foiled*, or *hurt*; and, whether you will or no, be made partaker either of some *ridiculous* quarrel, some *unseber* ryot, or by both together be lapp'd in some *drunken* fray: for the *furies* ever bear a part in *Bacchus* his *Orgies*. The first in his *fury* is meerly *mad*. *Choler* is as *dust* flur'd up into the *eyes* of *Reason*, that *blinds* or *dazels* the *sight* of the *understanding*; where it *burns* in the *heart* like *fire* under a *pot*: Whensoever it *flames*, it makes the *tongue* boyl *over*; and where it *falls*, it *scalds*. Words come not then digested and mathematiqu'd out by *judgement*, *sense*, and *reason*, but flash'd and tumultuated by *chance*, by *rage* and *brutish* passion; not upon *premeditated* terms, but whatsoever the *memory* on the sodain catches, that violent *passion* thrusteth out, though before it lay never so deeply *hidden* and *immur'd*. *Confession's* seal is broken by this *picklock*; and in a *brawl* that oft is *blabb'd* about, which with all the *burrs* of *silence* should have still stood firmly *riveted*. Men throw about in *fury*, what, once *appeas'd*, they *tremble* to *remember*. *Anger* is the *Fever* of the *Soul*, which makes the *Tongue* talk idly:

not come *words clothed* as at other times, but now as *headed Arrows*, fly abroad. *Words* dip in *gall* and *poison*, leap about; as *bullets* chew'd, they *rankle* where they *enter*; and, like *lead* melted, *blister* where they *light*. *Excited malice* then exceeds her self. When the Prophet *David* tells us of his *Enemies* *rage*, nor *Spears*, nor *Arrows*, nor a naked *Sword* will serve him to express it; but, that *Sword* must be *sharpened* too, that it may cut the *keen*. It is, certainly, a *deviation* from man. In every *fit*, the man *flies out*: and when he grows *calm*, he returns to himself. *Seneca* puts no difference between the *furious* and the *mad*; for the *mad-man's* always *furious*, and the *furious* ever *mad*. Then tell me, Who it is, that being in his *wits*, would make choice of his *friend* out of *Bedlam*. When *Solomon* tells us of the *brawling woman*, who is no other but a *She-angry-man*, he hath three strange expressions to decipher her; one is, that 'Tis better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a contentious woman: Another, that 'tis better to dwell in the *lana* of the Desert, than with her. A third is, that she is a continual dropping in Rain. All which sum'd together, will amount to thus much; That you had better be exposed to all the *Tempests* of the *Heavens*, as *Thunder* and *Lightning*, *Cold*, *Heat*, *Rain*, *Snow*, with *Storms* that blow, and the *rage* of all the *Skies* whole *Armory*; or, to live banish'd from all *Humane Conversation*; and, in want of all things left a prey to the ferocity of *ravenous Beasts*; or else without the least *intermission* of rest, endure a perpetual dropping (which were your *heart* of *Marble*, yet will it wear it out at last) than to live with a quarrelsome, contentious, unsatisfied angry person. Those that are such, like houses haunted with spirits, they are not safe for any man to harbour in. When you think your self securely quiet and in a calm serenity, on a sodain, ere you are aware, a hideous noise is heard, or else a *Brick-bat* flies about your ears, and you must run for't, or be black and blew'd all over. If by chance you knock but against a nail, by that small spark it strikes, the *Gun-powder* blows you up. It makes a man a *Turn-pike*, that will be sure to prick you, which side soever you come on: So, it not only offends, but puts you off from remedy; It ruffleth so through all the shrouds that Reason's never heard, till this rough wind allays. The *Roar* so stops the *Ear*, that a man cannot hear what 'tis that *Counsel* speaks. 'Tis a raging Sea, a troubled water so mudded with the soil of *Passion*, that it cannot be wholesome for the use of any. And if it be true that *Hippocrates* tells us, That those diseases are most dangerous, that alter most the habit of the Patient's countenance; this needs must be most perillous, that voice, colour, countenance, garb, and pace so changes, as if *Fury* dispossessing *Reason*, had by an *Onslaught* forc'd a new *Garrison* upon the *Cittadel* of *Man*. And surely, this he knew, and well understood, that Proverb'd it into Command: Neither make thou Friendship with the Angry, nor converse with the Furious; lest thou learn his ways, and beget a snare to thy soul.

The other hath *Lessa Memoria* while he is in his cups, and if he drinks on, he hath none. The abundance of *wine* does drown up that

*Noble Recorder.* And while *Bacchus* is his chief God, *Apollo* never keeps him Company. *Friends* and *Foes*, *Familiars* and *Strangers*, are then all of an equal esteem. And he forgetfully speaks of that in his *Cups*, which, if he were sober, the *Rack* should not wrest out from him. First, he speaks he knows not what; nor after, can he remember, what that was he spake. He speaks that he should forget; and forgets that which he did speak, *Drunkennes* is the *Funeral* of all *Intelligible Man*; which only *time*, and *abstinence*, can *Resuscitate*. A *Drunkards* mind and stomach are alike; neither, can retain, what they do receive. The *Wine* that is mingled with the *blood* and *spirits*, like *Must*, will vent, or else it breaks the *Cask*. He's gone from home, and not to be found in himself, *Absentem ledit, qui cum ebrio litigat*. Who quarrels one that's *drunk*, is as a *fool* to fight with him that's *absent*. He is not fit to keep anothers *privacies*, that knows not how to closet up his own *deep thoughts*. We lay not *Treasures* where they may be wash'd away by *inundations*, nor cast them into *common streams* where every *publique Angle* hooks them out. *Ebrietas stulta promit, multa prodit*. The *Drunkard* hath a *Fools Tongue*, and a *Traitors Heart*. When the *flood* is high, the *dams* are all broken down. *Wine* is the *Reseration* of the *Soul* and *Thoughts*. The accursed *Cham* of *life*, that lays open even our *Sacred* and *Parental Nakedness* to the *World*. To the antient *Roman women*, the use of *wine* was wholly unknown. And the *Reason* is given, *Ne in aliquod dedecus prolaberentur*; Lest thereby overcharged they might recoil into some dishonour; As believing *Bacchus* could not but make *Venus* wanton, and relax those *bashful guards*, that modest *Nature* left that *Noble sex*. Though the *Mush-room* was suspected, yet was it *wine* wherein *Claudius* first took his *poysen*: for being *Maudline* cupp'd, he grew to lament the *Destiny* of his *marriages*, which he said were ordain'd to be all *unchast*, yet should not pass *unpunished*; and this being understood by *Agrippina*, by securing him, she provided to secure her self. Nor is the distemper'd with drink, any truer to *Business* than he is to the *Secret* he is trusted with. For besides his want of *memory* to retain or carry on any thing of that *Nature*; men of this complexion, as moorish grounds that lie low and under-water, are usually boggy and rotten; or of so cold and sodded a temper; as they yield not fruit like Earth of another condition, that is not drown'd and flouded.

Either of these in way of a companion shall be sure to give a Man trouble enough, Either *vexation* or *impertinency* a man shall never want. One vomits *Gall*; the other *Folly*, and *Surfeits*. And 'tis not easie to say, which of them bespatters most. Together *Horace* couples them.

*Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam,  
Commissumve teges & vino tortus, & ira.*

To learn man's secrets never vainly think,  
Or to conceal them; torn with *Rage*, or *Drink*.

No man can expect to find a friend without faults, nor can he propose himself to be so to another. But in the *Reciprocation* of both, without *mildness* and *temperance* there can be no continuance. Every man for his friend will have something to do; and something to bear with, in him: the sober man only can do the first, and for the latter there is patience required. 'Tis better for a Man to depend on himself than to be annoyed with either a *Mad man* or a *Fool*. *Clytus* was slain by a *Master* in drink. The *Theſſalonians* massacred by an *Angry Emperour*: and the deaths of either, lamented by the Authors.

## XXX.

*Of the danger of Liberty.*

**I**N Man that is intellectual, as well as in Creatures only sensitive, 'tis easily experimented that *Liberty* makes *Licentious*. When the *Reins* are held too loosely the *Affections* run wildly on without a guide, to *Ruine*. He that admits a *Fool* to play with him at home, will find he will do the same when he comes into the *Market*. Liberty, which seems to be so highly priz'd, and is the only cry'd-up thing in the world; As 'tis the most eagerly pursued: so once enjoy'd, it is of all the seeming goods of *Man*, the most dangerous and tempting: Not being able to guide our own *mad Appetites*, we quickly betray our selves to the same sad slavery, that but now we did oppose. Even in *Governments* the loosest are of *least Continuance*. What Church ever lasted long, that kept not up by *discipline*? It was while men slept that the *Tares* were sown, When there is none to watch, but men are left to the Liberty of their own Opinions, then is the time to sow *Heresies*. Not only *Germany*, but *England* is able to make out this, That since the Field-keepers have been remov'd, we have had more *cockle* and *darnel*, than I think any age since *Religion* appear'd in the World. And 'tis no wonder if we neglect our wholsom *wheat*, or feed on't with these *weeds* mingled with it, that we grow giddy with unwholsom vapours, or so *dim-sighted* in the ways of *Truth* and *Antiquity*, that all men may conclude us in the number of those that do *lolo victitare*. Indulgence and sloth are the sisters of *Freedom*. Men that may, will favour themselves; and that partiality, will make them *Lazy*. Where is there less *Industry* or more *Sensuality* than abounds among the *Savages*; where Nature is left to her own sway, without the *Cultivation* of wholsom *Laws* and *Regiment*? What is't that makes war so horrid, but the *lawless Liberty* that *Souldiers* loosely take? And where there is *impunity*, what villany rests *unattempted*? *Rapes*, *Murthers*, *Thefts*, *Oaths*, *Incest*, *Cruelties*, with all the sluttish broods of blackest Vices, follow in the train of *Armies*. And what cause can be rendred? but, first, the dispensing with Gods *Commandements* of not *killing*, and *stealing*; and then the Licence that in Camps they take, by reason they

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are either left to themselves, or cannot be come by to be punished. We are all like *Bowls* running down the *Hill*; if once upon the *turn*, our own weight hurries us to the *sink* and *lowest bottom*. What *Appianus Claudius* observ'd of the *Roman people*, doth hold as true of all the rest of the *World*, That they are better trusted with business and employment, than with *Ease* and *Liberty*. In the first they improv'd their *Virtues*; by the last, they tumbled into *vice* and *surquedry*. Nothing makes us more unfortunately wretched than our own *incurbed Wills*. A loose passion pursu'd and fulfilled, hales and hastens us to certain destruction. Hath not *assumed Liberty* and a *lascivious Success* thrown those *grand Assemblies* into *hate* and *abhorrency*, that in their modest limits were the *Gaze* and *Envy* of the *Christian world*? What hath so wounded the *Honour* of some of our *Gentry* and *Nobility*, as this; That by being permitted to do what they would, they have left to do what they ought, and have done what they ought not to *have thought upon*? How grand a difference have we seen between a *Family* scatter'd into *Riot* by *Licentiousness*; and another restrain'd and marshall'd in the civility of a *graceful Order*? A *Forest* beast is uncontrolled *Man*. A *Bear* without a *Ring* is wicked *Nature* left without a *Rule*. It is for God alone, whose blessed *Essence* is wholly incapable of *ill*, to be *deified* with a *Power* of doing whatever he pleaseth, yet never to do any thing below *perfection's height*. But when *frail man* is trusted with that *Freedom*, he easily *Ranges*, till he lose himself. Soft water suing through the smallest chink, neglected wears a *wideness* for a *stream*; and, breaking *banks*, does deluge all the *fields*. What was it, made the *Emperour Caracalla* strike up that *Incestuous marriage*, but the impudence of a *Mother in Law* in telling him, An *Emperour* was to give what *Laws* he pleas'd: but was not himself to take any from others? *Actions* wandring eye, not checqu't, left him a *prey* to his own *wild affections*, those *Metaphorical Hounds* that seiz'd and tore their *headless* and *Invigilant Master*.

*In pejora datur, suadetque Licentia luxum.*

To worse, and Riot; Licence ever leads.

The *Boundary* of *Man* is *Moderation*. When once we pass that pale, our *guardian Angel* quits his charge of keeping us: For we are not in our ways; and then, at every step, we dash against some *Stone*, till frequent *Bruises* bring us to destruction. He that would be preserved in safety, had need keep *Sentinel* upon his *Liberty*. 'Tis a *Wanton child* that will be apt to run upon *dangers*: if there be not a *Keeper* to lead and look to it. Upon a serious scrutiny, I find not why men should baul so loud for *Liberty*. A wise man's always *free*: *just*, and *right*, is that which is his *will*, and against his *will* he acts not. For if he find not *Reason* to do it, he cannot be *compell'd* to't. The government of the *State*, if *free* from *Tyranny*, is not the worse for being *strict*; and that of the *Church*, while it keeps to what is *Orthodox*, is the better for the *discipline*.

*discipline.* It shall never offend me to live under any *Government* that may make me better, and restrain me from wandering. When I have most freedom, I shall most suspect my self. He that is turn'd into the *Sea*, had need to look to have his *Pilot* along. He that may do more than is *Fit*, is upon his *march* to do more than is *Lawful*. If we once exceed the measure, as easily we grow to exceed the manner. Vice is a *Peripatetick*, always in *progression*.

## XXXI.

*In the strictest Friendship, some Secrets may be reserv'd.*

**T**Hough a Friend, indeed, be but the duplicate of a mans self: yet there may often happen *Secrets* to one that may not be convenient to impart to the other. If they be such as the knowledge thereof shall not only, not benefit; but shall bring a grief to my *Friend*: I cannot think it an *Act of friendship* to impart them. He that grieves his *Friend* when he needs not, is his *Enemy*, or at least less his *Friend* than he might be. Certainly, even in case of *Conscience* as well as in *Common Morality*, it had been better for *Oedipus* he had never known that he had slain his *Father*, and married his *Mother*, than to have it told him when it was too late to prevent it. When the things were done, the knowledge could not remedy them: and his *Ignorance* gave him (as to the things) a kind of innocence, whereby he might have pass'd away his life *incruciated* without the sense of so *fatal misfortunes*: And after that was finished, it had been *Oedipus* the son of *Polybius* of *Corinth*, and not of *Laius* of *Thebes*, that had done the *deeds* so blackly grim and horrid. Some *secrets* may happen to be such, as may beget a *jealousie*; and those, as the *gall* and *fretting* of *friendship*; are for ever to be avoided: Where *jealousie* begins to live, *friendship* begins to die. And albeit, *Scipio* found much fault with the saying of *Biss*, *That we ought so to love, as, if there should be cause, we afterwards might hate*: Yet, doubtless, considering the *frailty* and *incertainty* of the *minds of men*; it is prudence so to look upon *men*, as, though they be now *Friends*, they may yet live to become our *Enemies*. *Stability* is not *permanent* in the *unstable heart of man*; and therefore we are not oblig'd to *trust* them with that, which may *deliver* us into their *power* to *ruine* us, if after they shall once *fall off*. How often do we see *dear Friends*, decline into *detested Enemies*? Nay, they are the *greater*, for that they have been *Friends*: Even the *fiercest* and most *enlarged enmities*, have sprung from the *strictest leagues of friendship*. What *Region* then can yield us *Truth* and *Constancy*? If *Parmenio* prove *false* to *Alexander*, who is't can then be *trusted*? and if *Parmenio* were not *false*, who is't can then be *trusted*, since *Alexander* was the man that *slaw* him. As I will not care for a *friend* full of *Inquisitions*, (for *Percontator Garrulus*, *Inquisitors* are *Tatlers*): so I will not be importu-

nate upon my friends secrets. I have known some have *eagerly fish'd* for that, which when they have got, hath been together the *bane* both of *friendship* and *life*. By such *actions*, men do as some ignorant persons that are *bitten* with *mad Dogs*, they think when they have *suckt* the *bloud* from the *wound*, they may *spit* it out without *danger*. When by that *aet* it catches the *brain*, and kills. A *nocent secret* opened, doth often *kill* both *giver* and *receiver*: or, sometimes only the *receiver* dies; for, being *trusted* too farr with what cannot be *recalled*, no *safety* can be *builded* on, but by *destroying* those that are *entrusted*. When *Jupiter* had made *Metis* his wife, and she by him *conceived*; before she was *delivered*, he devours both *her* and *her conception*, and presently after out of his own *brain*, he became *delivered* of an *armed Pallas*; which may well represent unto us, A *secret discovered* unto a *friend*, that after, being *repented* of, was *reassum'd* by *devouring* that *friend*, to prevent a further *discovery*; and then we grow *wiser* by standing on our *guard*, and *defending* our selves either from the *mischief*, that is already *abroad*, or from being *over-taken* again by *committing* any more such *folly*; which may well be signified by his bringing forth *Pallas Arm'd*. To *know* too much, *undoes* us with our *friend*. He is not *wise*, that will trust all his *wealth* into anothers *custody*. If my *friend impart* ought *freely*, I shall endeavour faithfully to *serve* him, as far as I may. But if in some *things* he be *reserv'd*, I shall suppose 'tis for his *own safety*, as well as *my ease*. I will be willing to *know* as far as he would have me, without extracting *spirits*, or crushing more than will *run* with *ease*. If he be one to be *valued*, I ought not to *wrong* him so much as to *wrest* that from him, that should cause him afterwards to *repent*, or *fear*. If he be not to be *valued*, I will never engage my self so much, as to be made *conscious* of his *concealments*.

## XXXII.

*That 'tis no Dishonour sometime to Retract a Pursuit.*

**I**T was questionless meant of things *vertuous* and *commendable*, *Quicquid agis, age pro viribus*; otherwise we are advised to be *diligent* in *ill*, in the *bad* as well as the *good*. This were to be profaner than the *Heathen* that gave the Precept. Sutable to this, is that of *Ecclesiastes*, *All that thine hand shall find to do, do it with all thy power*. The *Chaldee* restrain it to too narrow a sense, for they limit it only to *Alms*. *As, whatsoever thy hand shall meet with when put into thy purse, let that come out and give it freely*. And though to make it *extensive* to all our *actions*, is a sense far more amiss; yet, I see not, but many times, not only the *vigour* is to be *abated*; but even the *resolution* of *pursuing* is to be wholly *retracted*. 'Tis better sometimes to *sound* a *retreat*, and so *draw off*, than 'tis to *stay* in the *field* and *conquer*; because, it may so fall out, that the *prize* we should *win*, will be no



way able to countervail the *loss* that by that *war* we shall *sustain*. What is it to *die* like *Samson*? Or, who can call that *Victory*, where, with my *Enemies* grave, I must also *dig* my own? I do not care to *conquer* in a *Lutzan* field: though his *party* prevail, he *sacrificeth* all his *Victories*, that makes himself incapable of *more*, or *enjoying* what he hath got. He that is *imbarqu'd* upon *disadvantage*, shall find it more *honour* to *retire*, than to go unto the *end* of his *voyage*. He is simple, that, only because he hath *begun*, will *pursue* what is *unprofitable*. There is no *disgrace* in *doing* that which is for the *best*. They that pretend to be the greatest *Umpires* of *Honour* and *Renown*, do think it no *impeachment* to their *judgement* to *raise* that *Seige*, that is not likely to be *prevalent*. The *further* in any *action* a man goes, assuredly, he may see the *more*: And if a man hath bin a *fool* in the *beginning*, he is not bound to be so to the *end*. If there shall be *cause*, the *sooner* a man *comes off*, the *better*. It is far more pardonable to *err* through *inconsideration*, than *wilfulness*: the one is *weak* by *accident*; the other *out* of *election*. Shall it be no *shame* to have *begun ill*, and shall it be a *shame*, *prudentially* to *desist*? I see, among most, a *mastery* and to *over-come*, is both a *pleasing*, and a *vulgar error*: we are oftner led by *Pride*, *Obstinacy*, or *Partiality*; than by the right and solid *Rules* of *Reason*. He that *bears it out* in a *bad business*, shews rather the *ferocity* of some *brutish Nature*, than the *Conduct* that becomes a *Man*. For 'tis better to manifest that we are *overcome* by *Reason*, than that we can *overcome* against it. In all things, let me *weigh* the *conclusion*, and *balance* my *reckning*; and then *examine* which is *better*, to *proceed* or *desist*. If my *loss* in the *end*, shall exceed my *gain*, I but run into the same *folly*, that *Augustus* used to say they did, that for *trivial matters*, would presently break out into *war*: They *fish'd* with a *golden hook*, to catch a *fish* of a *farthing*, they expos'd to hazard a *tackling* of a *pound*: If they *lose* it, they *gain* *repentance* and *sorrow*; if they do not, they must owe it more to *luck* than to *wit*; and then *Fortune* claims the *praise*, not *they*: And if in *temporal matters* alone, such a carriage cannot be *excusable*; what *apology* can we frame for our selves in *spirituals*? When meerly to satisfy a present *sensual appetite*, we run the hazard of *perishing* a *Soul* to *Eternity*. That *Lover* is *mad* indeed, that will *give up* all that he hath for a *glance*. We *buy* *affliction* with all we have that is *precious*: and by a right scanning of our *actions*, by such as shall not *partialize*, we must be judged to be more taken with *punishment* than *pleasure*; as it in *torment* we plac'd our *felicity*: like the *Russian wives*, who think their *husbands* do not *love*, unks they sometimes *culge* them. Let us never *laugh* at the silly *Indian*, who lets us have his *Gold* for *Beads* and *Rattles*; when we our selves are infinitely simpler, that for *toys* and *trifles* sell *Heaven* and *Felicity*. Our *Saviour* indeed, putting all the *world* in the *scale*, does find it far too *light* for mans *Deifick soul*; when he asks, What it will *advantage* to *gain* the *first*, and *lose* the *last*? Whereby we may hope, he had better thoughts

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of *Man* than to descend him into so *thin a shallowness*, as that he should make it *away* for worse than *vanity*, *vexation*, and *undoing*. He thinks not any will be so stupidly wild, as for a *grasp of air*, an *itch of honour*, an *heat of blood*, a *pleasure* that has no *being*, but in *opinion* only, to lay by *sacred peace*, and *lasting happiness*: But if he must *lose* that *precious spark of Deity*, 'tis the *whole world*, and not any *part* of it that is put in the *supposition*.

## XXXIII.

To have *Regard to Means*, but not to *Despair without*.

WE can never be so *low*, as to be at a *loss*, if we can but *look up* unto *God*. He that *hopes*, proclaims his *Divinity*; and, to speak according to *humanity*, *credits God*: But, he that *despairs*, *degrades his Deity*; and, seeming to intimate, that he is *insufficient*, or not *just* on his *word*, in vain hath read both the *Scriptures*, the *world*, and *Man*. Three ways we read our *Saviour* healed *diseases*: *with means*, as the *Leper*, in the 8. of *St. Matthew*; *without means*, as the *ten Lepers*, in the 17. of *St. Luke*: *Against means*, as the *blind man*, in the 9. of *St. John*. His working *by means* is more ordinary, and suits better with the *weakness* of our *faiths*, and the *dimness* of our *understanding*, where we see it not, we are apt to *sink* and *fail*: *Can God prepare a Table in the wilderness?* was the bold ignorance of *Infidel* and *Incorrigible Israel*; who wanting *wings*, still *grovels* on the *ground*, and nete will *clime* to *Heaven*, without a *stair* to lead him. *Means* makes us *confident*, and with this *staff* we *leap*. When we are prescribed what's *proper* for our *cure*, our *remedy* is almost by *demonstration*; and there to *doubt*, is to turn *Heretick* to *Providence*. Nay, if the *Application* be right in all, we cannot miss without a little *Miracle*: For, *Nature*, that is ever *sedulous* and *constant* in the *faculties* she is *created* with, must vary from her *self*, or by a *drowsie sloth* be rendred *insignificant*, which yet she never does without a *Superiour hand* to *rein* her out of her *rode*. It is as natural for *means* to *cure*; as 'tis for *winds* to *cool*, or *fire* to *warm*, when *hoary Winter* blows her *cold* about us. To *work* without *means*, I know seems hard to *Man*, and to the *inapprehensiveness* of his *Human Reason*. But, that this is as *easy* to *God* as the other, there is nothing we can look on, but evinces it. The whole *Creation* was without all *help*, there was not so much as the *assistance* of *Matter*, a naked *Fiat* did it; a *word* alone, the *easiest* of *expressions*. And, though lame *Philosophy* will not allow any thing to be producible out of *nothing*: Yet, certainly, whatsoever is not *God*, either was immediately *fram'd* of *nothing*, or out of that, which first of all was *nothing*: for, to ascribe a *coetaneous being* of the *world* with *God*, is to *make* it *God*, by giving it *Eternity*. And, as 'tis safer for man to believe it *created* out of *nothing* by

*Divine*

Divine omnipotence, than to be fram'd of Atoms, by Chance, or by Necessity; by holding of any of which, he must sink in absurdity: So, it is more honour to God, by assigning him a Potency for so stupendous a Machination. Not is the other, without means to God of greater difficulty. A Miracle, when he pleases, is to him as easie as a Natural cause. For, it was at first by Miracle, that even that Cause was Natural. And all the Miracles that we have heard of in the world, are less a Miracle than the world it self. He that knows and orders all the things that ever were, or shall be, in whom their Being radically is, can easily go a private way, that to us may seem to lead contrary quite to what we apprehend. Nor need we wonder that we cannot trace him. It requires a Miracle to make us capable of understanding one. We cannot reach above our own extension. But, when by dayly demonstration, we see Events transcending all our reaches; What is't should make us doubt so great Omnipotency? It is as easie to God to work without means as with them. It is the same, Be clean, and, Go wash. And against means is equal to either. Nay to him these latter are the nearer ways. To go by his power and omniscience, is far a quicker way than by the circumflections of Nature and second Causes: Though he hath been pleas'd (unless in extraordinaries) to leave Nature to her instinctive operation in her wonted Propensions. That eight-times Martyr'd Mother in the Maccabees when she would adhort her Son to a passive Fortitude against the exacuated Tortures of Antiochus, she desires him to look upon the Heavens, the Earth, and all in them contained; and to consider that God made them of things that were not; and to mankind, likewise. Doubtless though in Nature and Reason there be no ground left for despair (for without lessening God to the Pusillity of Man it cannot be fram'd in the mind); yet we ought never so to depend on his Will and Power hidden, as to neglect his declared pleasure. He that neglects what he finds commanded hath little reason to expect what he finds not promis'd. Upon means it is fit we should depend: without means, we may hope. Against means, we should not despair. But, as to disregard Gods appointed means is a Supine contempt; So to depend too much on things unapprehensible, is rather a badg of rash presuming, than any Notable courage of Faith. I may look up to Gods ways; but I ought to look down to my own. He that walks according to means, travails with a Convoy and may see his way before him. But he that journeyes without them, is in a Wilderness, where he may sooner be lost, than wander out when he knows not his way.

*The Misery of being Old and Ignorant.*

Since Old Age is not only a Congregation of diseases, but even a disease it self; and, That, (in regard of the Decree which Providence hath pass'd upon man) incurable save by death. The best thing next to a *Remedy* is a diversion or an *Abatement* of the Malady. When Infirmities are grown *habitual* and *remediless*, all we can do is to give them some *Respite*, and a little *Allevation*, that we may be less sensible of the smart and sting they smite us with. The cold *Corelian* cannot change his *clime*: but yet by furs and fires he can preserve himself, and stave out winter arm'd with *Ice* and *Wind*. The *Drum* and *Fife* can drown the Battails noise, though many times there is no room to escape it. The little *Pismire* can instruct *great Man*, that (winter coming) store should be provided. And what thing is there in the fathom of *industrious man*, that can so qualifie him against the breaches and decays that *Age* makes on him; as *knowledge*, as *study*, and *meditation*? with this he can feast at home alone, and in his *Closet* put himself into whatever *Company* that best shall please him, with *Youths Vigour*, *Ages gravity*, *Beauties pleasantness*, with *Peace* or *War*, as he likes. It abates the tediousness of *decrepit Age*, and by the divine raptures of *Contemplation* it beguiles the weariness of the *Pillow* and *Chair*. It makes him not displeasing to the *Young*, reverenc'd by age, and beloved of all. A *gray head* with a *wise mind* enricht by *Learning* is a *Treasury of Grave Precepts*, *Experience*, and *Wisdom*. 'Tis an *Oracle* to which the lesser-wise resort to know their Fate; He that can *read* and *meditate*, need not think the Evening long, or Life tedious; 'Tis at all times *employment* fit for a *man*: Like *David's harp* it cures the evil spirit of this *Saul* that is naturally *testy*, *froward*, and *complaining*. Though perhaps there was a *Vivacity* more than *Ordinary*; Yet I doubt not but it was this that in the main from *Gorgias* produc'd that memorable answer. Being a *hundred and seven years of Age*, One ask'd him, Why he liv'd so long? He replies because he yet found nothing in *old Age* to complain of. And that this is probable, he was Master to *Isocrates*, had got such *wealth* by teaching *Rhetorique*, that he bequeathed his *statue in Gold*, to *Apollo's Temple*; and to any Theme was able well to speak *ex tempore*, and certainly. If any thing hath *power*, 'tis *Virtue* and *Knowledge* that can *ransom* us from the *Infirmities* and *Reproaches* of *Age*. Without this, an *old man* is but the lame shadow of that which once he was. They honour him too far that say he is twice a *Child*. There is something in Children that carries a becoming prettiness, which is pleasant and of grateful relish, But *ignorant Old age* is the worst picture that Time can draw of Man. 'Tis a *barren Vine* in *Autumn*, a leaky Vessel ready to drop in pieces at every remove, a map of *Mental* and *Corporeal* weakness; not pleasing to others, but a Burthen to himself.

himself. His *Ignorance* and *Imbecillity* condemns him to *Idleness*; which to the active Soul is more irksom than any imployment. What can he do when strength of limbs shall fail; and the gulf of pleasure which help'd him to mispend his youth, through time and *Languid Age* shall be *blunted* and *dull*? Abroad he cannot stir to partake the *Variation* of the World; nor will others be fond of coming to him, when they shall find nothing but a *cadaverous man*, compos'd of *Diseases* and *Complaints*, that for want of knowledg hath not Discourse to keep *Reason* company. Like the *Cucow* he may be left to his own *moultring* in some *Hollowed Cell*: but since the voice of his Spring is gone (which yet was all the *Note* he had to take us with) he's now not listned after: So the bloudless *Tortoise*, in his *melancholly hole*, lazeth his life away. Doubtless were it for nothing else, even for this is Learning to be highly valued, That it makes a man his own Companion without either the Charge or the *Cumber* of Company. He needs neither be oblig'd to humour, nor engag'd to flatter. He may hear his *Author* speak as far as he likes, and leave him when he doth not please, nor shall he be angry though he be not of his *Opinion*. It is the *guide* of Youth, to *Manhood* a *Companion*, and to *old Age* a *Cordial* and an *Antidote*. If I die to morrow, my Life to day will be somewhat the *sweeter* for *Knowledg*. The answer was good, which *Antisthenes* gave when he was asked, What fruit he had reaped of all his *studies*? By them (saith he) I have learned, both to live, and discourse with my self.

## XXXV.

*A twofold way to Honour.*

**T**O true Honour there is certainly but one right way, and that is by *Virtue* and *Justice*. But to that which the World calls *Honour*, which is *Command*, *Authority*, and *Power*, though there be thousand petty windings, yet all may be reduced in the main to two ways only. One when God calls, Another when man seeks it without the *Lords warrant*. He that goes the first, deserves it, but seeks it not; when he is at the top, he must take no more than becomes an *Honest man*: and who then is it, that upon *serious Consideration* will put himself into such a *Condition* as very hardly *admits* him to be so without the *downfall* both of *him*, and *his*? The unreasonableness of men will not be *satisfied* with all that *Reason* can be able to do. And therefore though the *Call* be *warrantable*, yet I find it hath sometimes been *waved* and *refused*: *Audentius* would not accept the *Empire*, though chosen to it upon *Bassianus Caracall's* death. And though our *Countryman Cardinal Fool* be by some *Condemned*, as fooling himself out of the *Papacy* by a strein of too much *Modesty*, yet, take his *Reasons candidly* according to his own expression (which we ought to believe, if nothing be

be discovered to the *Contrary*), and the reason of his *non-acceptance* was *pious* and *prudent*. *Legitimate actions* can stay for the day and endure it. They are usually *unwholsom Vapours* that rise up in the *night* and *darkness*: and truly, to *steal* into such a chair *obscurely* while men are *asleep*, though it may be *serious*, is not *seemly*. Even the *Dogs* will take him for a *Thief* and *bark* at him, that *sculks* in the *Night*, although he be *Honest* and *True*. He pulls upon himself *suspicion*, that hath not witnesses of his *acting* *clearly* and *apertly*. But of all the *examples* of this *Nature*, that of *Frederick Duke of Saxony* is most to be *Honoured*. His *Virtues* were so great that *unanimously* the *Electors* chose him for *Emperour*, while he as earnestly did refuse: nor did they, like *tickly Italians*, pet at this and put another in his *room*: but, for the *reverence* they bore him, when he would not *accept* it himself, they would yet have one that he should recommend, which was *Charles the fifth*: Who out of his *gratitude* for putting him to that place, sent him a *Present* of 30000 *Florins*. But he, that could not be tempted by the *Imperial Crown*, stood proof against the *blaze* of *gold*: And when the *Embassadours* could fasten none upon him. they desired but his permission to leave 10000 among his servants: to which he answered, *They might take it if they would, but he that took but a piece from Charles, should be sure not to stay a day with Frederick*. A mind truly *heroick*, evidently *superlative*, by despising what was greatest; not temptable with either *Ambition*, or *Avarice*: far greater than an *Emperour*, by refusing to be one. We read in the *Scriptures* of an *Olive*, a *Fig*, and a *Vine*, that would not leave their *enjoyments* to be *Kings*; but, here was a man that exemplified both the *Testaments*: for *Adam* even in *Innocency* was *tempted*, as (he simply thought) to *eat*, and be like a *God*: and two of the *Apostles* the sons of *Zebedee* aspired to be *Lording* it; while a third for *money*, *betray'd* not only his *Creating*, but *Redeeming* *God*: Doubtless, he that would be enabled to *Act*, must have *Commission*, and be lawfully *Delegated*: Like *Cato's wife* man, he will *stay* till he be *called*; he will not underminingly *call* up himself, but will be really by other *sought* for. They are *weeds* that grow up from the earth of themselves, whereas wholsom *herbs* require a hand to plant them. If he be *good*, he will not by an *ill way* compass *Dominion*. From him men may hope for *justice* and *temperance*, who, to *gain* it, would never *transgress*. He is not likely to do *amiss* in the *Throne*, when the *Throne* it self could not *tempt* him before he had it: For, since *Ambition* is *cunctis affectibus Flagrantior*, more instant and scorching than any other *passion* beside; he hath shew'd a noble temper, that hath withstood the *stimulations* that his Nature *goads* him with. He that would not do *wrong* to get it, 'tis not like he will afterward do *wrong* to keep it. *Fraud* may sooner be legitimated in the *getting* of an *Empire*, than in the *exercise*. And perfect *Honour*, like the *Diamond*, sparkles brightest, when the light is most. So, that if there be any *freedom* for man upon Earth (which may be highly doubted of) 'tis when a *just man* justly gets and holds a *Government*.

And on the other side must necessarily be the contrary. Who unjustly seizeth a *Government*, tells us, that he can dispense with any thing that he may obtain his *ends*. Such acquisitions can never be either for the *Authors safety*, or the *Peoples benefit*: Not safe for the *Author*; his *ways* not being *warrantable*, he hath *abandoned* that which should *protect* him: *Thieves* of *Honour* seldom find joy in their *purchases*, *stability* never. God cannot endure that *aspiring spirit*, that *climes* the *Hill* of *Preferment* without his leave. He intrudes himself into the *society* of the *Gods*, that is not *good enough* to converse with *men*. So, though he may be a *Typhon* for a while, and raise for himself a *Mountain* to *command* on: yet the *anger* of the *Gods* at last will through some *Aena* on him, to *consume* him. Every *evil way* carries his own *curse* along, and God hath pronounc't an *inprosperity* to *wickedness*. *Ambition* is a *circumvention*, when men circle about by deceit to over-reach the rest: and it argues their *ways* not *right*, when they are put to *work under-hand*; the *attainment* being *bad*, the same *Arts* must *keep* it, that did at first *procure* it. If it comes by *fraud*, it will not without *fraud* be preserv'd. Who *draws* his *Sword* to get it, does seldom put it *up again*. And certainly, in *force* and *fraud*, there is equally *hazard* and *danger*; one design *failing*, the total *Fabrick* falls. The *subsistence* of either of these is at best, but the *Game* of *Fortune*, wherein are more *cross Cards*, than *Trumps* that can *command*. *Curtius*, from the very *Politicks* of *Nature*, without the *Perspective* of *Religion*, could easily find, and tell us; That, *Nulla quaesita scelere Potentia diuturna est*; No *Power* unjustly gained, can be *permanent*. Who ever *wrongfully* ascends a *Throne*, is necessitated to a *Government* suitable. *Injustice* spawns *Injustice*, and by *Injustice* mult it be *defended*. *Right* can never keep up *wrong*. And this must needs be as *ill* for the *people*. The *Historian* gives it fully, *Nemo Imperium flagitio quesitum bonis artibus exercuit*. Never expect that he should *Reign* justly, that did *unjustly* take the *reins* in his hand. *Good men* will *complain*; and then they must be *Enemies*: but, *bad*, by *complying*, shall be put into *Office*, and then, as *Government* settles, so does *Oppression*; for the *heaviest yoke* is the hardest to *cast off*. And when once a *People* by their own *votes*, shall *lock* themselves to the *post*, their *Beadle* may the more safely *whip* them when he pleaseth. It cannot be but best on all hands, when a *Prince* is plac'd by a *lawful call*. His *Commission* will *defend* him, and the *hand* that *promoted* him, will not only *protect*, but *furnish* him with *parts* proportionable. If *Moses* be *slow of speech*, he shall have an *Aaron* given him. If the *Master* of the *House* bring him in at the *door*; the *servants* will *respect* him; but, he that *breaks in* at the *window*, is like to be *cast out* for a *Thief*.

## Of Superstition.

**T**Hough *Profaneness* be much worse in some respect than *Superstition*, yet, this in divers persons is a sad *discomposure* of that *life*, which without it might be *smooth* and *pleasant*. He that is *profane*, sets up a *God* to *abuse* him : as *Dionysius*, when he took away *Æsculapius*, his *golden beard*, said, 'Twas a *shame* to see the *son* so *grave*, when the *Father* was ever without one. He seems to know there is a *God*, but disclaims to pay him *homage* as he is one : Or, what he hath *impropriated* to *himself*, and *worship*, contemptuously he *debases* to *secular* and *common uses* : and sometimes *mocks* at that, which for its relation to the *Deity*, and its *service*, should never but with *reverence* be look'd upon : so that, though both be *blameable*, yet, *Superstition* is the less *complainable*. A *Religion* *misguided* only in *some circumstance*, is better far, than to have *none at all*. And a man shall less *offend* by *fearing God* too much, than wickedly to *jest* at, and *despise* him. An open *slighting* of so *immense* a *Goodness* and a *Greatness* as *God is* ; is worse than *mistaking* him to be too *severe* and *strict*. To exceed this way, produces sometimes a *good effect* ; it makes a man *careful* not to *offend* : And if we *injure* not *God* by making him *severer* than he is ; or, by placing more in *Accidents*, and the *Creature*, than *Religion* allows that we should *give*, we cannot be too *wary* in *offending*. Two things there are, which commonly *abuse* men into *Superstition* ; *Fear* and *Ignorance* : *Fear* presents as well *what is not*, as *what is*. *Terror* horrifies the *apprehension*, and gives a *hideous vizard*, to a *handsom face* : It sees, as did the new recover'd *blind man* in the *Gospel*, That which is a *man*, appears a *tree*. It creates *evils* that never *were*, and those that *be*, like the *Magnifying-glass*, when a *Face* is no bigger than an *Apple*, it shews it as large as a *Bushel*. But that which is *good*, it *dwindles* to *nothing* : and believes, or suggests, that *God* cannot *help* at *need* ; so *dishonours* him into *imbecillity*, lessening his *Goodness* and his *Power*, and *asperging* both with *defect*. And this for the most part, is *begotten* out of *guilt* : For, *Courage* and *Innocence* usually dwell together.

Nor is *Ignorance* behind hand in helping to increase the scruple : Not seeing either the *Chain of Providence*, or the *Arm of Power*, we are apt to *faint*, and *accuse* unjustly that which, if we *knew*, we should *adore* and *rest upon*. And as *fear* is begot out of *guilt*, so, is *ignorance* out of *sloth*, and through the want of *industry*. And this surely, is the reason, why we find *Superstition* more in *women* and *soft natures*, than in the more *audacious constitution* of *man*. And where we do find it in *men*, 'tis commonly in such as are *low* in their *parts*, either *natural*, or through *neglect*. A memorable Example hereof, we find in the first of the *Annals*. When the three Legions in *Hungaria* and *Austria*, that



that were under *Junius Blesus*, were in the *ruffe* of their *mad mutiny*, had *menaced* the *Guards*, *stoned Lentulus*, and *upbraided Drusus* that was sent from *Rome* by *Tiberius* to *appease* them; on a *sodain*, their *Superstition* made them *tame*, and *Crest-fallen*: For, in a clear night, the *Moon* being *eclipsed*, and before the *Eclipse* was tully spent, the *Sky* covered with *Clouds*; being *ignorant* of the *Natural cause*, and *suspicious* of their own *mis-behaviour*, they thought the *Goddess* *frown'd* upon them for their *wickedness*, and that it *presaged* their *troubles* should never have *end*. By which *casual accident* and *unskilful opinion*, they were again reduced to *Order* and the *Discipline* of *Arms*. What *consternation* have I seen in some at *spilling* of the *Salt* against them? Their *bloud* has deeper *dy'd* their *frighted face*; a *trembling fear* has struck them through the *heart*, as it from some *incens'd Triumvir* they had receiv'd a *Proscription*; all which, I take to be only *Ignorance* of what at first made it held to be *ominous*: and hath since by a long *Succeffion* continued the *vanity* to us.

*Salt* among the *Antients* was accounted as the *Symbol* of *Friendship*, because it both *preserves* from *corrupting*, and unites into more *solidity*: and, being used to *season all things*, it was not only first *set* upon the *Table*; but was held a kind of *Consecration* of it: *Sacras facite Mensas salinorum appositu*, *Hallow* the *Tables* with the *Salt* on them. And meerly from this estimation of *Salt*, it was held *ominous* if it should be *spilt*; as if it had *presaged* some *jar* or *breach* of *friendship* among some of the *guests* or *company*; so that, in truth, the *unluckiness* of it, is but a *construction* made by our selves without a *cause*. For, otherwise, seeing the old *Egyptians*, did so abominate it, that even in *bread* it was abandoned by them: For, they (affecting the *purity* of *living*) held it as the *Incitator* of *lust*, and the *weaker* of *carnality*. Why then should it not as well from this, be *avoided*, as from the other find a *Sacration*? But, only *blind custom*, as in other things, so in this, hath led us along in the *Error*. While the *Star-chamber* was in being, at a *Dinner* there, I remember, the *Sewer* over-turned the *Salt*, against a *Person* of *Honour*, who *startled*, *sputter'd*, and *blush'd*, as if one had given him a *stab*, concluding it a *Prodigy*, and *Ominous*; to which *Edward Earl of Dorset* (of a nobler frame and genius) handsomly replied: *That for the Salt to be thrown down, was not strange at all; but, if it should not have falln, when it was thrown down, had been a Prodigy indeed.* To make *Observation* of *accidents* for our own instruction without either *dishonour* to *God*, or *disturbance* to our *secrets*, I hold to be a *wife mans part*: But, to *fear danger* where none is; or to be *secure*, where *danger* may be, is to change properties with one of those simple *Birds*, that either *stoop* at a *Barn-dore*; or *thrusting* his *head* into a *hole*, thinks none of the rest of his *body* can be *visible*.

XXXVII.

## Of Cowardice.

AS an *Eminency* of *Courage* makes the *owner* grateful to all good *company*: so the *defect* renders him the *disdain* and *scorn* of all that but pretend to *honour*. There is nothing that *disworths* a man like *Cowardice* and a *base fear* of *danger*. It makes the *smooth way* difficult, and the *difficult, inaccessible*. 'Tis a *clog* upon *Industry*, and like *puddle water*, quenches the *fire* of all our *brave attempts*: The *Coward* is an *unfinish'd* man; or, one which *Nature* hath made less, than others: like *salt* that hath lost its *savour*, his *pertness* and his *gust* is gone. As some great *But* or *Hogshead* full of *liquor*, he may carry a *bulk* and be *ponderous* like other men; but, if you come to *peirce* him, that which is within, is but the *vappa* of *Humanity*; 'tis *flat* and *dead*, and the *spirits* are *decay'd* and *lost*. *Plutarch* compares him to the *Sword-fish*, that bears something like a *weapon*, but there wants a *heart*; yet could he be content to *walk off quietly*, he might often pass *undiscovered*. But the *misery* is; for the most part, those that are *least* in *heart*, are *lowdest* in *teague*. And indeed, having nothing else to set them forth, they can *aspire* higher, than the *valiant man*. Like the *Drum* they *row*, and make a *noise*, but within are nothing but *air* and *emptiness*, being the worst *ware*, they require the greatest *trimming*, when once *unbrac'd*, their *sound* is *displeasing*: yet, lest they should be thought as they are, they oft *disguise* it with an *out-side braving*; which in the end brings them to that which they would *avoid*; and having the *misfortune*, by the *vanity* of their *boasting*, to stir up more *quarrels* than other men, they necessarily *fall* either into more *dangers*, or more *disgrace*. *Men* will *scorn* them, for that they *wear* their *shape*, but do not *own* their *courage*: and for *women* to *avoid* them, is as natural, as in a *house* to run from a *rotten roof*, which would *crush* them to *destruction*, when it ought to be their *safe-guard* and *protection*. *Fear*, like a *whip*, will make this *Beast* empty himself, though he *keeps* it in his very *bowels*. He is neither fit to be a *friend*, nor an *auxilie* in any *affair*. A little *menacing* makes him *faulty* in both: He is not to be *trusted* with another's *Reputation*, that hath not *courage* to defend his own: So, he is not more *unfortunate* to others, than to himself: his *danger* is more than other *mens*. The *Enemy* is *fiercest* to him that *flies* away. A *Cowards* fear can make a *Coward* *valiant*. Who dares not *fight* when he is *resisted*, will most *insult* when he sees another *fearful*; who *flies*, forsakes his *help*, and gives his *back* to *blows*, wherein he can use neither *eyes* nor *hands* to defend him. The *timorous Deer* will push the *field* from their *Heard*. Even *Hares* will have a *conceit* of *courage*, when they shall, for *fear* of them, see *Frogs* leap into *water*. So deplorable a thing a *Coward* is, that *spoils* from *Cowards* won the *spirits* should be *offer* to their *gods*.

*Degeneres animos Timor arguit ;**Fear shews a worthless mind.*

was *Virgil's* long ago. He owns not that *Melior Natura*, that does *incourage* man. And then how *low* a *thing* is he, when he has nothing but his own *dull Earth* about him? If it be but by *speech*, that *man* is to *act* his *part*, 'tis *fear* that puts an *Ague* in his *tongue*, and often leaves him either in an amazed *distracted*, or quite *clingued*. For, the too serious *apprehensions* of a *possible shame*, make him *forget* what should *help* him against it; I mean, a *valiant confidence* bequeathing a *dilated freedom* to all *faculties* and *senses*: which with *fear* are put into a *Trepidation*, that unlike a *quaver* on an *Instrument*, it is not there a *grace*, but a *jar* in *Musick*. And this *Socrates* found in *Alcibiades*, when first he began to *declame*, which he cur'd with asking him, *If he fear'd a Cobler and a common Cryer, an Upholster, or, some other Tradesmen?* for, of such he told him, the *Athenians*, to whom he spake, consulted. He that hath a *Coward* in his *bosom*, shall never do any thing *well*. *Mercury* and *Apollo* may be in his *matter*, but, the *Graces* will never be seen in the *manner*. If not thus: Out of too much *care* to do *well*, it *drives* a man into *affectation*; and that, like *exotique* and *misshappen attire* does mar the *beauty* of a well limb'd *body*: *Nature's* never *comely*, when distorted with the *rack*; when she is set too *high*, she proves *untunable*, and instead of a *sweet cloze*, yields a *crack*; she ever goes *best* in her own *free pace*. *Knowledge*, *Innocence*, *Confidence*, and *Experience* constitute a *valiant man*. When *fear* is beyond *circumspection*, it lays too much *hold* upon us. All *fear* is out of *defect*, and in something gives *suspicion* of *guilt*. I know not what *Divine* could have given us more, than the *almost Christian Seneca*; *Tutissima res est nil timere præter Deum. Timidum non facit animum, nisi reprehensibilis vitæ conscientia mala.* The *safest* of all, is to *fear* nothing but *God*. 'Tis only the *galling Conscience* of an *ill led life*, that can shake us into a *fear*. It is better in all *things*, but in *ill*, to be *confidently bold*, than *foolishly timorous*. He that in every thing *fears* to do *well*, will at length do *ill* in all.

XXXVIII.

*Of History.*

**T**O an *ingenious spirit*, 'tis not easie to tell which is greater the *pleasure* or the *profit* of *Reading History*: For, besides the *beguiling* of *tedious hours*, and the *diversion* it gives from the *troublesome* and *vexatious affairs*, and the *preserving* the *frailty* of man from slipping into *vice* through *wantonness* with *leisure*, It enriches the *Mind* with *Observation*; and by setting us upon an *open* and

adjacent Scaffold, it gives us a *view* of the *actions*, the *contrivances*, and the *over-ruling Providences* that have sway'd the *affairs* of the *World*. It is the *Resurrection* of the *Ages past*: It gives us the *Scenes* of *Humane life*, that, by their *actings*, we may learn to *correct* and *improve*. What can be more *profitable to man*, than by an *easy charge*, and a delightful *entertainment*, to make himself *wise* by the imitation of *Heroick virtues*, or by the evitation of *detested vices*? Where the glorious *actions* of the worthiest *treaders* on the *Worlds Stage*, shall become our *guid* and *conduct*; and the *Errors* that the *weak* have *fallen* into shall be mark'd out to us, as *Rocks* that we ought to *avoid*. 'Tis learning *wisdom* at the *cost* of others: and, which is rare, it makes a man *better* by being *pleas'd*. In my opinion, among all the *Industries* of men, there is none that *merits* more *thanks*, than that which hath with *Prudence*, *Truth*, and *Impartiality* related those *Transactions*, which like main *Hinges* have *shut* and *opened* the *Gates* of the *World*. If *Moses* had not given us the *History* of the *Creation*, How *blindly* had we *walked* in the world? If the *Prophets* had not given us the *Stories* of the *Jews*, How much had we *wanted*, which now does lead us in the way of *uprightness*? Certainly, men owe their *Civility* as much to *History*, as *Education*. And we find neither *Greece* nor *Rome* were *civilized*, till they came to be *learn'd*.

And indeed in those that shall rightly, and well, relate the *Occurrences* of *States* and *Kingdoms*; there is required much more than makes up an *ordinary man*: They ought to be superlatively *Intelligent*, diligently *Industrious*, and uncorruptedly *Sincere*, neither driven by *fear*, nor led by *flattery*. Nor is it easy to have it *well done* by any, but by such as have been *Actors* in the *affairs* themselves; and have had some insight to the *turnings* of the *inward wheels* of the *work*. He that writes by *Relation* and *Report*, may easily err, and often miss the *Truth*. *Rumors* are but like *Thunderings* in the *Air*; we have a *confused noise*, but the particular cause that makes it, we do but guess at. *Uncertain Report* being certainly (as the Majesty of *King James* observed) the *Author* of all *Lies*.

Who writes a *History*, his principal aim should be *Truth*, and to relate especially the *extraordinaries* both of *good* and *ill*; Of *good*, that men, taken with the *Honour* they find done them in story, they may be encouraged to *perform the like*; Of *ill*, that when men see the *Infamy* that they are branded with, they may leap from all that should make them so *stigmatical*. To these; Observations that shall naturally arise from a *Rational Collection* are not to be denied, as the *Imbellishment* of a *well-prais'd work*. He that writes things *false* tells a *Lie* in the face of the world: with which he does abuse *Posterity*. He is the worst of *ill Limners*; for he *draws the Mind amiss*. Some interweave their *Relations* with *Fancies* of their own: but a *work* so furnisht, may be allowed a *Romance*, but not a *History*. Yet let no man that *reads*, be too scrupulous in expecting always a *clear light* or a *full*

full and perfect Narration. For besides that they are Men, that write; It is not possible that in all things the Truth of Affairs should be ever arrived at. Politicians pretend one thing to the People, but reserve the clean contrary in their hearts, and private Intentions. Their poysonings are Clandestine, and the making away of Enemies and Rivals is oftentimes by Bravo's hired in darkness: whose deeds are lockt up in Eternal night. So that none but an Omniscient God is able in all to trace the winding of these Serpents. If History be writ in the life-time of the Actors, It usually over-rates Virtues, and dashes out vice, or palliates. To dream amiss of the Prince, hath been accounted Treason: to write, would be much more. Princes in their displeasure being of the Nature both of Nettles and Thorns: If you but touch them they sting, if you Compress them they pierce unto bloud. If an History be writ after Death; it may be more impartial, but less True: some things will be forgot, others covered with the dust of Time, and either spleen or favour vary the colour which naked Nature gave. And though he that writes be an Actor himself, yet we are very rarely to expect that all should be Sound and Currant. He that is in Battel himself does oft not know the turn and progress of it. He can undertake but for himself and where he is, what is beside him may be unknown or disguis'd. Even Princes are deceiv'd by them they most do trust: And if a man be known to be about such a work, he shall sooner be put to record things Honourable than Just. And though of all others he that writes out of his own Knowledge by imployment, may be neerer Truth; yet a Man will be nice in blazing his own Errors; and where he is concern'd, self-love will incline him to lean to himself. If he be good, he would appear better: If he be Bad, he will not be fond that the world should read it in the Monument of Story, when he is gone. The dying Spaniard did but speak Humanity; That beg'd he might not be stript when he was dead, though the defect were only that he wanted a shirt.

## XXXIX.

## Of free Dispositions.

Diogenes spake to Plato for a glass of wine; and he presently sent him a Gallon: when next Diogenes met him, his thanks were, I asked you, how many was two and two; and you have answered, twenty. There are indeed some of so Noble a Disposition, that like trees of ripe fruit, by degrees they drop away all that they have, They would even out-do the demands of all their friends, and would give, as if they were Gods that could not be exhausted; They look not so much either at the Merit of others, or their own Ability, as by their Bounty the satisfaction of themselves. I find not a higher Genius this way than flow'd in the Victorious Alexander. He warred as if he coveted all; and gave away, as if he cared for Nothing; You would think he did not Conquer for

for *himself* but his *friends*, and that he *took* only that he might have wherewith to *give*. So that one might well conclude the *world* it self was too *little* for either his *Ambition* or his *Bounty*. When *Perillus* beg'd that he would be pleased to give him a *portion* for his *Daughters*, he presently commanded him *Fifty Talents*. The modest beggar told him, *Ten would be enough*. To which the Prince replies, *Though they might be enough for him to receive, yet they were not enough for himself to bestow*.

*Doubtless* all will conclude, a *Mind*, so vast, is a *Nobleness* to be ador'd and magnified. Their *Bounty* falls like *Rain*, and *fertils* all that's under them. The *Vulgar*, (as to *Gods*) will *erect* them *Altars*, and they will have all the *Verbal plaudits* that are owing to the *largest Benefactors*.

*Vixit extento Proculeius aro,  
Notus in fratres animi paterni;  
Illum aget penna metuente solvi  
——Fama superstes.*

The *Noble Love* to *Brothers* show'd  
By *Proculeius*, shall sound loud  
In *Fames* shrill *Trump*; there mount so *high*  
——That it shall never die.

All those *benefits* that a man does place upon others while he *lives* are as so many *Trophies*, rais'd to preserve his *Memory* when he is dead. Man's *Lasting Marbles* are his own *good works*; and like a *living Monument* they are rowl'd about wherever Men have *Tongues*. Yet I often find the men that thus are *Boundless* in their *Bounty*, and like the *Air* breath nothing but *freedom* upon all they meet with; though their *dispositions*, as the *Gods*, are *open*, and they best to others that have *front* to *grasp* at all that can be *gotten*: Yet being but *Men*, and so their *Materials* *limited*, they seldom prove but *unfortunate* to themselves. For being *exhausted* by the impudence and necessities of *others*, and their *un noble* working on a *free Nature*; an *unwelcome want* at once *undoes* them, and the *goodness* of their *disposition*. Being easie to *good*, they will be so (much more) to *ill*, when they are press'd to't.

Every man we meet, may be made an *Object* either of *Charity* or *Bounty*: But they are very few, that will enable us to *maintain* wherewithal to *continue* them. When *Zenocrates* told *Alexander* he had no need of his *Fifty Talents*, he reply'd, though he had no need of them himself, yet he might have *occasion* for them for his *friends*: since sure he was, all the *Treasure* he had *Conquer'd* from *Darius*, would scarce *serve* him for his. Should *Neptunes Sea* be ever *flowing out*, he would want *water* for his own *Inhabitants*. The *pool* whose *wast* lets out more than his *springs* supply; will soon be *shallow*, if not *wholly dry*. To *spend* like a *Prince*, and *receive* like a *private man*, must needs beget such

such a fit of *vomiting* or *loosness* as quickly will *impair* all *health*. And though they be best to *others*, yet it is but to such as are *grating* and given to *incroach*. For to the *Generous mind* they are often times *less acceptable*, than other more *reserved Men*. He that would be *entire* to *himself*, cannot well *converse* with him, without being *fetter'd* by some *kindness*: so he loses his *Freedom*, which is the *Felicity* and *Glory* of his *Life*. Every extraordinary *Kindness* I receive, I look upon as a help to *pinion me*. It is Nobler to *deserve* a *favour* than *receive* it, and to keep *discreetly*, than to *lavish* and *want* all things but a vain and empty *Applause*. He that *loves* his *Neighbour* as *himself* is at the extent of the *Commandment*. He that does *more* breaks it. I would *so serve* others, as I might not *injure* my self: but *so my self*, as I might be *helpful* to *others*.

## XL.

*The danger of once admitting a Sin.*

**T**Hough every thing we *know not*, be a *Riddle* at first: Yet once *untied*, there nothing is more *easy*. And as no *feat* of *Activity* is so difficult, but being *once done* a Man ventures on it more freely the *secondtime*: So there is no *sin* at first so *hateful*, but being once *committed willingly*, a man is made more prone to a *Re-iteration*. There is more desire of a *Known pleasure*, than of that which our *ears* have only *heard Report of*. Even *Ignorance* is so far *good*, that in a *Calm* it keeps the *mind* from *Distraction*: And *Knowledge*, as it breeds *desire* in all things seemingly *Good*; So doth it serve us with beguiling *Sin*. He that acts an *offence*, not only *speaks*, but *Recites* his own *foul Story*: And as it makes it more *Legible* to others, so it deeper *sinks* in his own *Mind*, and *Memory*, for the being *Charactred* by his displaying *hand*. It lies within him like a *Rak'd-up fire*, which, but *uncover'd*, *glows* it sett into a lively *heat*. The *Glass* that once is *crackt*, with every little *shake* is apt to *fall in pieces*. He breaks his *Hedge* of *Grace* that admits of a *scandalous sin*. When once a weighty *sin* hath trodden down the *Fence*, each *petty Vice* will easily then *step over*. A breach once made, the *City* is in danger to be *lost*. To think we shall be *wiser* by being *wickeder*, is the simple *mistake* of man. Ignorance herein is better than *Knowledge*, and 'tis far better to want *discourse* than *guilt*. Alas we know not what rich *Joys* we lose when first we *lash* into a *new offence*. The World cannot *Re-purchase* us our pristine clear *Integrity*. The *Maiden-head* of the *Soul* is gone. *Dishonour* tains us into *discontent*, we thereby slip our *hold* of *Grace*, which without many tears we never can recover. Perhaps we itch but once to try how pleasing *sin* will be: But at *Adam's price* we buy this *painted Apple*. And thereby chiefly we discover but our own *want* and *Nakedness*: and lose the *Paradise* of *Innocence*, that before this *Act* we enjoy'd. The chiefest *Know-*

*ledge*

CENT. II.

*ledg* that we get, is that of our thereby *guilt* and *misery*. Nor let any man vainly believe he shall be *less Actuated* by the importunity of a *scandalous sin*, for having once *committed* it : For though it may seem as *poysen cold*, before we come to *tast* it ; yet, once let in, it *boils* us up to *scalding* all our *Senses*. That which we thought was *milk* to *quench*, proves *oil* to *inflame*. The *palate* of the *Soul*, by *tasting* then is *vitiated* : and that which before was *Curiosity*, does now turn into *Concupiscence* and the *impetuous* longing after practis'd *pleasures*. Surely he that would be *pleas'dly innocent*, must refrain from the *tast* of *offence*. Though the *impetuous Tribunes* condemned the *Triumvirs*, only because they came not soon enough to *quench* the *fire*, broke out in the *Via Sacra*. Yet doubtless every *Active sin*, is a *flame* to burn up *Piety* : which we ought if we can to *prevent* ; if not, to make haste to *extinguish*, lest it quite *consume* our *Religion*. To death did the *Lacedemonians* censure that *Souldier*, that, meerly out of a boyish vanity, bore but a little *scarlet-fansie* in his *shield* ; lest it should tempt the *Army* to a forein *Luxury*.

Even small *offences*, are but the *little Thieves*, that (*entred*) let in *greater* : But where they are *scandalous*, the *Dominion* totally is given up into their *hands*. I would not purchase *Knowledg* by buying *Slavery* and *Contamination*. An *innocent Ignorance* is to be preferred before a *nocent Knowledg*. Let me rather have others think me *Defective*, than that I should know my self to be *Lewd*.

## XLI.

## Of Gratitude, and Gods accepting the Will for the Deed.

**I**N *Love* and *Thanks* there is no man necessitated to become a *Bankrupt*. For both are things wherein 'tis in a *Mans* own *power* to be *expressible* : And there is no man so *poorly provided* for, but he may easily find he hath many things for which he ought to be *thankful*. Either he enjoys *Benefits* that he could not *challenge* as of *debt*, (even a *Being*, *Life*, *Humanity*, the *apprehension* and *expectation* of *felicity* and *eternity*, are no way of our *own*, but *Gods* ; they are  *blessings* that we never could have given our selves) : Or else, he is *exempted* from many hard *Calamities*, that might have *befallen* him, if he were not *daily guarded* by a *Gracious Providence*. To requite so great *Benefits* as man does daily *receive* from the *goodness* of *God*, 'Tis no way in the *power* of *frail Mortality* ; but to be ever *thankful*, is the best *supply* for that defect of *Power* : A *grateful mind* is the best *Repository* wherein to lay up *Benefits* : like *Absolom's pillar* it keeps alive the *memory* of the *Donour*, and like a *mirrour* aptly plac'd presents the *view* of all that is *behind* you. *Gratitude* does *guild* the *Soul*, and if the *Iron* of it be but *smooth* and *fled*, though it be not *Gold*, it shews it as if it were : and even in the *sight* of *God* 'tis *beautiful*.



*beautiful*. And if man lives no day without a *Renewed Favour*, 'tis the least he can do, daily to *Renew* his *Thanks*. Nor would this be any thing if we had not a God of such *vast goodness*, that, by accepting for the *Deed* the *will*, did dignifie our *Intentions* by being pleased with them: And as the *Reason* of Gods bestowing his *Benefits* is not the *Merit* or *Desert* of Man; but the *infinite goodness* of his *excellent essence*, that takes delight in doing good and obliging: So the *efficacy* of our *thanks* could nothing *profit* either him or us, but that he is pleas'd for our *avail* to set a *value* on them, and by accepting the *meaning* for the *Act* reward us as if we *requited* him. Doubtless then the best way of *Retribution* that is in man, is to shew his *thanks* by confessing the *Receipt* and *Favour*. He that is a *thankful Debtor* not only acknowledgeth his *Bond* and *Want*, but declareth what he would do, if he were able. Since then all I have is *Bounty*, let my endeavour be to be always *thankful*. Though I cannot express that, without a *grace* to make me so; yet that is more mine than any thing else beside.

Receive favours, I ever must: Requite them, I never can: To remember them I always ought. In a *better sense*, let me say with the *Poet*;

*Semper inoblita repeta tua munera mente;*  
*Et mea me tellus audiet esse tuum.*

Thy Mercies always, through my Heart shall shine;  
And all the Earth shall know that I am thine.

## XLII.

*Of Distrust and Credulity.*

**T**O distrust all, and believe all, is equally bad and erroneous: of the two the safest is, to *distrust*. For *Fear*, if it be not *immoderate*, puts a *Guard* about us that does *watch* and *defend* us. But *Credulity* keeps us *naked*, and *lays* us open to all the *slie assaults* of *ill-intending* men: It was a *Virtue* when Man was in his *Innocence*: but since his *fall*, it abuses those that own it. Yet too much *diffidence* as it argues, if not always *guilt*, yet for the most part *defect*: So it begets us *Enemies* that without it had not been so. Causeless *suspition* not only *injures* others by a *mis-apprehension*, but it puts our selves into *trouble*, we have *fear* and *disturbance* that we need not. 'Tis the *Jaundice* of the *Mind*, that is not only *yellow* it self, but makes every thing else *appear* so. It turnes *Virtue* into *Vice*, and many times prompts the *Innocent* to become indeed what he wrongfully was *suspected* for. Surely it was a *precept* from a *Presidious Mind* at first, that bids us think all *Knaves* we deal with. I am sure it is against the Rule of *Royal Charity*, which in all doubtful *senses*, lays hold on that which is the *best*, and shews men to be

good in themselves, whereby they are induced to think so well of others. Whereas *Suspicion* is as oft begot out of *consciousness* in our selves either of what we have *done* or would *practise*, as it is from the *sense* of *other mens failings*. If we know men spotted with *deceit* or *crimes* to others, then indeed, not to *mistrust* is a breach of *Charity*: we are not *careful* for our selves, where it behoves our *care* to begin. He that deals with a *Fox*, may be held very simple, if he expect not his *vafrous tricks*. We trust not a *Horse* without a *Bitt* to guide him, but the well-train'd *Spaniel* we let range at pleasure, because we know we have him man'd to command. *Phocion* told the *Athenians*, They ought not to blame the *Byzantians*, for *mistrusting* their Captain *Chares*; but, their Captains that gave them cause to be *mistrusted*. He throws his *Interest* into a *Gulph*, that trusts it in such hands as have been formerly the *Shipwrack* of others.

*Infelix, quem non aliena pericula cautum.*

When the *deceitful* man hath shew'd to others what he is, Why should I take him for *other*, than what his *actions* have declared him? If he shews himself to be *ill*, I do him then no *injury*, to judge him what he is. He first does judge himself, and teaches me how to judge him. If I run upon a known *Bogg*, and yet will take it for *firm ground*, my falling in may beget *laughter*, but never *pity* with impartial people. With known *dissimblers*, Poets will not *trade*, and *Martial* is the Instance.

*Decipies alios verbis, vultuq; benigno:  
Nam mihi jam notus Dissimulator eris.*

Go cheat elsewhere with words, and smiling eyes:  
I know th' art false, and all thy Arts despise.

Indeed, where too much *Profession* is, there is cause to *suspect*. *Reality* cares not to be *trickt up* with too taking an *out-side*; and *Deceit*, where she intends to *cozen*, studies *disguise*. *Birds of prey*, discover not their *tallons*, while they fly and seek about for *food*. He stalks behind the *Horse*, that means to *shoot* and *kill*. The *weeping Crocodile* first humbles his surprise in *tears*, And least of all should we be taken with *swearing asseverations*. *Truth* needs not the varnish of an *Oath* to make her plainness *credited*. When among the *Romans*, upon *Averment*, men used to *swear*, or *avouch* with *Execrations*; they presently swore that they would not believe them. But, where there is no former *brand*, to shew he hath been *criminal*, 'tis breach of *Charity*, to conclude, that he will be *false*. I will rather think all *honest* if *strangers*, for so I am sure they should be; only, let me remember, that they are but *men*: so, nor always proof against the *assaults* of *frailty* and *corruption*; otherwise, though they want *Religion*, *Nature* implants a *Moral Justice*, which, *unperverted*, will deal *square*. 'Tis observable, that before our *Saviour* gave the *Rule*, even *Cicero* had preached the same to the world. *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris.*

Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you: Certainly, so I express a *charity* to my self, by providing, that I be not at the *mercy* of an other's *undoing* me; I can never be too *charitable* in my *opinion* and *belief* of others.

## XLIII.

## Concealed Grudges, the Destruction of Friendship.

W Ith some *dispositions* nothing can *preserve* a man safe. *Jealousie* *miscolours* those *actions* which in themselves are not capable of *stain*. Not having the *perspicacity* and *clearness* of *Reason*, what is done in *sincerity* is *misconstrued* to *craft*, *neglect*, or some other *sinister end*. But, among *uncaptious* and *candid Natures*, *plainness* and *freedom* are the *preserves* of *amity*; they not only take away present *misapprehensions*, but they lay a *foundation* of *confidence*, that renders us more *secure* in *futurity*; whereas *Reservation* gives cause of *fear*, by putting us into a *cloud*, which may as well harbour a *storm* or *tempest*, as a *gentle* and *refreshing shower*. There is nothing eats out *friendship* sooner, than *concealed grudges*. When *mis-guided Reason* hath once produced *Opinion*, even *Opinion* then doth soon seduce our *Reason*. *Conceits* of *unkindness*, harbour'd, and believed, will work off even a long *grown love*. The *Egg* of *prejudice* once *laid*, the *close sitting* hatches it into *life*; and, the *shell* once *broke*, it *flies* about, or, like the *Lapwing*, runs, not *easy* to be seized on. *Reserved dispositions*, though they may be apt to retain *secrets*; yet, they are not so fit to produce *love*. The *free* and *open brest*, both *propagates*, and continues *affection* best. *Philip* of *Macedon* set a *Prisoner* at *liberty*, because he did but tell him that his *Garment* hung a little *uncomely*. It was a *freedom* in a *Captive*, which his *Courtiers* durst not venture to tell him of. Between *entirest friends*, it cannot be but sometimes little *peeks* of *coldness* may appear; though not intended by a *willing commission*, yet, perhaps so taken by a *wrong suspect*. And these smother'd in *silence*, grow and breed to a *greater distast*. But, *revealed* once in a *friendly manner*, they oft meet with that *satisfaction*, which does in the *disclosure* banish them. *Regret* is a *Serpent* that, warm'd in the *bosom*, *stings*. *Unkindness* like a *tumor* in the *flesh*, does *rage* and *shoot* with *heat*, and making much of; but, once let out, both *ease* and *health* do follow. 'Tis a *sulphurous vapour* in a *cloud* *imprison'd*, that *roars* and *rumbles* while it is shut up: But, if at first, by *Lightning* it *flies* out, the *noise* is prevented, and the *Air* is thereby *clarified*. And indeed, how can we make a *judgment*, when we do not see the *bottom*? Sometimes *ill tongues* by *false tales* sow *discord* between two *Lovers*; sometimes *mistakes* set the *mind* in a *false apprehension*; sometimes *jealousies*, that like *dreags* arise from even *boiling love*, imprint *suspicion* in the *thoughts*. All which, may find ease in the *uttering*, so their *discovery*

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discovery be in *mildness*: otherwise, *Choler dims* the minds *bright eye*. and when it might see *clear*, it *mists* it with ascending *fumes*. *Passionate Natures*, like *flints*, may be quiet alone; but when they knock together, *fire* it self breaks from them; whereas calm discussions do so card *affections* into one another, that many times they never after can be *parted* or *pulled* asunder.

If, between *friends*, there must *unkindness* spring, 'tis best presently to *tell*, and *reconcile*. Perhaps, the *suspected*, that appear'd a little *smutted* on his *out-side*, unfolded, may be *clear within*; and then having more *integrity*, he will draw more *love*. If he should be *guilty*, he may *repent*, and by his *error*, become warn'd to *prevention*, and for that he hath *offended*, he shall be more *obsequious*. *Pisistratus* did not ill, when some *friends* had *forsaken* him, to follow and catch up their *cloakes*: who demanding his intension, he tells them, *It was, if he could, to persuade them to return; if not, 'twas resolv'd, that he would abide with them*. However, let them that desire to continue *friends*, be sure to *part* so: a *jar* at *farewel* is a *contradiction*. They that part in *unkindness*, seldom meet in *love*. The last *draught* leaves the *relish*, which, after it is past, does *dwell* upon the *Palate*, while the *gust* of the former with this is *wash'd* away. Therefore we ought to provide that this may be *pleasant*: nor ought we to *start* aside at every *stone* that shall be *cast* in our *way*. To pass by *offences*, is *wisdom*; but to *fall* from a *friendship*, *levity*: Even in those that have been ill *contracted*, *Cato's* advice is good, They are rather to be *unsewed* than *cut*.

## XLIV.

'Tis neither a great Estate, nor great Honours that can make a man truly Happy.

I Have sometime had the vanity to think, a vast *Estate*, and some high seat of *Honour*, to be a gay and glorious thing. And indeed, to look upon the superficialities of it at the first glance of the catching *Fancy*, there may be perhaps a pleasing and enticing splendor. Man has naturally so much of the *Deity* within him, that he loves to be *ador'd* and *magnified*. Among the *Romans*, *Triumphs* were so coveted, that the refusal of them to aspiring *Cesar*, begot the change and ruine of the present *State*. Though to have the reeling *Multitude* (like a *Pool* of *Reeds*, waved with the wandering wind) bowing up and down in *adoration* of the *Conquerour*, does heave and lift up tumours and exalting *minds*, and such as have the *Mercury* of youth about them: Yet, when the grave *Vespasian* came to snail it, and be leaver'd in the throngs flow, march he began to chide himself, as being justly punish'd, at his years, for admitting such *popular Applause*, and *Pageantry*. And certainly, if we examine the true and most essential *felicities* of man,

we shall find that 'tis not *wealth* or *Power*, nor a *great Estate*, nor *great Command*, that can render us in our selves more *happy* than other men: All that really man is here made capable of, must be either benefits to his mind, or to his body. For the mind; surely, *Kings* never found so *great contents* as have liv'd with mean *Philosophers*. A *Crown* of gold's too heavy to be worn with ease. Their fears, their hopes, their Joys, their griefs, their loves, their hates, with all their train of Passions are more phantastick, more distracted, and more torturing, than those that wait upon an *obscurer man*, who like a *Cat*, without making a noise, can steal unheeded through the *worlds confusion*. Without a *guard*, they cannot sleep; and with one, they do not. A *Martial watch* dissects the night with noises; a *mid-night Council* starts their broken rest; and *meals* are stuff'd with frights, or with suspicion. He that *Commands* the most, *enjoys* himself the least: His *Inclination* is turmoil'd and fretted; thrust one way, pulled another; haled on this side, forc'd on that; driven and stroak't together. Who is't can guess at those *Incessant cares*, that go to bed with *Princes* but to keep them *waking*? *Enemies* abroad, *Treacheries* at home, *Emulations* at neighbours, *dissatisfaction* of friends, *jealousie* of most, and *fear* of all. A business so troublesome, that *Otho* (though he were so *belov'd* of his Souldiers, that many of them did put themselves to *death*, because he would not *live*) chose rather to *kill* himself than endure it, and to hazard so many of his Noble dependences. His *Title* sure was as good as that of *Vitellius*: yet, where there hath been none, we have liv'd to see, there hath been also no such consideration. And, which is more in *Great Persons*, their *delicacy*, and *tenderness*, like nice *plants*, make them more subject to destruction, more sensible of affronts, more impatient of labour and care, than such as, through habituated custom, are hardned to endure the *frost*, the *heat*, and the *wind* of *affairs*. Plainly it appears, He is more in the way to be *happy*, that lives in a kind of *retreat* from the world. In whom all men have an *interest*, he surely has least in himself. And, if *retiredness* be not more delicious than *affluence* and *popularity*, How comes it, that men of *great employment* do so often *lock* up themselves from the croud and flux of *affairs*. As the *happiest* part of their *life*, they steal themselves into a *Calm*, and joyce that they can cozen their importuning *Clients*: do they not hereby seem to tell us, that they can never enjoy themselves, and stand at ease, or cool, but when they have hid by the *Pendants* and *Comparisons* of *State*, which heat, and load, and weary more than all the *pleasure* that they bring compensates? True *wisdom*, which proceeds from *Piety* and *Innocence*, they have not leisure as they should, to prosecute. The *thorns* of *Authority* hinder the *seeds* of the other from prospering. In so much, that some have held it for no Paradox, That a *Prince* who grows in *goodness*, will come to descend in his *State*: Examples hereof, are not hard to find, where, by the vices and insultation of others, the *Innocent* and *Charitable* have fared worse, than the not extremly *harsh* and *tyrannical*. Certainly, the *greatest pleasure* that the *mind* is capable of in  
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this life, is in the contemplation of *God* and *Nature*, the experimental sweetneses of *Philosophy*, and the discourfiveness of *Reason*. And all these have their *pleasure* in retiredness, and uncrowded from the stings of *business*. Nay, admit an *affluency* of all things were, indeed, better than the *moderate* use of the *pleasures* of this life: Yet, with perpetual use the sense of the *pleasure* is lost. Whose every *meal* is *banquet*, has not any. Continual *feasts* are burthensom, beyond the intermediate pleasingness of a craving *appetite*. He knows not the dear *delight* of *life* in any kind, that never liv'd but in the *fulness* of *all*. 'Tis *watching* and *labour*, that voluptuates *repose* and *sleep*. As he that is ever taking *Tobacco*, loses that *Physical* use on't, which others find, that do but seldom use it; so, he loses the *gust* of what should be *delightful*, that so perpetually does cloy himself, that he leaves not space to meet his *food* with *desire*. One *wholsom dish* with *hunger* for the *sawce*, with purer health, with greater ease, with as much pleasure may be had and tasted, as all those costly *viands* *Riot* and *Prodigality* invented for either the *Table* of *Vitellius*, or the *Kitchin* of *Lucullus*. Nay, *Pleasures* are not truly *tastable*, but in the sober tracts of *Temperance*; they then have that clear *relish* that *Nature* first indued them with: which certainly, is *sweeter* than what is strain'd and forc'd by *Art*. When the *thirst* is quench'd, the pleasure is not then so much in *drink*, as *company*. Nor can the full-cram'd person have his *Senses* and *Intellectualls* clear. Where there is much *Provision* dress'd, the *Kitchin* will be black't and darkned with *smoke* and *reek*. The empty *mornin*g, and the wasted *night* sees further into *Knowledg*, than the *mid-day Sun*, when unctious *meals* shall tumult all the *senses*. Nor can the like *health* attend the abounding *Board*, that does the temperate and convenient *Table*,

——— *Vides, ut pallidus omnis*  
*Cæna desurgat dubia; quin corpus onustum*  
*Hesternis vitiiis, Animum quoq; pregravat unâ,*  
*Atque affigit Humo divine particulam Auræ.*

——— See but how pale they reel,  
 From their destructive *Suppers*, how they feel  
 Their late tane *Surfeits*, which weigh down the *Soul*,  
 And to dull *Earth*, pins the *Cælestial Pole*.

Like *Bottles* fill'd with *wine*, that is not fin'd, their own *Fumies* crack them till they flie in *pieces*. He only finds the *clean* and *politer* pleasure, that feeds, as *Nature* breeds, *sound men*; where there is *Temperamentum ad pondus*. Like *Fish* in *Crystal* streams, untainted with disease, they *smoothly* glide through all the soft *Currents* of *Life*. *Epicurus* was not far from right, to make *Pleasure* even the *Summum Bonum*. But he meant it of the *mind* which was *terse* and *clean*, what is it that we can say more? Or how can we imagine greater, than to be *participant* and *enjoying* of the *Divine Nature*; of the *Great* and *Immaculate* *God*? Doubtless in a great *Estare*, 'tis very hard to find time  
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for these *Seclusions*. The Relation of *Acquaintance*, and *Friends*, and *Alliances*; The Avocation of *Business*, both *Contingent* and *Necessary*; The Application of others not to be *avoided*; The incitation to *pleasures* that more moderate Fortunes *want*, with the *Army* of *temptations* that abundance offers, may instruct us neither to *envy* those that sail in such full Seas, nor yet to be *sagaciously licorish* after these more *palatable* than *wholsom sweet meats*. A great Estate without a mind that is greater than it, is a *Snare*: Nor are there examples wanting of many that have *doposited* their *spacious* Fortunes, to take up mean Convenience; *Attilius* descended from the *Triumph* to the *Plough*: and we need not doubt but *Menenius Agrippa* liv'd both pleas'd and honor'd, though he left not *Cash* to discharge his *Funeral*. The mind of a middle fortun'd man, is as much at *Liberty* as his that is compass'd round with *plenty*; and the body of this latter is not capable of more than the other can afford to his. Three *Ells* of *Holland* he can use for a shirt, and more a *Prince* cannot put in without trouble: perhaps a mean man has not a *Garment* with so long a *Train*, but then he can conveniently carry it *himself*, and needeth not the cumber or the charge to have one bear it after him.

## XLV.

## Of Neglect.

There is the same difference between *Diligence* and *Neglect*, that there is between a *Garden* curiously kept, and the *Sluggards field*, that fell under *Solomon's* prospect, when it was all over-grown with *Nettles* and *Thorns*. The one is cloth'd with *Beauty*, and the gracious amiableness of *Content*, and cheering *Loveliness*! While the other hath nothing but either little *smarting pungencies*, or else such *transpiercings* as rankle the *flesh* within: *Negligence* is the *Rust* of the Soul, that corrodes through all her massiest *Resolutions*; and, with *admittance* only, flakes away more of it's *steel* and *hardness*, than all the hackings of a violent hand can perform. The excretions of the *Body* grow but *insensibly*; yet, unless they be daily taken away, they *disguise* a *Man* to a *monster*: as *Nebuchadnezzar's* hairs were like *Eagles* feathers, and his *Nails* like *Birds* claws, in his seven years *bestiality*. What Nature made for *Use*, for *Strength*, for *Ornament*; Neglect alone converts to *trouble*, *weakness*, and to *loath'd Deformity*. We need no more but sit still, and *diseases* will arise only for want of *Exercise*.

How *fair* and *fresh* soever the Soul be, yet in our *flesh* it lives in *smoak*, and *dust*; and if it daily be not brusht, and cleans'd, by *Care*, and *Penitence*, it quickly *discolours*, and *soils*. Take the *weeders* from the *Floralium*, and a very little time will change it to a *wilderness*. And then 'tis an *Habitation* for *Vermine*, that was before a

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*Recreation for Men.* Our *Life* is a *warfare*, and men use not in it to sleep without a *Centinel*, nor march without a *Scout*; He that wanteth either of *these*, exposes himself to surprize and the becoming a *prey* to the *diligence* and *laboriousness* of his *Adversary*. We have known many that have *wasted* goodly *patrimonies*, who have been handsomly *natur'd* and free from *vices* of any signal remark at all, for which we could give no other *Reason* but only a general *incuriousness* and neglect of timely *inspection* into their own affairs. Thus *Honorius* passed away his *Empire* to his Sister *Plaudia*: And *Nero's* other vices were not more contributing to his *Ruine*, than his *supine neglect* when the *Legions* began to rise. The mounds of *Life* and *Virtue*, as well as those of *pastures*, will decay, 'tis but forbearing to repair them, that all the *Weasts* of the *field* may enter and *tear up* whatsoever is *good* in us and *grows*. Certainly Religion teaches, to be *exact* and *curious*. The Law is such a *Rule* as every aberration from it, is an *eye-sore*. We see sometimes how small a scruple can disturb the minds fair *peace*. *Macarius* gave himself *penance* for but killing a *Guat* in *Anger*: Like the *Jewish* touch of things *unclean*, the meanest *miscarriage* requires a *Purification*. Who does not therefore guard himself, neglects his *greatest Enemy*. Man is like a *watch*; If evening and morning he be not wound up with *Prayer* and *Circumspection*, he either is unprofitable, or false: He either goes not to direct, or serves to mislead. And as the slenderest hair, the least grain of sand, or the minutest *Atomic*, makes it either a *trouble*, or *deceit*: so the least *neglect* does steal us into *improficiency* and *offence*: which degreasingly will weigh us down to *extremity*. If the *Instrument of Living* be not truly *set*, all that we *play* upon't will be harsh and out of *tune*. The *diapason* dies, where every *string* does not confer its *part*. Surely, without an *union* to *God*, we cannot be *secure*, or *well*. Can he be *happy*, that from *happiness* is divided? And *God* is so exact, so smooth, so straight, so perfectly perfect in *all*, that 'tis not possible for *man* to be join'd to him, unless *proportionably* he be so too. The smooth and rugged, never made good *joint*; the straight and crooked will never be brought to *close*: Unless our *knots* and *excrescencies* be taken off, and thro' into *directness*, they hinder *union*, and thrust us off from *Deity*. No glew will hold us close, when we shall swell into unevennesses, by the *neglect* of not planing our selves into *Virtue* and *Piety*. *Diligence* alone is a good *Patrimony*, but *neglect* wastes a fair *Fortune*: one preserves and gathers; the other, like *Death*, is the dissolution of all. The *Industrious Bee* by her sedulity in *Summer*, dwells in, and lives on *Honey* all the *Winter*. But, the *Drone* (which, according to *Pliny*, is an imperfect *Bee*, and begot in *decay*, when the *Bee* is wasted and past labour), is not only cast out, but beaten and punish'd.



## Of Injury.

## XLVI.

**I**njury is properly the willing doing of *Injustice* to him that is unwilling to receive it. And 'tis as well by charging *falsely*, as detracting *unaduly*. He that accuses me of the *ill* I did not, and he that allows me not the *good* I have done: who puts *stolen goods* upon me, and who *steals* away what is truly mine, hath very little *Heraldry* to distinguish the *wrong* he does. Only, in the first he begins with *Murder*: and ends with *Theft*: In the later, he begins with *Theft*, and ends with *Murder*. One *bites* before he *barks*; the other *barks* first, and *bites* afterward. Certainly, all the mischief in the world proceeds either from the acting, or the apprehending of *wrong*, from men originally *unjust*, or ignorantly *suspicious*. Were *Right* and *Justice* preserv'd in exactness, *Earth* would be a *Heaven* to live in, and the *life* of *Men* would be like that of *Angels*, where *Majores sine clatiorae præsunt*, & *minores sine vitio subsunt*. *Felicity* would dwell with men, which now like *Astræa*, is fled from the *Region* of *Earth*. How many *Attendances*, how many *Journeys*, how much *Treasure* might be saved? No *crowded throngs* need fill our *Law-tribunals*; nor *armed Troops* ungraze our *fruitful fields*. Every *Injury* is a petty war, and a breach at least of a pair of God's grand Commandements; *Killing*, and *Stealing*. And, though perhaps it may seem to *prosper* a little while, till the wheel of *Providence* walks its round; yet, doubtless, 'tis short-liv'd, and drags with it an *Infection*, that does taint the *spirits*, and confound the *senses*. *Injustos sequitur ultor à tergo Deus*. 'Tis one of Gods peculiar Attributes, That he is an *Avenger* of *wrong*. There are but two parts of a Christian mans life: To abstain from doing *wrong*, and to endeavour to do *good*. And though the first in a bad world, be a good *progress* in a Christians voyage to *Heaven*; yet, it is in truth, but a dead and torpid *Virtue*. A negative *Piety*, that indeed, reaches not to the civility of *neighbourhood*. Neither the *Priest*, nor the *Levite* were *Neighbours* to him that fell among *Thieves*; yet, neither of them did him any *Injury*. And 'tis not unworthy our Observation, That of all Professions of men, it fell out, that it was a *Priest*, and a *Levite*, that were thus nothing concern'd with the wounded's calamity. They, that like *Bellows*, could inkindle the *fire* of *Charity* in others, had nothing in themselves, but a *sterile cooling breath*, derived from the common and transient *Air*. They, who to others seem'd *flagrant* in their *tongues*, had *ice* congealed in their *frozen hearts*: which need not put us to the wonder, when we find their *practical zeal* fall many degrees below their *flaming harangues*. Though we are commanded to be *inoffensive*; yet, that is not all we are commanded unto. Things senseless and inanimate, forbear the doing *Injury*: but, the activeness in *good*, is

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that which promotes to *felicity*. *Eschew evil, and do good*, is but one conjunctive Precept. He is but the lesser part of his way, that forbears the doing *injury*: yet, even this is a mystery, that, but very few attain unto. Either we mis-apprehend it; or, blinded with belief of our own *perfections*, we slide over this, and yet pretend to be *pious*. But I can never think him *good*, that is but *temporally good* to himself. How can he have a *good conscience* either *towards God*, or *towards man*, that either *fraudulently*, or *violently* takes away what is anothers *just propriety*, I am yet to understand. Some Callings are such, as 'tis hard to be *just*, and hold them. And we may observe our Saviour was so far from allowing not only *wrong*, but *force* even in Souldiers and Merchants, (who yet, if any, are dispensed with) that he binds up their Profession in such limits, as 'tis hardly possible to be a *Souldier*, and a *Christian*; we translate it, *Offer violence to no man*. And is not *Plunder* such, or *taking away* any thing that is anothers? Which being never so clandestinely done, without either noise, or the owners knowledge, under the cover of *darkness*, or the silence of the *grave*: yet, by the Law, 'tis taken to be acted *vi & armis*. If *force* can give a Title, all that I can *catch and keep*, is mine. If *Justice* and *Propriety* be not preserved, no man hath more than what he can *keep* by his own *craft*, or anothers *courtesie*. It was *St. Austin* that started the question; *Remota Justitia, quid sunt Regna nisi magna Latrocinia?* Take *Justice* hence, and what are *Kingdoms* else, but fields of *war* and *rapine*? But the word is properly, *Terrifie no man*; which intimates, they ought not to come so near taking away any mans *right*, as to put them into a *fear*. What *Law* and *Civil Right* does give a man just Title to, I ought not to *deprive* him of. They are *Beasts* and *Birds* of *prey*, or else *voracious fishes* in the wilder *Ocean*, that live and batten on the *spoils* of others.

Man by all the *Laws of Creation, Policy, and Religion* is tyed up, with his own fair *Industry* to live on what is *justly his*; and then he hath a promise of a *blessing* with it. But, he that *rovs* and *rustles* in his *Neighbours* hold, hath no *protection* but his own frail arm, or else his *fraudulent head*; 'gainst which the Prophet hath pronounc't a *woe*. Even a natural light will shew us the *blackness of wrong*, and then (what ever men pretend), certainly, *Religion* shines but very *dimly*, where that can be digested and not *seen*. The Offices of the Orator will tell us; *Qui non defendit, nec obstitit si potest injurie, tam est in vitio quam si Parentes, aut Patriam, aut Socios deserat*. He that does not hinder, or defend a *wrong* when 'tis in his *power*, is in the same rank of *ill*, with those that basely shall desert their *Countrey*, their *Parents*, or their neer *Associates*. Surely, right-born *Nature* is nobler than a bastard *Piety*. He was not a *Jew*, but a *Samaritan* that parted with his *Oyl* and *wine*, and left *provision* for his *cure*, that, in the fore-mentioned Parable, *fell among Thieves*, which we cannot think to be other, than the *Jews*, for he went but down the Hill from *Jerusalem* to *Jericho*, when he

was

was set upon. They wound *Religion* to the *inmost heart*, that shew her to the world with such *wild gashes*, and *adulterate spots*, as are, the offering, or incouraging of *wrong*. The *Pagan Tribune* is to be prefer'd before some *Christian Conventions*, that have appear'd in the world.

*Cn. Domitius*, the Tribune, summon'd Prince *Scaurus* before the Peoples Tribunal, *Scaurus* his servant, hearing of it, repairs to *Domitium*, and informs him, that, if he wanted *matter*, he could furnish him with sufficient for his *Lords Condemnation*: For which the Noble Tribune well rewarded him; but, 'twas by *cropping off his Ears*, *sealing up his lips*, and sending him so to his Lord. I think, it needs no Grand Inquest to find in what Region the *Nobler Religion* did dwell; whether with them that punish *Treachery*, *Perfidiousness*, and *Hericide* with smart and Ignominy: or, such as draw it out with *Oaths*, invite it with *Preferments*, and appoint to *Slaves* and *Villains* the rewards that are due to the only *brave* and *honest*. Doubtless, to a very Enemy, a Christian dares not offer *wrong*. *Religion* from above, is *pure* and *peaceable*; but *wrong*, is the *fewel of war*; and, by doing that, we help our *Adversary*, and *war* against our *selves*. We engage *God* on his party, and by our *injustice* disadvantage our *cause*: Nor may we do it, that good may come of it: *Justice*, needs not *Injury* to help it to a *Victory*. Though in the way of *Hostility* the practice is far more *common* than *commendable*; yet, by *just* and *gallant persons*, it hath ever been *disdain'd* and *abhorr'd*. And those that have so contemned it, have for it by all succeeding times, been seated with such as have ascended to the *highest Towers* in the stately *Palace of Fame*. *Themistocles* advis'd to fire the *Spartans Navy* privately, as it lay in the Harbour. *Aristides* did confess it *profitable*; but, because he could not be satisfied, that it was *just*, or *honourable*, the project was decried, and *Themistocles* enjoyn'd to desist. And when *Alphonsus* was offer'd by some, that they would entrap and cut off his *Enemy*, the Duke of *Anjou*: He protest'd, if they did any such thing, he would proceed against them, as he would against a *pack of Parricides*, declaring to all; That the *war* he undertook, consisted not of *Fraud* and *Treachery*; but, of *Virtue*, of *Valour*, and of noble *Fortitude*. He that can allow himself to do *Injury*, makes his *favours* to be suspected as *snares*. He is so far from being a *Propitious Star*, that the *malevolence* of *Comets* harbours in him. He is much distant from doing *good*, that is not principl'd to forbear a *wrong*. He is next to *Charity*, that abstains from *Injury*: but he is at *Oppressions threshold*, that can dispense with it. Let no man think, he can purchase *favour* with either *God* or *Men*, by the formality or exteriours of *Religion*, if he lets himself loose unto *injury*. One *unjust* and *unworthy action* hurts not alone the man that does it: but, it transfers the *scandal* to the *Religion* he professes, which for his sake groans, and grows suspected, if not contemned. Of the two, my opinion is with *Socrates*, 'Tis better

to suffer *wrong*, than do it. He may be *good*, that suffers it, he must be *bad*, that offers it. An *Innocent* may be *killed*; but, he that *murthers*, cannot be *innocent*, either in present, or the sequel. For usually, the first *commitment* of a *wrong*, puts a man upon a *thousand wrongs*, perhaps, to maintain that *one*: And, 'tis more than probable, the *sufferer* will decline into *wrong* at last. *Injury* with *injury* is defended; and with committing *greater*, we are drawn to keep up the *less*. A *lye* begets a *lye*, till they come to *generations*. Who is once a *Rebel*, hardens his own *heart*, engageth his *friends*, oppresses his *fellows*, involves his *relations*, murders the *loyal*; and like a *Torrent*, lets in all that can tend to *confusion*. As the *Powder* once would have done the *two Houses*; so, he at once *blows* up both the *Tables*. By loosing from *ground*, he lanches into the *Sea* that hath no bottom, being thereby enforced to the *breach* of the *whole Decalogue*, both in *bulk* and *branches*, by *himself* and his *guilty Adherents*.

## XLVII.

## Of Faith and good Works.

I find not a greater seeming *Contradiction* in the whole *Gospel*, than that which relates to *Faith* and *works*: The Apostle Saint *Paul* argues high for *Faith*, and St. *James* as high for *works*. One saies *Abraham* and *Rahab* were justified by *Faith*. The other, that *Abraham* and *Rahab* were justified by *works*. One saies, By the *works of the Law*, shall no flesh living be justified. The other saies, That ye see then how that by *works* a *Man* is justified, and not by *Faith* only. Nay, St. *Paul* may seem to contradict himself, when in one place he saies, *The doers of the Law* shall be justified. And in another that we know a man is not justified by the *works of the Law*. And that no man is justified by the *Law* in the sight of *God*, it is evident. Surely, though these seem to be *Contradictions*, yet rightly understood, they are not so. For, to leave the *Niceties* of those sharp *disputes* that are on either side; I look upon it as a *Rule*, That where the *Scripture* seems to run into *Contrarieties*, there certainly is a *middle way* between both, which we ought to seek out and follow; and that the *extreams* on either side are forbidden, and the *Union* and *Inseparability* of both are enjoyed. I do therefore humbly conceive, That the insisting upon *Justification* by *works*, and the insisting upon *Justification* by *Faith* alone, might, with much more profit to the *Church of God*, be left to be so strenuously tugg'd for, by the differing *Parties*. It would more safely be evinced from these two seeming *discrepancies*, That no *Man* can be justified without degrees of both; and that to depend solely upon one is dangerous, for doubtless both are meant. And therefore when at one time the people came to our *Saviour* and asked him, *what shall we do*, That we might work the *works of God*? He answered, *This is the*  
work

work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. Declaring thereby, Faith to be even the whole work of the Evangelical Law. And when the young man in the Gospel asked him at another time, what he should to inherit Eternal Life? His answer to him was, That he should keep the Commandments. Neither of which are to be taken exclusively, but both Commanded: so, both to be equally practised. Works without Faith, are at best but Arrows shot at Randsome: No man can assure that they shall ever hit the mark. And for Faith, St. James tells us, that without works it is dead. And then, what is it that the dead can do? Faith indeed glorifies God in private, between himself and our Souls. 'Tis the Monastique part of Religion, which acts all within the Cell of our own bosomes. But Works glorifie him before the World and Men. Faith without Works is but a wither'd tree, there wants both leaves and fruit. And Works without Faith, is one that hath no Root to give it sap and verdure. Faith is as the meaning, and Works are the expression of the mind. Faith is the pin that fastens the Soul to the Chariot of Eternity, while works are as the Harness and the Trappings whereby it is drawn along, and without which all her operations else are usefess. Works without Faith are like a Salamander without Fire, or a Fish without water; The Element which they should live in, is not there: and though there may seem to be some quick Actions of life and symptoms of Agility; Yet they are indeed but fore-runners of their end, and the very presages of Death. Faith again without works is like a Bird without wings, who though she may hop with her Companions here upon Earth, yet if she lives till the Worlds end, shee'd hardly ever fly to Heaven, because she wants her Feathers. But when both are join'd together, then does the soul mount to the Hill of eternal rest. These conjoin'd can bravely raise her to her highest Zenith: and by a Noble Elevation fix her there for ever; taking away both the will that did betray her, and the possibility that might. The former without the latter, is felt cozenage; the last, without the former, is meer Hypocrisie; together, the excellency of Religion. Faith is the Rock, while every good action is as a stone laid. One is the Foundation, the other is the Structure. The foundation without the walls is of slender value: The building without the Basis cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their conjunction makes them good: whosoever does believe in God aright, believes him to be a Rewarder of good, a God that requires what is just and equal, that loves to magnifie himself in his mercy, in his doing good to his Creatures, and in his infinite and unbounded Beneficence; And that he is a punisher of evil, a detester of Injustice, yet one that delights not in afflicting to their Torment the works of his hands. Therefore such as would perswade us these believe, and practise the Contrary of these; these Christians are of such a New Edition as nothing of them can be found in scripture or Antiquity. They are but insidel-Christians, whose Faith and works are at war against each other. Faith that

is right, can no more forbear *good works*, than can the Sun to shed a-broad his *glorious beams*; or a Body of perfumes to disperse a *grateful Odor*: Works may be without Faith, they may rise from other ends, and 'tis no news to see *Hypocrisie* decking her self with the *fringes* and *purls* of the *truest Religion*. But faith will not be satisfied, if she have not *works* attending her. A *Solifidean-Christian* is a *Nullifidean-Pagan*, and confutes his *tongue* with his *hand*. I will first labour for a *good Foundation*, saving Faith: And equally will I seek for *strong Walls*, good works. For as man judgeth the *House* by the *Edifice* more than by the *Foundation*: so not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *works*, shall God judge man: Nor is it unworthy of our *Observation*, That when Saint *James* parallels *faith* and *works* to the *body* and *Soul*; He compares *Faith* but to the *Body*, while *works* he likens to the *Soul*, that gives it *motion*, *life*, and *animation*. I shall forbear to make the *Inference*, but leave it to the Readers *sober Consideration*. See *James* the 2. 16.

## XLVIII.

*Of the danger of a fruitless Hearer.*

**T**Hough *Preaching* in it's elocutive part be but the *conception* of *Man*, and differs as the *gifts* and *abilities* of men give it lustre or depression; and many *Hearers* for their knowledg are able to *instruct* their *Teachers*: Yet, as it puts us in mind of our duties, that may perhaps be out of our *thoughts*; and as it is the Ordinance of God, and may quicken and enliven our *Conversation*, we owe it both our *Reverence* and *Attention*. And though we may think our *education* and *parts* have set us in a higher form than it hath done him that does ascend the *Pulpit*; yet without a *derogation* to our own *Endowments* (as in other *Arts* so in that of *Divinity*) we may well conceive, He that makes it his *trade* and *calling* should better understand it, and is likely to be more perfect in it, than he that hath *inspection* therein but by the *by* and *obviously*. Arts, perfect are by *exercise* and *industry*. As man is born a *Child*, and does by tence and improving time, creep up to *full Maturity*; So *Arts* at first are infant-things, till *skill*, and *garnish*, they burnish out in *perfection*. Even in matter of fact; they have *easier* and *nearer waies* to do things, who with assiduity and practice are still *intent* upon them; than can by those be thought on, that are *strangers* to the *profession*. And these *Considerations* may certainly content us to *hear* sometimes the meaner-parted *preach*. The Apostle allows it the foolishness of *preaching*, yet it was the way that *peopled* all the world with *Christianity*. It bruised the *stanch Philosopher*, and brought the *wilful Pagan* off from all his *Idols*. It topp'd the *soaring Eagle* with the *cross*, and bowed the *lofty Conquerour* to his *knee* and *Tears*. And, what know we but sometimes our *Corruptions* may be

be let out by a poor brass pin, as well as by the *dextrous hand* that guides a *silver Lancet*? He that is our spiritual *Physician* is not confin'd to any certain instrument that he will use to *cure* us with. And if we out of *Copper, Lead, or Pewter-preaching*, can extract pure *Gold*, I take 'tis no *impeachment* to our *wise Philosophy*. Surely they are not right, that because they can not hear such as they would, will therefore come *at none*. I will hear a good one, if I can; but rather *hear an easie* one than not *to hear at all*. He *abandons* his cure, that refuses to come at his *Chirurgion*.

That Cloth can never be *white* that lies where *dews* do never fall upon it. I observe those that leave the Church-*assemblies* (so they be not *Heretical*) do grow at last to leave *Religion* too. The *Righteous man*, by the unwise *actions* of others, does grow *wiser*. Even out of *weakness* he can gather *strength*. Now the great *King of Heaven* entertains not *fools* for his followers: If they be not wise before they *come*, yet they are wise in *coming*; and then, for that, he makes them so for ever after. 'Tis a *prerogative* belongs to his *Servants*; those that pay him their *obedience*, he does reward with *Wisdom* and *Understanding*. It was by keeping his *Commandements* that *Dauids wisdom* did exceed his *Teachers*. He that hath *wisdom* to be truly *Religious*, cannot be *condemnedly a Fool*. Every precept of *Christianity*, is a Maxim of *profoundest prudence*. 'Tis the *Gospels work* to reduce man to the *principles* of his *first Creation*; that is, to be both *good and wise*. Our *Ancestors* it seems were clear of this *Opinion*. He that was *pious and just* was reckoned a *righteous Man*. *Godliness* and *Integrity* was call'd and counted *Righteousness*. And in their old *Saxon English*, *Righteous was Rightwise*, and *Righteousness was originally Right-wiseness*. 'Tis the *fear of God* that is the *beginning of Wisdom*: And all that seek it have a *good understanding*. It is to be presum'd, the *Merchant* that sold all to buy the *Pearl*, was as well *wise as Rich*. Those therefore that withdraw from the *means* altogether, (which, in *ordinary*, is *preaching*) or are long *livers* under it *unprofitably*, by degrees grow *strangers* to it, and *dislike* it. 'Tis an *Aphorism* in *Physick*, That they who in the beginning of *diseases* eat much and *mend* not, fall at last to a general *loathing of Food*. The *Axom* is as true in *Divinity*. He that hath a *sick Conscience* and lives a *Hearer* under a *fruitful Ministry*, if he grows not *sound* he will learn to *despise* the *word*. When *food* converts not into *Nourishment*, 'twill not be long before the *Body languisheth*. Blessings neglected in the *Van* do *troop* in curses in the *Rear* and *sequel*; but, when contemned, *Vengeance*. Who neglects the *good* he may *have*, shall find the *evil* that he would *avoyd*. Justly he sits in *darkness*, that would not light his *Taper* when the *Fire* burn'd clearly. *Offers of Mercy* slighted, prepare the way for *Judgments*. We deeper charge our selves. Yet are we more *incapable* of clearing our *accounts*. He that needs *Counsel* and will not daign to lend a *listening ear*, destines himself to misery, and is the willing *Author* of his own *sad woe*. Continue at a stay we cannot:  
Corruption

Corruption neither mends it self, nor leaves to be so till it bring destruction. The fire followed *Lots* neglected *preaching*. *Capernaum's* fate was heavier for her miracles. Desperate is his estate, that hates the thing should help him. If ever you see a *drowning* man refuse *help*, conclude him a *wilful Murtherer*. When God offers more than hee's oblig'd to, we ought by all the waies we can to meet so *glorious Mercies*. To the burying of such Treasures, there belongs a *Curse*; To their mispending, *Panishment* and *Confusion*.

## XLIX.

## Of Solitariness and Companionship.

**T**He *Bat* and the *Owl* are both *Recluses*: Yet they are not counted in the *Number* of the wisest *Birds*. Retirement from the world is properest when it is in a *Tempest*: but if it shall be in our power to *allay* it, we ought even then to *immerse* our private in the *publique safety*. He may indeed be *wise* to himself, that can sleep away a *storm* in a *Cabbine*. 'Tis a kind of *honest cheating* of an *Agues fit*, by *Repose*. Most men will desire to be *housed* when *Lightning* and *Thunder* fly and rowl abroad. Otherwise, for a man to *turn* shel-fish and crawl but in his own *dark house*, shews him but a dull and *earthly thing*. They are *Beasts of Rapine*, or of extream *timidity*, that hide themselves in *Dens*, and lurk our day in *Thickets*. Whereas those that are *Creatures* of service are *tame*, *sociable*, and do not fly from *Company*: I deny not but a man may be good in *Retirement*; especially when the *world* so swarms with *Vice*. One would not *travail* but upon *Necessity*, when he must be either wetted with the rain of *slander*, or batter'd with the hail of *Injuy*. It were too great *uncharitableness* to condemna in general all the *Monastiques* that have cloyster'd up themselves from the *World*: Nor indeed are they purely to be reckon'd among such as are shut out from *Commerce*: They are not alone that have *Books* and *Company* within their own *walls*. He is properly and *pittiedly* to be counted *alone* that is illiterate, and *unactively* lives *hamletted* in some *untravail'd village* of the duller *Country*. Yet we see in the *general election* of men, a *Companionable Life* is prefer'd before those *Cels* that give them *ease* and *Leisure*. It is not one of *millions* that *Habits* himself for a *Monk* out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at those that do it, upon an easie *scrutiny*, we shall and 'tis not so much *Election*, that hath bowed them against the *grain* they grew to: Either *want* or *exaction*, *crosses* or *contingencies*, send them unto places *Nature* never meant them born unto. The *Soul* of Man is as well *Active*, as *Contemplative*. The *Divine Nature* rests not only in the *speculation* of his great *Creations*: But is ever busie in *preserving*, in *ordering*, in *governing* and *disposing* by *providence* the various and infinite *Affairs* of the *World*. For man to  
give



give himself to *ease* and *useless leisure*, is to contract a *rust* by *lying still*: To be *becalm'd* is worse, than sometimes tossing with a *stirring gale*. Certainly, an *operative rest* is acceptable to a mans *self* and *others*: But, an *ineffectual laziness* is the seminary both of *Vice* and *Infamy*: It clouds the *metal'd mind*, it mists the *wit*, and choaks up all the *Sciences*: and, at last, *trafmits* a man to the *darkness* and *oblivion* of the *grave*. When *Domitian* was *alone*, he catch'd but *Flies*. But, of *Augustus* (a wise and prudent Prince) we have it recorded that he *slept but little*, and was so far from loving to be *alone*, that he had *alternate watchers* to *discourse* him in the night when he waked. Was not *Scipio* more glorious, fighting in *Africa*, than *Servilius Vacia* sleeping in his *noiseless Countrey*? Certainly, the *Inculture* of the *world* would perith it into a *wilderness*, should not the *activeness* of *Commerce* make it an *universal City*. *Solitude* indeed may keep a mind in *temper*, as not being tempted with the frequencies of *Vice*, or, the splendour of *wealth* and *Greatness*. And 'tis true, the *with-drawn* from *society*, may have more leisure to study *Virtue*, and to think on *Heaven*. But, when *Man* shall be *over-swayed* by the pondure of his own *corruptions*, may not time administer thoughts that are *evil*, as soon as those that be *good*? The caution sure was seasonable, that *Cleanthes* gave to him, that he found *alone*, and talking to himself: *Take heed* (says he) *you speak not with an evil man*. No man hath commended *Timon*, for that he hated *company*. He may laugh *alone*, and that, because he is *alone*: But, it hath not so pleas'd others, as that they have approv'd on't. And having at his death left this his own mad *Epitaph*, you will not think him mended by his *solitude*.

*Hic sum post vitam miseramque inopemque sepultus :  
Nomen non quaeras ; Dii, Lector, te male perdant.*

*Life wretched, poor : this Earth doth now surround me.  
Ne're ask my Name : Reader, The Gods confound thee.*

There is this to be said against *solitude*; *Temptations* may approach more freely to him that is *alone*, and he that thus is *tempted*, may more freely *sin*. He hath not the benefit of a *ompanion* that may give him *check*, or by his *presence* loose him from off the *hook* he hangs upon. Whereas in *company*, if a man will do *good*, he shall be *incurag'd*; if *bad*, he may be *hindred*. We are not sure the *Serpent* had prevail'd upon *Eve*, if he had not catch'd her *alone*, and stragling from her *Husband*. A man had need be a great master of his *affections*, that will live *sequestred* from the *world* and *company*. Neither *Fools* nor *Mad men* are ever to be *left* to themselves. And albeit, a man may upon *retiredness* make good use of his *leisure*: yet, surely, those that being *abroad* communicate a *general good*, do purchase to themselves a *nobler Palm*, than can grow up out of *private recess*. If a man be *good*, he ought not to *obscure* himself. The world hath a share in him, as well as he in himself. He robs his *Friends* and *Countrey*, that, being of *use* to

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both, doth *steal* himself out of the *world*. And if he be *bad*, he will hardly *mend* by being *alone*. The *Mastiff* grows more *fierce* by being *shut up*, or *tyed*; and *Horses* grow more *wild* by their not seeing *company*: That *Actor* hath too much *trouble*, that is never off the *Stage*; and he's as little *acceptable*, that does never quit the *Tiring-room*. But he that can help, when need requires, in the *Senate*, or the *Field*; and, when he hath *leisure*, can make a happy *use* on't, and give himself *impoyment* to his *benefit*; hath doubtless, the greatest *pleasure*, and husbands his *life* to the best of *uses*. For, by being *abroad*, he suffers others to *reap* the advantage of his *parts* and *piety*: And, by looking sometimes *inward*, he enjoys himself with *ease* and *contentment*.

L.

## Of the use of Pleasure.

Who admires not the wisdom of *Demosthenes*, in the answer he returned to the *Corinthian Laïs*: *Pœnitere tanti non emo*, He would not buy *Repentance* at so dear a *rate*? Surely, *Pleasure* is lawful, and God at first did ordain it for use: and if we take it as it was at first provided for us, we take it without a *sting*. But, when in the measure or the manner we *exceed*, we pollute the *purer stream*; or else, like *Beasts* in *heat*, we drink to our *destruction*; and the best we can expect, is, either to be *sick*, or *vomit*. And if it be but *vomiting*, which, like *Repentance*; brings it *up again*, even that is a *sickness* too. All our *dishonest actions* are but *earnests* laid down for *grief*. *Vice* is an insalubrious fore-runner of *wretchedness*: on the best conditions it brings *repentance*; but, without *repentance*, *torment* and *repentance* too. I like those *pleasures* well, that are on all sides *legitimated* by the bounty of *Heaven*: after which no private gripe, nor fancied *Goblin* comes to upbraid my sense for using them: But, such as may with equal *pleasure* be again dream'd over, and not disturb my sleep. This is to take off the *parchings* of the *Summer Sun*, by bathing in a *pure* and *Christal Fountain*. But, he that plunges himself in a *puddle*, does but engage himself to an *after-washing* to get his *filth* away: And, who would *feast* with that, which he knows will make him *sick* if he *eats* it? *Unlawful pleasures*, though they be a differing *Pass-over* from that which *Moses* instituted, yet, they never can be *eaten* without *sower herbs* attending them. Like the worse sort of *Mushromes*, though from the *Sulphur* of an *Earthy mind*, they *shoot up* in a *night*, and look both *white* and *fair* to the eye; yet, give them what *gust* you can, there will still a *venemous quality* stay with them, to be rid of which, if you but *taste*, you must either *purge*, or be *poysoned*. Certainly, the counsel of the *Preacher* is the best rule for all the *pleasures* we enjoy in this life, *Ecclef. 11. 9. Rejoyce, O young man in thy youth. and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But, know that*

that for all these things, God will bring thee to judgement. Which by some, I find to be taken for serious, and not an Irony, as most do interpret it: And, I hope, I shall not offend, if I incline to their opinion that so think it, and for which I shall presume to give my reasons.

First, it suits with several places before in the same Book. *Cap. 2. 10.* when *Solomon* had given himself a latitude in his desires: he tells us, *His heart rejoiced in all his labours, and it was his portion*; nor do we find his youth reprehended for them, his failing being rather in his age, than it. And in the 24. verse of the same Chapter, he says, *There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour*; and this he saw, that it was from the hand of God. *Cap. 3. 22.* *He perceives that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion.* *Cap. 5. 18.* he repeats it with a remark, *Behold that which I have seen, It is good and comely for one to eat, and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour, that he taketh under the Sun all the days of his life which God giveth him: for it is his portion.* And in *Chap. 9. v. 9.* he exhorts again to joyful living: and the reason that he gives for it, is, *Because it is his portion in this life*: So that, one place expounding another, and being alike, either all may be thought Ironical, or none. The former places I find not so interpreted by any, and this by some, otherwise, that is, to be serious; as if he should say, *Rejoice and cheer thy self in all that God gives thee for pleasure*; but, yet do it with that moderation, with that prudence, and that warrantableness, that thou mayst be able to give an account to thy God, that in bounty hath given them to thee, whensoever thou shalt be called to judgement, as doubtless, thou shalt be for all that passes thy hand. Suitable to this, *Lorinus*, that cites the several Interpretations of this place, says, *Vel amara Ironia contra voluptuosum, vel est mitius consilium. Sic hilarè fruatur presentibus bonis, ut meminerit reddendæ rationis Deo.* Either a Sarcasimus against the voluptuous; or else, 'tis a milder counsel, That we so enjoy the present good, that we may remember to give account to God for using it. That we should laxe our selves in all the corrupt and mistaken pleasures of life, was never licensed by any of the wiser Heathen. Pleasure that impairs our abilities, that brings detriment, or sorrow afterward, was laughed at by *Epicurus* himself: but a lawful pleasure, lawfully used, doubtless, is an Emanation of the goodness of the Deity to Man.

A second Reason I take to be this; The whole Book of *Ecclesiastes*, is a serious Tract, a kind of Penitential Descant and Judgment given of all that does belong to Man, a sober Collection of what his wisdom had observed from all those various paths of worldly affairs, that he had trod, in the course of his life. And in the whole stream, I find not any thing that bears the aspect of being light and Ironical: Some will have it, *Solomons Repentance*; and argument the writing of it, to be the proof of his *Salvation*, as if, being darkned with smoke and blackness, while he wandred and tumbled in pleasure, he now, by the light of *Divine Grace*, saw through those clouds that did before enwrap

him, and wind him off from that great *wisdom* that at first was given him. And sure, if this Text be Ironical, it differs from the scope of all the Text beside, there being not one place more, that I find to be commented with the like sense.

A third Reason is, That God would never have instinct the appetite of *pleasure*, and the faculties of enjoying it, so strongly in the composure of Man, if he had not meant, that in *decency* he should make use of them: Most *natural actions* in themselves, are not *unlawful*, but as they are circumscrib'd and hedg'd about by circumstance. The Apostle says, *All things were lawful for him, but all things were not expedient*: That is, *all things* that in themselves were purely as *natural acts*, and were merely *Adiaphora*, indifferent, neither *good* nor *bad* in themselves, but as they were attended by other adventitions, that fall in with their use. These in themselves were *lawful*, but being chafed about, and pounc'd with the settings off, and powderings of *sin*, they were not *expedient* for him. And this he seems to explain in the last part of the verse, 1 Cor. 6. 12. *All things are lawful for me; but, I will not be brought under the power of any*; That is, All the acts of men as natural, are *lawful* for me to do: But, seeing there is so much corruption adhering to their use, by my exceeding the measure, mistaking the manner, misplacing, or mis-timing them (In any of which, if I err the least, I come under the guilt and bondage of them): Therefore, though they be *lawful for me* in themselves: yet, I hold them, if circumstance'd amiss, not to be *expedient for me*; nor will I put my self under the power of any; that is, to be *condemned* for them, when I shall be called to account for *using* them. 'Tis neither a *sin*, to be honestly *rich*; nor a *vice*, chastly to enjoy the *Rites of Marriage*. *Unlicensed pleasures*, are those that leave a *smart*. The *drinking water* sometimes is a *Julip*; but to take it in a *Fever*, is *destructive*.

A fourth Reason is, From the several varieties of *delight* and *complacency*, which God created in the world: which surely, he would not have done; if it wholly had been *unlawful* for man to *use* them. All the several *tastes* of *food*, were meant to *please* the *palate*, as well as merely to *content* our *hunger*. Of all the *Fruits* and *beauties* plac'd in *Paradise*, there was but one *Tree* only that was then *forbidden* him. If God had not intended *delight*, as well as bare *supply*; sure, one kind only, might in every sense, have terminated *appetite*.

I conceive therefore, I shall not be far from Truth, If I think with *Solomon*, for man to enjoy himself in those *felicities* of *mind* and *body*, (which God out of his *Immense Liberality* hath given him), be his *portion*. Only we ought so to *use* them, as we may not be *inthrall'd* in their *guilt*; but, may be able to acquit our selves upon *account* for *using* them. Though questionless, if *Solomon*, who had a particular spirit, and a far larger measure of *wisdom* given him, than we can ere pretend to, or promise to our selves, could not escape being foyled by them; we ought much more to beware in their *use*. A wise man will not venture on that for a little present *pleasure*, which must involve him  
into

into *future danger* ; no way compensable by the short *delight* he takes. Whatever we do, we ought before we act, to examine the sequel : If that be clear, the present enjoyment will be *ease* and *content*. But, to rush inconsiderately upon *pleasure*, that must end in *sadness*, suits not with the prudence we ought to be indued withal. 'Tis a folly of a bigger bulk than ordinary, that makes a man over-rate his *pleasure*, and under-value his *vexation*. They are Beasts, that will be catch'd in a *snare* by their *appetite*. I will endeavour to be content, to *want* that *willingly*, which I cannot enjoy without a future *distate*.

## L I.

## Of Libelling.

IT seems *Vice* is so naturally *hated* of all, that every mans finger itches to be giving of it a *blow*. So though they be tyed up by *Fear*, by *Power*, and *Reflections* upon their own particular *interest*, while the *offendor* keeps in *Command*, and hath the *Fasces* at his dispose ; yet, as soon as ever he is uncoller'd from these chains, or the latter be laid by, and the hand of *protection* taken off: As at a *Fox* that is coursed through a street, every thing that can but *bark*, will be opening upon him : And though they never lost a *Lamb* themselves, or had a feather of their *Poultry* ruffled, yet, like whelps set on by the *bawling* of others, they are as fierce against them, as if their *Families* had been *ruin'd* by them : when, it may be, all that they charge him with, is, that he hath *merited* more than others ; or, out of duty, hath become the *skreen* for keeping off the *vulgar beats* from scorching of his *Prince* or *Patron*. Indeed 'tis hard in changes to escape the *flying Pasquil*. And 'tis as hard to avoid a *change*. For the *Humours* of men are *variable* ; and *Displeasure*, as often rises out of *Fancy*, as upon *just cause*. And though a man by all the *Innocence*, he can *muster* up in his whole *Life*, cannot promise himself to be ever out of the *reach* of this *winged Dragon*: Yet, there is no doubt, but a *prudent integrity* is the readiest way to it. *Virtue* does but rarely bear those *strokes* that are due to the *back* of *Vice*. The *Furies* seldom lash but *guilty souls*. For the most part, they are *dunghils* where these *Scarabees* do both *breed* and *light*. An infamous life makes work for a *gauling pen*. Yet, a *Libeller*, is but the *beadle* of *Fame* ; or the iron that brands him for his *Vice*, and *Roguary* : and though he writes *Truth*, he hath but an *Executioners office*, and after the man is *condemned*, is but the *Hang-mans hook* to drag him to the *Gemonie*. *Libels* are usually composed of the *deepest*, and the *bluest gall* ; being like fire pent, when they get a vent, they break forth far more eagerly ; than being *registred* by the *pen* and *print*, like strokes in *Oil*, they hardly are wash't off, with the *greatest* and most painful *rubbing* you can use. Like the *French Punaise*, if you let them live, they *sting* ; if you kill them, yet they *stink*. You may heal the *scar*, but not the *scar* : And though per-

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haps there may be *mit* in some of them; yet, is that put off with so much Spleen and Cowardize, that duly examin'd, they *over-shadow* all the shine that's in them. The *wiser Governments* have ever been *severe* against them. *Ulpian* tells us of a Law, that makes the Person convict of *libelling* to be *Intestabilis*; that is, he shall neither be capable of making a *will* himself, or of being witness of any made by others. And *Tacitus* relates, that *Libelling* (by *Augustus*) was brought within the compass of the Law against *Treason*. Certainly, 'tis an ungenerous thing, to *publish* that to *all*, that we dare not own to *any*: 'Tis an un noble *Cowardice*, that *strikes* a man in the *dark*, and like a *Serpent* bites him by the *heel*, and then glides into his *hole*, for want of *courage* to abet his *actions*: Be it true, or false, no man gets reputation by composing a *Libel*; for it tends to *disgrace*, enkindles *malice*, ushers in *revenge*, and discloseth *spleen*. The most generous, I observe, are the least concerned at them. Why should any man keep himself *awake*, that he may *hear* these *Night-Birds* call? It is not for a wise man to be *troubled* at that, which no body living will *own*. A *Libel*, is *Filius Populi*, that having no certain *Father*, ought not to inherit *belief*. As 'tis hard, to find any man free from all that may merit *reproof*; so, 'tis as easie, in the best, to find something that we may *reprehend*. Yet, sure I am, *Charity* will rather abate the *score*, than inflame the *reckoning*. He that *Libels*, transgresses against the common rule of *Morality* and *Religion*: he does not *do*, as he would be *done* by. We ought rather to *bemone* the *unfortunate*, than unworthily to *insult* against him, that is not now in a *condition* for his own *vindication*. 'Tis a disposition quite *unchristian*, that we shew in such *bad actions*, being wholly contrary to that intermutual *amity* and *friendliness* that should be in the *world*. We rejoyce in others *crosses*, as if they were  *blessings* to us. And 'tis all one, as if we were so preposterous, as to be *dancing* and *frolick* at *Funerals*. If men were *heavenly*, they would be enkindled with a warming fire of *love* and *charity* to *condole* dyasters, or offences; if but *humane*, yet *Nature*, never meant to *Maze* a mind so cruel, as to add *weight* to an *over-charged beam*. He that *falls* into a *publick disgrace*, hath enough to *bear* of his own, there will be no need of another's *hand* to *load* him. To *envenom* a Name by *Libels*, that already is openly *tainted*, is to add *stripes* with an *Iron rod*, to him who before is *broke*, or *fley'd* with *whipping*: and is, sure, in a mind well temper'd, look'd upon with *disdain* and *abhorrency*.

LII.

Of Apparel.

**T**Hough we hear not of it, till *sin* sent *Man* to seek for't: yet, since it is a *covering* for *shame*, there is something of decency in it, it being *begot* like good *Laws* out of *evil* and *corrupted Manners*; and  
surely

surely, rightly considered, we thereby do declare our *guilt*, and the slender *esteem* that is to be set upon us, when we chuse rather to appear in the *spoils* and *excretions* of other inferior *creatures*, than to shew our limbs and parts as *Nature* hath bestow'd and furnisht them. It may, indeed, be thought a *modesty* in *Nature*, to cover those excrementive parts, which, left *uncover'd*, perhaps might offer *offence*. In *Birds*, they are wholly *conceal'd* by their *fethers*, in *Beasts*, by the *tail* they are produced with. 'Tis generally supposed, if *Adam* had not *fallen*, he had had no need of *Garments*: his *Innocence* was his *clothing*; and for *covering* of his *shame*, he then, indeed, had needed none. But, why *Man* (indued with so many *Prerogatives*, above all other *Creatures*) should be exposed to more *inconveniencies* than any that were else in the world; either we must think him *worse* provided for by his *Maker*, or else, that *Paradise* should have ever been in such a *Caelestial serenity*, that there would have been no need of any thing to defend him against the hard and sharp, the heat and cold, of the *Air* and changing *Season*. It is not probable, when all *Creatures* else have either *Shells*, or *Scales*, *Hair*, *Wool*, or *Fur*, or some kind or other of *Natural Tegument* to guard them against outward *injuries*, that *Man* alone without a *fence* should be exposed *naked* to all those *adventitious assaults* that are incident, to gall and vex such *weakness*. As it is my belief, that *Man* was created *mortal* before he *sinned*; so, I could incline to believe, he might have come to *Garments*, although he had not *fallen*. It's true, it was after his *fall*, but before he was turn'd out of *Paradise*, that he made himself his *Fig-leaf-Circumplexion*: which, being tough and fretting, was but a kind of gentler *Curricombe*. And whether lighted on by accident, as next and readiest; or, taken for a present necessity, not knowing better; or, design'd so out of choice, as a *Hair-shirt* to *pennance* him for his *folly* in *offending*, I shall not dispute: but, surely, God himself saw that so *uneacie* and *unsitting*, that out of *pitty* to his *creature*, he put him into *pelts*, a gentler, easier, more soft and pliable, more durable, more warm, and more defensive *clothing* than that his own *new-wretchedness* had *lighted on*. *Lucretius* would have us think, it was after some tract of time, that he arrived at his *clothing* in *skins*: but the *Text* is a testimony against him. Though it may be from *Adam's hiding* himself among the *Trees* of the *Garden*, he might be glimpsed to relate, as we find in the *Poem* of his 5. *Epicuri*.

*Nec dum res igni scibant tractare, neque uti  
Pellibus, & spoliis corpus vestire serarum;  
Sed Nemora, atque cavos Montes, sylvasque colebant,  
Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra,  
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbre, que coacti.*

When first men knew not how to work with *Fire*,  
Nor in *Beasts skins*, or *spoils* themselves t' attire;  
For *Woods* and *Groves*, and hollow *Rocks* th' inquire

And forc'd 'mong leaves, their sluttish limbs they 'stow,  
T' avoid the rain, and raging winds that blow.

Certain it is ; Mans own invention, went but to the *Fig-tree-leaves* : perhaps, his fresh-born *ignorance* could not on the sodain find out other: Or, having found so sad an effect of transgressing *one Command*, he durst not presently rush upon the *violation* of an *other*. His limit for diet was, to *Fruits* and *Herbs*. Not being commission'd to feed on *Flesh*, he could not come at the *skin*, till his compassionate *Maker* licens'd him to kill the *carcase* for the *case* alone. For, we do not find in the Text, that he had any commission to *eat flesh*, till after the world had been *wash'd* with the *Floud*. But, to wear *Apparel*, we find it natural ; there being no Nation, or People, so deeply savage, but, that their *verenda* at least, have been *shaded* by them. Nor can, in reason, the greatest *Critick*, complain of *Providence*, for sending man *naked* into the world : For, seeing he was *Lord of all*, and had wit to make *use of all*, there was no need of inducing him *clothed* upon the Stage of the World, as other creatures, who had no *ability* to help themselves, beyond those *Veils* that *Primitive Nature* gave them. The *Universe* to *Man*, was a larger *furnish'd shop* ; every fit material was his *stuffe* and *trimming*, produc'd and laid before him for his *Garment*. He was only left to be his own poor *Taylor*, to make them *up* and *dress* himself as he thought most convenient : And therefore, *Fashion*, which is left at liberty ; among wise men is not to be tax'd, unless it be *inconvenient*, or *ridiculous*. Every mans *palate* may as well be confin'd to one kind of *Cookery*, as his *fancy* pegg'd up to one kind of *fashion*. It is not only lawful for a man to vary, but even to please himself in that *variety*, since in it self one is as lawful as the other ; a *little skirt* is as legitimate as a *great one* ; and comparatively, as *colour*, one is not worse than another. The *Athenian Magistrate* reprov'd *Crates*, for wearing a fine *linen Garment*, who to justify himself, told him, he could shew him that great Philosopher *Theophrastus* *clothed* in the same ; and, to prove it, carries him to the *Barbers*, where *Theophrastus* sat to be trimm'd with the like *cloth* cast about him : Now (says he) *you see how impertinently scrupulous you are ; for, were it ill in it self, it were not in shops to be used*. The sober *Scipio* was statued in the Capitol in an *Exotique Habit* : And *Sylla* being *Emperour*, confin'd not always to the *Roman Gravity*. We read, how God himself commanded his High-Priests *Garments*, that they should be *glorious* and *beautiful*, not only rich in *stuffe*, and curious in *workmanship*, but orient in *colours*, and resulgent with *Jewels*. And whether by this, it were learned from the *Jews*, or, was naturally seeded among the *Heathens*, sure it is, their *Priests* and *Flamens* were more resplendent in their *robes*, than others of a larger cense : which may lesson us to this, That even to *Heaven* it self, good *clothes* are not displeasing. We find not fault with the *Peacock's shining train*, though other *Birds* be not so gay as he. As a *Saddle* and *Trappings* to a *Horse*, is *Apparel* to a *Man* ;  
though



though a badge of *servitude*, yet withal an *Ornament*: And as a poor one disgraces a *well-shap'd Courser*, so a rich one is futable to the *Beast* that is *stately* and *handsome*. Nevertheless, in *Apparel*, especially, for constant use, the *Positive* is the best degree: *Good* is better than the *Best*. He is not right, that is in them either *poor*, or *gandy*; the one argues *sordianess*, *singularity*, or *avarice*; the other, *pride* and *levity*: yet, as the world is, a man loses not by being rather *above* his rank, than *under* it. It is as old as *St. James*, That a *gold Ring* and *sumptuous Apparel* had more respect, than the man that was *meanly arrayed*. If we be to set a *Jewel*, we give it the *best advantage* we can think on; and the *richer*'tis, the more care we take to *grace* it in the *lustre*. Though *Virtue* be a *Diamond* so precious, that 'tis *richest* when *plain set*; yet, we think not either the *cut*, or the *water*, can make it *sparkle* too much. Certainly, it is necessarily convenient, that upon occasion, we be sometimes *braver* than *ordinary* at great *Solemnities*; upon approach to *Persons* of extraordinary *Honour*, upon causes of *common Rejoycings*, and *Festivities*. *Socrates* himself, when he went to a *Feast*, was content to be sinugg'd up and essenc'd in his *Pantophles*: And being demanded, how he came to be so *fine*? his answer was, *Ut Pulcher eam ad Pulchrum*; That he might appear *handsome* to those that were so. Though *Joseph* were sent for in *hast* out of *Prison*, so as the Text sayes, he was forced to *run*; yet he *shav'd himself*, and *changed his rayment*, before he would appear before *Pharaoh*. It is an incongruity to mingle *Rags* and *Silk*. Though all be *Pearls*; we match not *round* and *orient*, with those that are *discolour'd* and *uneven*. A man ought in his *clothes* to conform something to those that he *converses* with; to the *custom* of the *Nation*, and the *fashion* that is decent and general, to the *occasion*, and his own *condition*: For, that is best, that best suites with ones *Calling*, and that *rank* he lives in. And seeing all men are not *Oedipusses* to read the riddle of another mans *inside*; and most men judge by *Apparencies*; It behoves a man to barter for a good esteem even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle that we see it wears. The bellique *Cesar*, as *Suetonius* tells us, was noted for singularity in his *Apparel*, and did not content himself without adding something to his *Senators Purple Robe*. If there were not a *Decorum* and a *Latitude* according to mens ranks, and qualities, what use would be of *silk* and softer *Rayment*? In vain had *Tyrian seas* their greedy *purples bred*. The *Assyrian* worm should waite her self in vain. The costly *flax*, the finer *flax*, would all let go their values, and instead of *benefit* become a *Burthen* to the full-stor'd world. Actual *Garments* have their proper use. The *Pontique Pever* and *Calabrian wool*, the brighter *Ermine* and the darker *Sables*, find justly *wearers* whom they well become. Yet in *Apparel*, a manly carelessness is beyond a *feminine Art*; Too great a *tricking* tells the World we dwell too much on *outsides*. There are three good uses we may lawfully make of *Apparel*, to *hide shame*, to preserve from *cold*, and to *adorn* the *body*;

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the worst taske we can put it to, is to engender *Pride*; when we think the *Logg* is precious, because the bark is *Aromaticque* and *perfum'd*. When *Demonax* saw the Fool in *fine apparel*, and by reason thereof to wear as well as it an outward *insolence*, he hearks him in the Ear with this; That fine-wrought *wool* that you (Sir) are so proud of, was worn by a *Beast* before 'twas worn by you: And yet that *Beast* doth still a *beast* continue. I do not see in the general but that the man becomes the *Apparel* rather than the *Apparel* the man; for some are of so homely a *garb*, that no clothing can hide them from the *Fool* or *Clown*: While others give a grace to any thing is cast upon them. And that may settle us in this *Resolution*, that comely *Apparel* is better far than either *costly*, or *conceited*. He that is *phantastique* in his clothes hangs them on as a Sign to tell the World that a *Puppet* dwells within. When *Caligula's* pride and folly rendred him so *ridiculous*, that he would cry up himself to be sometimes *Jupiter*, sometimes *Juno*, otherwise *Diana*, often *Venus*; and so change his *Habit*, suitable to those various shapes the fabling *Poets* had bestowed upon those foppish *Deities*; *Dion* hath this Note upon him, *Quidvis potius quam homo videri cupiens*; He had rather seem any thing than what he was or should be, A man. He that will be singular in his *Apparel* had need have something superlative to balance that affectation. As *Elias*, *John the Baptist*, and *Dion Prusius* who had been a strange sight appearing mantled in a *Lyons skin*, if his parts had not advanced him to the *Chariot* of the *Emperour Trajan*. Commonly that is most comly that most like of, and is liked by ones self: A man may have Liberty to please his *Fancy* in his *Habit*, so it does not disparage his *Judgment*.

## LIII.

*The good use of an Enemy.*

THE Skillful *Physician*, out of noysome plants and poysonous beasts, can sometimes gather and confect his cure for foul *diseases*. As bryars and thorns, though they be pungent and *untractable*: yet in a fence they hold the *Beast* from *wandering* into wider danger: so though an *Enemy* be no way grateful to the common sense of *Humanity*, yet surely by the *prudent* he may be made a *Mithridate*; and, as a guard upon our *Actions*, to keep them that they stray not beyond *Discretion* and *Convenience*. It was the opinion of *Diogenes*, That our life had need of either faithful friends, or *sharp* and severe *Enemies*; And many times our *Enemies* do us more good than those we esteem our friends. For whereas a *Friend* will often pass over ordinary *failings* and out of *Respect*, *Connivence*, *Relation*, or *self-interest*, speak only what shall be either *grateful* or not *displeasing*. An *Enemy* will catch at every *Error*, and sets himself as a *spy* upon all our *Actions*, whereby as by a *Tyrant-Governour* we are kept  
impaled

impaled within the bounds of *Virtue* and *Prudence*, beyond whose limits if we dare to wander, by him we presently are whipt into the circle of *Discretion*. Like the *Serjeant* of a band in *Armies*, if we be out of rank he checks us again into the *place* and *file* appointed us. To a fool he is the *Bellows* of *passion*, but to a Wise man he may be made a *School-master* of *Virtue*. The greatest glory *Rome* did e're arrive at, in part did from her potent *Enemies* rise. They taught her all the arts of *War* and *Government*, till she mounted to a *Fame* whose splendor was so bright that like the *Sun* it deaded all the lesser fires before or since in the *World*. Was she not beholding to her *Enemies* for all her 350 several *Triumphs*, and in them for her *Conquerors* impalmed *Purples*, and their *laurel'd Temples* in their *Turricular Chariots*? And certainly as her *glory* was the highest, so those *Triumphs* were the highest pieces of *magnificence* and *splendor* that the *Sun* e're gaz'd on. For therein were the *Arms*, the *Wealth*, the *Garments*, *Gems*, and *pretious Utensils* of all the several *Nations* of the *Earth*; and, in *Effigie*, *Towers*, *Cities*, *Forts*, and *Battails* as they won them. All *rarities* of creatures extant through the world. Whole droves of *Oxen* for the *Altar* dress'd with *gilded Horns*, and *flowry Garlands* crown'd, with their *Ministers* in shining *Silks*, with *Golden Vessels* for their use in *Sacrifice*; *Musick*, *Perfumes*, *Feasts*, and the summ'd up *Excellencies* of all that could be thought on; and (after all these stately sights, and the roab'd *Senate* coming out to meet them) *Kings*, *Princes*, *Dukes*, their *Wives*, their *Kindred*, *Children*, and *Allyes*, the *captiv'd Souldier*, and the *tam'd Commander*, with hands behind them bound, sadly and slowly moving to usher the approach of the *Victor's* leisurely proceeding *Chariot*. Certainly, the highest *Virtues*, the greatest *Fortitude*, the *Domination* and *Wealth* of the *World* they got by having *Enemies*. And at last, with their *Enemies*, they conquer'd their own *Virtues* too: For, no sooner were they freed from those, but the ease and rust of *Peace* did Canker all their *brightness*. *Metellus* profess'd he knew not, whether his *Victory* did *Rome* more *harm*, or *good*. And when one was applauding the *happines* and *security* of *Rome*, having *awed Greece*, and *subdued the Carthaginians*; the wise *Scipio* conceived her most in *danger*, while she had none to *fear*, and keep up in her the growth of *Fortitude*, and *Diligence*. A man with an *Enemy*, is like a *City besieged*: While *Hannibal* is at the *gate*, it is not for him to be *careless* and *licentious*. For *Enemies* like *Ravens*, though they *smell* not the *sound*; yet, they can *sent corrupted manners* presently. So, that as *Appius Claudius* observed of *Rome*, and we may find it confirmed in our *Neighbours* of the lower *Germany*, their *Enemies* have added to their *Fame* and *Industry*. From them we often find more *truth* than shines among *familiars*; they boldly speak their undisguis'd *opinion*; they prevent our running into *Vice* and *Error*; and if any act, mis-beseeming *Virtue*, shall but unaw're escape us, they will be sure to *single* it out of the *Coppice* wherein 'twas *lodged*, into the open *plain*, by every under *wood-man*, to be *beset* and *shot* at. So, that if a man by his

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*Friends* cannot know wherein he *offends*; his *Enemies* in that will put on *Friendship's* office, and shew him where he *fails*. And, so I know the *thing*, what matter is it, whether it be *blown* me in a *petty whirl-wind*, or *whisper'd* in a *calmer air*? By either, if I please, I may take occasion to *mend*. The *Air*, we see, is *cleansed* as oft by ruffling *winds*: as by the gentle and more grateful rays of the warming *Sun*. Nor does an *Enemy* only hinder the growth and progress of our *Vices*: But he enkindles, *exercises*, and exalts our *Virtues*. Our *Patience* is improved by bearing calmly the *Indignities* he strives to load us with. Our *Charity* enflamed by doing *good* for *ill*, by taking the better handle of his *actions*, by pardoning and forgiving the *injuries* he does us. Our *Prudence* is increased by wisely managing our selves in our *demeanors*, lest weakly *ordered*, we give him opportunity to *wound* us. Our *Fortitude* is strengthened by a stout *repelling* of *scorns*, and an *undaunted courage* shew'd in all our *actions*. Our *Industry* is ripened and habituated by watching all his *On-sets*, and his *Mines*; and by best contriving how we may *acquit* us in all our *contestations*. And, questionless, sometimes we ought to be thankful for an *Enemy*. He gives us occasion to shew the world our *Parts*, and *Piety*, which else perhaps in our dark *Graves* would sleep and moulder with us quite unknown; or, could not otherwise well be seen without the vanity of a light and an ostentous mind. *Miltiades* had miss'd his *Triumph*, if he had miss'd an *Enemy* in the *Marathonian Fields*. *Horatius Cocles*, and *Mutius Scaevola* had never gain'd such *fame*, by either of them surmounting the opposition of an *Element*, the last of *Fire*, and the first of *Water*, if they had not both been put to it by the *Etrurian Porsena*. And though the last line alone of *Martial's Epigram* might prove this, yet, because he hath so elegantly, in little, limb'd in the Story of the latter, I have presum'd to give you the whole.

*Dum peteret Regem, decepta Satellite, dextra,  
Injecit sacris se peritura focis:  
Sed tam secura pius miracula non tulit Hostis;  
Et raptum flammis jussit abire virum.  
Urer e quam potuit contempto Mutius igne,  
Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.  
Major decepta fama est & gloria dextra;  
Si non erasset, fecerat illa minus.*

When his *right hand* mistook the *King* (his *Prize*)  
*Inrag'd* to th' *fire* he gav't for *Sacrifice*.  
But the *soft King* amaz'd at such fell *sights*,  
*Snatches* it thence, and so the *Man acquites*.  
That hand which (scorning *flames*) stout *Mutius burn'd*,  
*Porsena* durst not see, but from it *turn'd*.  
*Mistake* became his glorious *Fames excess*;  
Without *mistaking*, he had *acted less*.

And

And, after all this, we may be *deceived* by our *friends*, and we may *deceive* our *selves*. But, an *Enemy* cannot be *unfaithful*, or *deceive* us; because we know him so well, that we do not come to *trust* him, but keep him out at a *distance*, and clearly out of the capacity of *cozening*; so that, though a *friend* may *please* more, yet an *Enemy* may *profit* as much. The Consideration whereof may very well facilitate unto us those seeming hard Commandements of our Saviour and Christianity; To *forgive* our *Enemies*, to *pray* for them that *persecute* us, to do *good* to them that *hurt* us, and even to love our *Enemies*: For albeit, they love not us; yet, since they are occasion of so much *benefit* to us, as to promote our *Virtues*, and repress our *Errors*; if we can be but wise for our selves, we shall find it but an *Act* of *Reason* and exactest *Justice*, to afford them our *Affections*; not only as they are our *Brethren*, and pieces of the same *Imagery* with our selves, but even out of the Rules of *Civilitie* and *Nature*. If, but by *accident*, though unwillingly, a man do us a *curtesie*, yet we use, and it becomes us, to be *thankful*, because, without him we had not been so *happy*; every *Instrument* that brings us *good*, we are *beholding* to. And certainly, as we ought to be *thankful* to *God* for our *afflictions*, that are sent by him to *amend* us, so our *Enemies* are to be reckon'd in the number of those by which we may be *refined*, if we will. As the *hardest stone* is properest for a *Basis*; so, there is not a better *Pedestal* to raise a *Trophy* of our *Virtues* upon, than an *outward Enemy*, if we can but keep our selves from *inward Enemies*, our *vices*, our *weaknesses*, and our *own disarayments*.

## LIV.

## Of Gifts and their Power.

WHERE *Love* and *Gratitude* grow in the *heart*, it will not only blossom in the *tongue*, but also *fructifie* in the *hand* by *action* and *expression*. And indeed, to expect or receive *favours*, and not to think of *requital*, is, like the *Beast*, to take *bread* from the *hand*, and then gallop away for *fear* of being made to do *service*. Certainly, there is a greater *force* in *gifts*, than usually men think of; they *conquer* both the wise and foolish. With *gifts* both *Gods* and *Men* are taken, and prevail'd with. From *Hell* to *Heaven*, the order is in all to *offer*: With a *sep* even *Cerberus* is quieted. And, in regard his *gifts* becalm'd so much their minds, 'twas said of *Philip*, that his *Gold*, and not his *Iron*, all *Græcia* had *subdued*. And when the *Gods* were either begg'd to, for bestowing *favours*, or sought to for their *Angers* being *appeas'd*, the *Altars* smok'd with *Offerings*, as being believ'd the way the sooner to incline them to *Benevolence*. He that hath *business*, and spares his hand in *presenting*, angles without a *bait*; and oft-times renders him that he would have his *Friend*, his *Enemy*. A kindness

ness unrewarded, turns into neglect, as if we slighted both the man and the matter. 'Tis true, in Administrations of Justice, where men like Gods ought uncorruptedly to adorn their high Tribunals, where the Publique is concern'd, and men, besides Conscience, are bound up by the solemnness of Oaths, It is a Sin to accept; and, doubtless, no Virtue for any at all to offer: As 'tis the modest Virgins, so 'tis the Magistrate's part, when tempted, to refuse: And, as 'tis falsely said, 'tis the mans part to offer, so questionless, he cannot be free from corruption, that would lay any thing that should look like a lure before the eyes of Justice. 'Tis like some Dalilabs wanton eye; though it makes no bargain, yet it tempts. A gift thus offer'd, is no other than an illegitimate philtre, endeavouring to adulterate Affection from that Bride to whom they stand already betrothed; and, though we contract not, is not better in the aim than a bribe. In which, I see not, why the offerer should not be as highly punishable as the receiver. I do not think the Devil was better than Eve. The Author of the mischief is more criminal, than he that weakly is seduc'd to follow him: who laics a snare to take me, though I scape it, is not wholly Innocent. What can be said in excuse, is chiefly this, The Client is not sworn, not to offer; but the Judge is bound, not to take. Certainly, who ever offers it out of sinister ends to himself, with but the least thought of perverting Justice, and, who ever takes it out of the desire of gain, intending thereby to be partial, come both within the guilt of bribery; which, as Job tells us, will beget a fire that shall consume their Tabernacle. And 'tis from the greatness of the influence that Gifts have upon men, that the Laws have been so severe against them. Indeed, it is not fit a corrupt man, should ever come to know the power that gifts carry over minds: They gently bow them from their own intention from the grounds of right and justice. They bring a stranger into affinity, an Enemy into a Friend. They are charms upon the disposition; and, like the blandishments of the strange women, they kiss men into kindness they intended not. Besides the blinding of the eyes of the wise, Solomon tells us, A gift is a beloved Jewel, a Stone of Grace, (as the Original hath it) and it prospers whithersoever it turns. It blunts the keen edg'd Sword, and breaks the brazen wall, A mans gift makes room for him, it throws open doors, puts out the Watch-mans light, and brings him to the Great mans presence, Prov. 17.8. & 18.16. 'Tis the Absalom of Israel that steals away the heart from Justice, that is and should be King. And bate them but this Felony, and doubtless, then a wise man will not be wanting in them. Before favours received, they seem to speak affection and regard; afterwards, gratitude and acknowledgment. It is not good to be constant in gifts at set and fixed times; for Custom, as in other things, so in this, does usually run into Law. Expectation will diminish the value of a Free-will-offering, and it will quickly become as an obliged Sacrifice; and, if we omit, we displease. This was seen in New year's-Gifts, which being at first only auspicious and honorary, grew to that pass in the time of Augustus,

*gustus*, that every man brought them to the Capitol, and there left them, though *Augustus* was not there: And *Caligula* by an Edict ordered them then to be brought him. 'Tis best when we *give*, to do it so as it may be sure to shew to either love, respect, or thankfulness. And great *Presents* are not so much to be commended, as those that take the fancy, that square with a present occasion, and may be of often use in the Eye, whereby we may be retain'd in remembrance. The *Bottle of foul water* which *Peribarzanes* had from the Country fellow, was so grateful to *Artaxerxes*, when he was thirsty, that he protested he never drank of a pleasanter *Wine* in his life-time; and the *Peasant* it was had from, he would not suffer to depart, till he had lifted him from his *Poverty*, to be a person of *wealth*. A Noble heart wears fetters when he is beholding, and sometimes rather than be overcome, will wane himself to less in his *Estate*; as chusing rather to be less, than lagging to requite a *benefit*. Among the *Romans*, *Donations* of Estates between married couples were forbidden, unless to purchase Honour with: perhaps, because they would have *Love* so pure and natural between them, as that nothing of *Art* should intervene: That *Love* might have no other ground but *Love* and genuine liking. Otherwise, between remoter Relations, they held them as the Cement of affection and friendship. And they had their Customary Seasons for such Intermutual expressions of regard by *Presents*, as on the first of *December* at their *Saturnalian Feasts*; on the first of *January* for their *New-years-gifts*; on their *Birth-days*; and on the *Calends of March*, in memory of the service done by the *Sabine* women, the green *Umbrella* and fat *Amber* were to women sent. And, in all times, such *Gifts* as were meerly out of affection and benignity, that were amiable and honorary, were never at all forbidden: for, having no ends but these, they were reprehensible, if not done; but, much commended, if they were performed. Mendicatory or fishing *Gifts* that like lines are cast into the water, baited with a small Fry, in hope to catch a Fish of a greater growth, the generous have ever disdained. 'Tis but a begging out of the compass of the Statute; which, though it be more safe, I scarce hold so ingenuous, as a down right craving of *Alms*. A man may *give* for Love, for Merit, for Gratitude, for Honour, to engage a lawful favour, or prevent a menacing storm: but never to betray, to entice to injustice, or to make a gain, by begging with a little, greater. For, though the pretense be *Love* and *Honour*, the aim is *Interest* and *Lucre*. And if it be a *Bribe*, it never hath a prevalency, but, when two *Knaves* meet, and agree to cosen a third, that both of them have cause to think honester than themselves.



Of the inconvenience of neglecting Prayer.

**T**IS *Conversation* chiefly that begets both *Faith* and *Love*. *Affection* cannot but *covet* to have the *object* that it *loves* be near. He that never comes at me, allows me not much of his kindness: If my *friend* withdraws himself from my *Company*, I may justly suspect I am *waning* in his wonted *esteem*. For, *absence* is a wind that by degrees blows off those *fruits* that grow upon the *Tree of Friendship*. It disrobes her of all those pleasing *Ornaments* and *Contentments* that are by *Familiarity* and *Conversation* enjoyed. And as it fareth between two that have been *antiently Familiar*, yet dwelling asunder, the *inferiour* out of a *careless neglect* omits or minds not his usual *duty of visitation*; and this so long, that at the last he forbears to go at all: So, their *Loves* that by frequent *Intercourses* were heatful and alive between them, by *discontinuance* only, drop into *decay* and shrink away to *nothing*. There needeth nothing more but a *lingring desistence* to divest him of all those solaces and comforts that usually enrich the noble and contentful *Region of Friendship*. By lying still he lazes out his interest, and dis-arrayes himself into an unacquainted *stranger*: That, at last, if he would *return*, shame and the sense of his *neglect*, forbids or hinders his reverting to his former *intimacy*. As water set abroad, it airs away to nothing by only standing still.

And 'tis not otherwise between the *Soul* and *God*: Not to *pray*, not to *meditate*, not to have him in our *thoughts*, dis-wonteth us, and estranges him. And when in *soddain* plunges we more particularly shal come to *need him*, our shame does then enervate our weak *Faith*, and with *despair* does send our *burning blushes* down into our *Bosome*. With what confidence can we run to him in *need*, whom in our plenty we have quite *neglected*? How can we beg as *Friends*, as *Children*, as *Beloved*, when we have made our selves as *strange as Renegadoes*? 'Tis a most unhappy state to be at a *distance* with *God*; Man needs no greater *Infelicity* than to be left by him to himself. A *breach* once made by *Negligence*, like that by water worn, though it be by so soft an *Element*, yet by time it breaks it self into a *Sea*. Though *France* and *Britain* supposedly once were *one*, yet we see the *tracts* of Age have made them *several Regions*. 'Tis far from *prudent policy* to admit of *Interposures*. If we would be *prevalent* and esteemable, we ought with all our care to preserve that *interest*, which never can, but by our own neglect, be *lost*. Though *Princes* be just, yet they are not familiar with subjects at a distance. They are *Privadoes* that have daily recourse to *Majesty*, that have power by their nearness to help themselves and others. Those birds we breed up tame, that follow us with their spreading wings, that often chirp their pretty confidences to us, that perch upon our shoulders, and *nestle* in our warmer *Bosomes*; To these



we daily do distribute food, and with our tender *care* provide them still protection. But those that wildly fly about and shun us, we never are *solicitous* to care for. The advice was divine in the every way accomplish'd *Xenophon*, That we should in *Prosperity* be sure frequently to *worship* and *adore* the *Gods*; that whensoever we had a more peculiar *need* of their *assistance*, we might with greater confidence approach them at their *Altars*. He that would keep his friend must make him often *visits*, and ever and anon have something in a readiness to exercise his stock of *love*, and keep *affection flaming*. And surely, 'tis from hence the *Apostle* bids us pray without *intermission*, for it keeps us mindful of our own *inherent duty*, and God is always put in mind of us; and, to encourage our *Addressees*, blesses us. When a man neglects his praying and his praising of his *Maker*, it makes a *Chasm* betwixt him and his own felicity. If he does see God at all, 'tis but as *Dives* after death saw *Lazarus*, a great way off, with a large *gulf* fixt between. And though it is not required that we should be always tedder'd to a formal solemn praying; yet by our *mental meditations* and our *ejaculatory emissions* of the *heart* and *mind* we may go far to the compleating the *Apostles* counsel. There is in the lives of the *Fathers* a story of one *Abbot Lucius*, that being visited by some young *Probationers*, he demanded of them, if they did not imploy themselves in the practice of some manual Labour? They told him, No, they spent there time according to the precept perpetually in praying. He asked them then, If they did not *eat* and *sleep*? They said, both these they did. Then says the Father Who prays for you the while? But they not knowing what well to reply to this, he thus returneth to them: Well (says he) I perceive you do not do, as you say: But I can tell you how you may pray continually. I am not ashamed to labour with my hands. Of the *Date-tree leaves* at times of leisure I make up little lines, or perhaps some other matters. And while I work, I send forth still between, some short petitions to my *gracious God*. When I have some little quantity of finish'd *work* I sell it perhaps for ten pence or a shilling, about a third thereof I give away to the poor: the rest I spend my self. So that when I eat or sleep, these poor men *praying* for me, they perform my part, and so I *pray perpetually*. Certainly the breathing and effusions of a *devout Soul* turn *prayer* into a chain, that linking still together ties us *fast to God*: But *intermission* breaks it, and when we are so loose, with every rub we easily are *overthrown*, And doubtless we shall find it far less *difficult* to preserve a Friend once made, than 'tis to recover him when once he shall be lost.

## LVI.

## Of Envy.

**T**IS a *vice* would pose a man to tell, what it should be liked for. Other *vices* we assume, for that we falsely suppose they bring us

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either *Pleasure, Profit, or Honour*. But, out of *Envy*, who is it can find any of these? Instead of *pleasure*, we *vex* and *gall* our selves. Like cankerd Brass it only eats it self; nay, discolours and renders it *noisome*. When some told *Agis*, That those of his *neighbours family* did *envy* him; Why then, says he, they have a *double vexation*: *One*, with their own *evil*; the *other*, at my *prosperity*. Like a *Corroding Plaster*, it lies gnawing at the *heart*; and, indeed, is founded in *grief*; That being the *object* of it, either in himself, or others, through all the *conditions* that are. Either he *grieves* in himself, when another is *happy*; or else, if ever he does *rejoyce*, 'tis certainly because another does *suffer*. So *calamity* seems the *center* that he points unto. As a Desert-beast, the days brightnes drives him to the dulness of a melancholly Cave, while darknes only presents him with the prey that pleases him: As a *Negro* born of *white* Parents; 'Tis a *sordid sadness*, begot at another mans *joy*. And because he hath no *infelicity* of his own, as is brought, and is concomitaneous, with most of other *vices*; the *envious* man creates his own *disturbance*, from the prosperous successes of others. *Socrates* call'd it, the *saw* of the *soul*, that pricks and cuts the *vital blood*, and tears the flesh but into larger *atoms*. *Dion*, seeing a *spiteful* fellow look *sad*, was not able to say, whether some *disaster* had befallen *himself*, or some *good luck* some *other*. He is a man of a strange *constitution*, whose *sickness* is bred of anothers *health*; and seems never in *health*, but when some other is *sick*; as if *nature* had fram'd him an Antipathite to *Virtue*: And so indeed tis equal, that he does become at length his own *sad scourge* and *beadle*.

*Iustus Invidia nihil est, que proximo ipsum  
Authorem rodit Excruciatq; suum.*

No *vice* so just as *envy*, that alone  
Doth *gall* and *vex* the mind that doth it own.

*Profit* can never by this be *acquired*: for, he is an enemy to him that is able to help him; and, him that is miserable and cannot, he delights in. The *Swine* is pleased with wallowing in his mire; the *Dog*, by tumbling in his loathsom carrion; but *envy* is not pleasure, but the maceration of the body. It fowrs the *countenance*, gives the *lips* a *trembling*; the *eyes* an uncelestial and declining *look*, and all the *face* a meager wasting *paleness*. 'Tis the *green sickness* of the *soul*, that feeding upon coals and puling rubbish, impallids all the body to an *Hæ-tique leanness*. There is no pleasantness in his conversation, that should invite us to affect his company: Nor is his honesty such, as to make us covetous of so crabbed a *Companion*, whereby we should be drawn to confer *favour*, or bestow *rewards*. *Flattery* is often recompenced with *bounty*; *Injustice* finds a *bribe*; *Prodigality* obligeth many; *Avarice* accumulates all: but who did ever give to one for being *Envious*? or what is it but *outward hate*, or *inward torment*, that the *envious* gets?

*Honour* by it, I'me sure, can nere be compass'd. For tis so perpetually found

found in weak mindes, that it stamps the *Fool* upon the Master for troubling himself, not only with things without him, and that concern not his own *well* or *ill Being*; but that he resolves to be *miserable*, as long as he sees another man to be *happy*. 'Twas a handsome wish of *Seneca*, That the eyes of the *envious* might behold all the felicities of every several Citizen: for their own *vexations* would rise and swell, according to the flood of *joys* that appeared in other persons. It proclaims us further to be low and inferiour to others, for we never *envy* him that is *beneath* us; so that it cheats our own *intention*. Him, whom we would blast with the dark vapour of *disgrace* and *obloquy*, by our *envying* of him, we point out for *excellent*, and stick a *ray* of *glory* upon his *deserving forehead*, that all the world may note him. It taints the blood, and does infect the spirits. And if it be true, that Philosophy would inform us of, it turns into a man a *Witch*, and leaves him not, till it leads him into the very condition of Devils, to be detrued Heaven for his meerly *pride* and *malice*. The *aspect* of his eye alone, does sometimes become not only vulnerary, but mortal. They prove a *fascination* by the eye, when the spirits are corrupted; from the experience of a Looking-glass, that at certain seasons, by some bodies gazed on, becomes *spotted* and *stained* from their only *intuition*; for they say, Certain spirits virulent from the inward *humor*, darted on the object, convey a *Venom* where they point and fix: and those noysome vapours centred on the eye, which is much more impressible than the hardned glass, they are taken by the eye of the aspected, and through it strike the very heart and intrails. Nor is it to be wondred at, since we daily find, in way of *love*, the *eye* can with an amorous glance bewitch the *heart*, and fire the *spirits* till they burn out *bosome*. If one way the *eye* can at a distance *charm*, then why not by another? Invenom'd spirits throw their flames about; and doubtless, wound the unprepar'd they light on. Excited poyson, rises into spreading and dispersed *infection*. The air becomes infected by the noysome breath, and he that comes within the dint on't, dies. The very Shepherd could conceive that pointed *malice* wrought upon his flock,

*Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat Agnos!*

Some spiteful eye sure has my Lambs bewicht.

It may be tis from hence, as well as from the *implacability* of the *vice*, that *Solomon* tells us, *Anger is cruel, and Wrath is raging, but who can stand before Envy?* Yea, hence tis, not unlikely, that twice the Apostle joyns it with *Murther*, Rom. 1. 29. & Gal. 5. 21. as if he that *conversed* with the *envious*, went in danger of his life; as indeed he does, being subject to all the disadvantages that unfortunate man can live under: whatsoever he does *well*, is presently detracted from, till it be *lessened* and *synaleph'd* into *nothing*.

At a Feast in *Spain*, the meritorious Discovery of *America* by *Columbus* was discoursed on; the *honest* sort did highly praise the *En-*

*terprise*; but, some haughty *Spaniards*, *envious* at so great a *glory*, slightly said, The thing was no such wonder, since a plain Navigation could not well avoid it; and doubtless there were many *Spaniards* that could have discovered those, and other unknown Lands, without the help or assistance of an *Italian*. *Columbus* was by, and silently heard the passage, whereupon he leaves the Room, and immediately returns with an Egg in his hand, and to this effect bespeaks them; Gentlemen, Which of you can make this Egg stand upright upon one end? they try'd, and could not, so concluded it was not to be done: But, *Columbus* shaking it, and giving it a gentle crack, straight way set it up in their sight: At this they jeer'd as a thing so trivial, that it was no Mystery, but this way it might be done by any body: Yet, replies *Columbus*, none of you could do it till first I shew'd you the way. And such was my Discovery of the *West-Indies*, till I had made it, none of you could do it: and now I have don't, you boast how easily you could find out that, which I have found out for you.

Of all the *spies* that are, *Envy* is the most *observant* and *prying*. When the Physicians to *Frederick* were relating what most would sharpen the sight, and some were for Fennel, and some for Glasses, and others for other matters; the Noble *Actius* did assure them, there was nothing that would do it like *Envy*. Whatsoever a man does *ill*, by it is *magnified*, and *multiplied*; his *failings* all are watcht, drawn out, and blaz'd to the World, and under the pretence of *good*, he oft is led to the extremest issue of *evil*. Like Oil that's powr'd upon the roots of Trees, which softens it, destroys, and withers all the branches. And being once catched, with *scorn* he is insulted on. For, *Envy* is so un noble a Devil, that it ever tyrannizeth most upon a slip or low prostration, at which time *gallant minds* do most *disdain* to *triumph*.

The *Envious* is more unhappy than the *Serpent*: for though he hath poison within him, and can cast it upon others; yet to his proper bosom 'tis not burdensom, as is the *Rancour* that the *envious* keeps: but this most plainly is the *Plague*, as it infects others, so it fevers him that hath it, till he dies. Nor is it more noxious to the owner than *Fatal* and *detrimental* to all the world beside. 'Twas *envy* first unmade the *Angels* and created *Devils*. 'Twas *Envy* first that turn'd man out of *Paradise* and with the bloud of the innocent first died the *untainted earth*. 'Twas *Envy* sold chaste *Joseph* as a *Bordman*, and unto *Crucifixion* gave the only Son of God. He walks among *burning coals* that converses with those that are *envious*. He that would avoid it in himself must have worth enough to be *humble* and *beneficent*. But he that would avoid the danger of it from others must *abandon* their *company*. We are forbidden to eat with him that hath an evil eye, lest we vomit up the morsels we have eaten and lose our sweet words; That is, lest we get a *sickness* instead of *nutriment*, and have to do with those that, like *Enchanters*, with smooth language will charm us to *destruction*.

## LVII.

*Why men chuse honest Adversity before undue Prosperity.*

Since *Pleasure* and *Complacency*, with *Glory* and *Applause* either true, or mistaken, is the general aim of Man: and the avoiding *Pain*, *Disgrace*, and *Trouble*, the Shelf that we would not touch at; It is to be considered, from whence it comes to pass, that wise men, and mostly such, should chuse *Goodness* and *Virtue* with *affliction*, and the burthens of unpleasing accidents; rather than *Vice* garlanded with all the soft demulsions of a present *contentment*. Even among the *Aegyptians*, the Mid-wives would rather incur the danger of *Pharaoh's* angry and armed power, than commit those murthers that would have brought them preferment. *Moses* when he was grown up, that is, was full forty years old, (the time of Judgment's ripeness) He chose *adversity* and *affliction*, which he might have avoided, before the *pomp* and *splendour* of *Pharaoh's* Court, and the Son-ship of the Princess his Daughter. *Socrates* being committed by Publike Authority (though unjustly), would neither break his Prison, nor violate Justice, to purchase Life and Liberty. Hath not our own Age seen Him who hath abandon'd both his Life and Crown, rather than betray his Honour, and his Peoples Liberties; returning to the Offer (as my Author says) this Heroical and truly Regal answer, *Mille mortes mihi subire potius erit, quam sic meum Honorem, sic Populi Libertates prostituere*, I shall sooner undergo a *Thousand deaths*, than so my Honour, so my Peoples *Freedom*s prostitute! Certainly, the Appetition of *Happiness*, and that (*Primus omnium Motor*) *Love* and *Care* of our selves, even in this seeming contrariety of choice, holds still, and leads us to this bold Election. Else Man, in the most serious Exigents of his life, were his own false cheat, and led by a *Genius* that in his most extremity would cozen him. It would cast *deceit* upon *Providence*, that if we did not do for the best in chusing these *Indurances*, would delude us with vain beliefs, and running into *Nothings*. *Seeming* would be better than *Being*, and *Falshood* should be preferr'd before *Truth*; which being contrary to Reason, and Nature, cannot be admitted by Man. If therefore we did not believe, *Truth* and *Honour* and *Justice* were to be preferr'd before this *present life*, and all those clicant sparklings, that dance and dangle in the Rays and Jubilations of it, sure we should not be so sottish, as to chuse the first, and let the latter slip away disdain'd. Among some other less weighty, these following reasons may for this be given; one is the *Majesty* and *Excellency* that *Virtue* hath in her self; which is not only *Beautiful*, but *Eternal*; so, that there is a power in her to attract our adherence to her before all the transient and skin-deep pleasures that we fondly smack after in this postage of life in this world. The Philosopher said, and truly too, That *Virtue* was the *beauty* of the *Soul*, *Vice* the *deformity*. *Virtue* hath a flavor, that, when the draught is past, leaves a grateful *gust* and *fume*, which makes us love & covet after more. *Socrates* taught every where, that the *just man* and the *happy* were all

all one. The *Soul* of Man like a tree in a fruitful soyl at first, was planted in the Element of *Virtue*, and while 'tis nourisht by it, it spreads and thrives with fruit and fair viridity. But every *Vice* is a Worm, or frost, or blast, that checks the sap, that nips the tender branches, and Cankers the whole body it self.

A second Reason is, because the *Soul* is *Immortal*, of which this to me appears a potent argument. If it were not to be any more, why should it not prefer *fruition*, and the *exercises* of *life*, before a *dissolution* and *privation*? Were a man sure, that all would end with *life*, we should be simple to provide beyond it: But, because it does not, *Providence*, which in the general, leaves none unfurnisht with that which is fit for him, hath given him this prospect and apprehension of futurity, and out-living *life*, and his journeying through this world. *Socrates* when he was condemned, told his Judges, that *Melitus* and *Antius* might cause him to *die*, but they could not do him *mischief* or *incommodate* him.

A third Reason is, That doubtless, there is an *Eternal Justice*, of which God gives us both the sense and notion, that when hereafter Man shall find a *punishment* for his *sins* and *vices*, he cannot plead the want of Proclamation, since 'tis more than whisper'd to his Spirit within him, and so characterized in his Soul, that 'tis one of the distinctive properties of Man from Beast, that he can reflect upon himself, and apprehend *Eternity*: which as it will justly *condemn* us, so it will leave our great *Creator* without *blame*, and our selves without *excuse*. It is the opinion of *Plato* in his *Phedon*, that the *Souls* of *good men* are after *death* in a *happy* condition, united unto God in some place *Inaccessible*: but those of *bad*, in some convenient room condignly suffer *punishment*. Besides these, there is so much *good* in *affliction*, and the consequents of it, That, as the wise Creator knows it the Physick of our frailty; so wise men are the least offended at it. He that by the Oracle was approved for the *wisest*, confes'd, though he knew before he married her, that his *Xantippe* was a scold unsufferable; yet, he wittingly did marry her, to exercise his *patience*, that by the practice of enduring her shrewish heats, he might be able to brook all companies; the brawls, the scorns, the sophisms, and the petulancies of rude and unskilful men; the frettings, the thwartings, and the excruciations of life; and so go out a more perfect and an exact Philosopher. *Virtue* is not learned perfectly, without a severer Tutor, That by the *Rod* of *Discipline*, and the *Fire* of *Affliction*, can scour us from our *dross*, and burn of all our *rust*. A *good man* like an *Asbestine Garment*, as well as a *Tobacco-pipe*, when *soul*, is clesed by *burning*. The faithful hereby learn all their excellent virtues, *Patience*, *Charity*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, *Humility*, and *Contentment*, with the whole Train of other glorious graces that crown the most deserving. By this, God forms his servants into splendour: He brushes off their dust, washes away their stains, consumes their dregs, & builds them up into Saints. Nor is it to be doubted, but it is a Mark of favour to be bred up thus like *Princes*, under the Tuition of so grave an

Instructor, in the rudiments of *Piety* and *Goodness*. The Apostle *Paul* saith those that *suffer* not. It is a sign of *Sonship*, to be *chastiz'd*. We are the objects of our Heavenly *Father's* care, while we are lesson'd in the *Arts* of *Virtue*, while we are chequ'd and bounded and impal'd from offence. It therefore is no wonder, that the devout *Climachus* should persuade men, That persevering under *scorns* and *reproaches*, they should drink them off. As they would do Milk and Honey. The Soldier is not expert, without passing through several perils. Iron is but a dull thing, till it be forg'd and anvil'd, vic't and filed, into shape and brightness; but then, and not before 'tis fit to take its gilding. We most approve that Horse, that hath best been manag'd to the Bit and Spur, without which he were an untameable danger. The workman boyls his silver, before it can be ready for burnishing. Without quarrelling *Rome*, we can allow this *Purgatory*, to putrifie and cleanse us, that we may be the better candidated for the Court of *Heaven* and *Glory*. He that is so head-strong as to cast away *Discipline*, is in danger, to have the next thing he throws away to be *Virtue*: we correct where we would amend; where there is no hope, we do not trouble our selves so much as to reprehend. Nor does Correction so much respect what is past, as that which is to come. *Nemo prudens punit, quia peccatum est, sed ne peccetur*; A wise man does not punish so much the ill we have done, as to prevent, that we may do none hereafter. 'Tis *Seneca's*, and may instruct us to believe, That though we be not at ease, yet we may not be unfortunate. As bodies that are crooked, disdain not to be brac'd in steel, that they may become straight: So the *Mind* that is warping to *Vice*, should not think much to be kept upright by the *curbings* and the *stroaks* of *Adversity*.

LVIII.

Of Play and Gaming.

THE *Olympick* and the rest of the *Games* of *Greece*, were instituted first meerly for Honour and Exercise: and though they wanted not Wealth, yet their rewards were not in Money and Treasures, but only in Wreaths and Garlands, of such slight Plants as were easie to come by, and common among them. Chiefly, they had but four kinds of *Plays*; for being *Victors* in which, they were.

With *Pine*, with *Apple*, *Olive*, *Parsley* crown'd.

*Serta quibus, Pinus, Malus, Oliva, Apium.*

As *Ausonius* informs us. Though afterwards with higher Plaudits and Acclamations, they came to have Pensions and Provisions from the Publicque for life. But these, and such like, are not much to be faulted: For, their Institution was handsom, and their end and aim was good. The *Play* that's most complainable, is the inordinate *Gaming* for *Money*; which he that first invented, was certainly, either very idle, or else extreme-

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ly covetous. Albeit in the sequel it cheats the *Intention* in both: for, who so busie as they that are intent at *Dice*? Their *soul* and *senses* run along with them, and seldom 'tis, that they give men leave to be moderate. And instead of *gaming* it wastes even what we had without it. Some inform us, they were first invented by *Palamedes* in the *Trojan* War, in that ten years Siege to keep his Souldiers from idleness: And the truth is, it may sute better with their Calling, than with that of other mens. He that makes it his Trade to kill, will blanch but little at stealing; and whatsoever he comes by, if the War be not highly just, he hath as good a plea to, as to that he gains by *dicing*. He was not much out of the way that being asked what difference there was between *A-leator*, and *Tesserarum Lusor*? answered readily, The same that there is betwixt *Fur* and *Latro*. And indeed to *play* for gain, and by unlawful means to draw away *mony* from another, to his *detriment*; in the opinion of Divines is but permitted Thievery, worsened with commixion of *Murther*. And to see some men, when they have plaid their *mony*, their *watches*, their *horses* and *clothes*, would one judg less than that they had fallen among *Thieves*, and had been plundered of all that they had? Nay, they are not only rob'd themselves, but they themselves rob others: for his dependents and friends have interest in what he hath. How often does the *lavish* Gamester squander away a large left *Patrimony*; and, instead of *Plenty*, entails a want and beggery to his Issue? I do not remember that we read the name of either *Dice* or *Gaming* in the tract of either *Scripture*, to shew us the profaneness of the Trade is such that it comes not at all so much as under a *Text*. By the Laws *Cornelia* and *Titia*, it was among the *Romans* punishable. In the 79 Canon of the *Provincial Council* held at *Eliberis*, *Dicing* was forbidden to the Faithful under the penalty of being kept from the Communion a year if he did not give over. But in the 50 of the *General Council* at *Constantinople* under *Justinian*, it was forbidden to all, and punished with Excommunication. Certainly there was cause, why so grave Assemblies did so severely punish it. And indeed if we examine, we shall find it not only as a Serpent in it self, but waited on by a troop of other *Scorpions*, that bite and sting with equal *poison* and *venom*. Two things are most *precious* here to the *Life* and *well-being* of *Man*, *Time* and *Treasure*: and of both these, does the following of *Gaming* rob us. They that are bewitched with an humour of *play* cannot be quiet without it; 'Tis a *malus genius* that eggs and urges them to their own *destruction*. 'Tis in many men as *importunate* as *Fate*, that affords neither *rest* nor *resistance*; but with a pleas'd *Avidity* hurries them on to that which in the end they would not find. He that is a lover of *play*, like the lover of a *Harlot*, he does *mind* that so much that he *neglects*, all other *occasions*. *Busineses*, *friends* *repose*, *Religion*, and *Relations*, are all laid by when once he is set upon *play*. Night is by *flaming tapers* turn'd to day, and day worn out within the pen of wals, as if *confin'd* or *Prisoner* to his *sports*. As the *Romans* did with *drink*; we do with *play*; We play down the *evening star* and play up the *morning star*: The *Sun* may round the World before



one Room can be *relinquish'd* by us. One would think, some new *Philosophy* had found out for Gamblers this unknown *Summum bonum*, which exacting all their time makes Nature more beholding to *Necessity* than *inclination*, for either *sleep* or *food*. Surely a gambler can never expect to be knowing, or approv'd for either his *own*, his *friends*, or his *Countries service*. The time he should lay out in fitting of himself for these, runs *waste* at this Brack of *play*, which arts him in nothing but how to deceive and gain: though well weigh'd even in *gaining* he comes to be *deceiv'd* at last. If he does win, it wantons him with *over-plus*, and enters him into new ways of *expence*; which habits him at last to *lavishness*, and that delivers over to an *aged poverty*. Besides, he cannot be quiet with his *purchase*; they that he won it from will *study* and *contrive Revenge*. And he is not suffer'd to be at *peace* in *Victory*; for the most part, whatsoever is gotten by *play* is either vainly wasted, or but *borrowed* to *repay* with *Interest*. It leads men to *excess*, that without it would be quite *avoided*. If they win, they spare no *cost*, but *luxuriate* into *Riot*. If they lose, they must be *at it*, to keep up their *gauled* and their *vexed spirits*: in both, a man is exposed as a *prey* to *Rooks* and *Daws*, *impudent* and *indigent companys* that *flatter*, *suck*, and perpetually *pillage* from him. 'Tis the *Mine* that carryed close in *dark* and *private trenches* through hollow and crooked *caverns*, blows up at once his *Fortune*, *Family*, *Fame* and *Contentment*, and in the end through *disorder* and *surfets* leaves him to go off a *Sot*: Certainly it cannot be the pleasure of the *action* that so strongly can *inchant men*. What pleasure can it be, out of a *dead Box* to tumble *Bones* as *dead*; to see a square *run round*; or to see his *Estate* reduc'd into a *Lottery*, to try whether he shall hold it any longer or no? Surely, it must be *Covetousness* and the inordinate desire of getting, which prevailing once upon us, we become *possess'd*, and by it are carried as well to the *Graves* and *Sepulchres* of the *dead*, as the *Cities* of the *living* by this ill spirit leading us. I cannot conceive how it should *suit* with a *Noble mind*, to play either *much* or *deep*. It *defrauds* him of his *better employment*, and sinks him into less than he is. If he wins, he knows not whether the other may *spare* it or no. If he cannot, the generous will scorn to take from him that wants, and hates to make another suffer *meerly* for his *sake*. If he can spare it, he will yet *disdain* to be supply'd by the *bounty* of him that is his *equal* or *inferiour*. If he loseth and cannot spare it himself, it proclaims him to be *unwise* to put himself upon *exigents* for *will* and *humour*; and not *honest*, for he injures all about him. He that plays for more than he can spare, makes up his stake of his *Heart* and *Patrimony*, his *Peace*, his *Priviledg*, his *bosom'd wife* and his *extended Son*; even the *Earth* he holds floats from him with this *ebbing tide*. Be he *rich* or *poor*, he cannot ply his own. He holds not *wealth* to waste it thus in *wantonness* where there is *plenty*; besides a mans *Relations*, the *Common-wealth* and *Poor* have some share due to them. And he cannot but yet *acknowledg* he might have *employ'd* it better. It gains him

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neither *honour* nor *thanks*, but under the others Cloak perhaps is closely laugh'd at: as *easy* and *unskilful Thales*, having put *Solon* into a passion for the supposed death of his Son, said, it was for *that* and such like *Inconveniencies* he thought not fit to marry. And he that sees into what *heats*, what *fears*, what *distempers* and *disorders*, what *madness* and *vexations*, a crosse-hand at play *implunges* some men in, will never hazard his own *peace of mind*, with bidding by play for such *Phrenzies* such *Bedlam fits* and *distortions* of the whole *frame of man*, which sometime never leave their *Patients*, till they drive them into *Despair* and a *Halter*. What is it provokes to *Anger*, like it? And *Anger* utters in black *Oaths*, *prodigious Curses*, *senseless Imprecations*, *horrid Rige*, and *blacker Blasphemy*, with *quarrels*, *injuries*, *reproaches*, *wounds*, and *death*. And which is not the meanest of the ills attending gaming: He that is addicted to play and loves it, is so limed by custom to it, that if he would stir his *wings* to fly away, he cannot. Therefore *Plato* was in the right when he *sharply* reprov'd the *Boy* he found at play, and the *Boy* told him he wondred how he could be so *angry* for so small a *matter*, *Plato* reply'd again, that custom was no small *matter*. 'Tis not denyed, but *labours* and *cares* may have their *Relaxes* and *Recreations*. Though *Menenius* objected to *Cato* his nightly *Play* and *Jollity*, yet *Cicero* excused it with instancing his perpetual *daily toil* for the *publique*. But we must beware lest we make a *trade* of *sport*, and never to play for more than we may *lose* with *content*, and without the *prejudice* of our selves or others.

## LIX.

*Prayer most needful in the morning.*

There is no doubt but *Prayer* is needful daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for our selves alone, 'tis necessary: and 'tis charitable, when it is for others. At night it is our *Covering*; In the morning it is our *Armour*: so at all times it *defends* us from the malice of *Sathan*, our own subordinations and betrayings, the unequal weather, that the world assaults us with, and preserves us in the *favour* and *esteem* of *Heaven*: We are dependents upon the *Court*, while we are but *Petitioners* there; so till we be *denyed* and *dismis'd*, we have the protection thereof: which certainly is a priviledg that a *stranger* cannot claim. And albeit *prayer* should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night; yet I hold it of the two more needful in the *morning*, than when in the evening we commit our selves to *Repose*. 'Tis true we have enough to induce us to it then: the day could not but present us with something either worthy our thanks, or that needed our *begging* and *pardon*, for removing or continuing something: and though we be immur'd with walls, and darkness, yet are we not exempted so from *Perils*, but that without our *Gods* assistance, we are left a *Prey* to all that is at *enmity* with *man*. Besides, Sleep is the

image

*image* or *shadow* of *Death*, and when the *shadow* is so near, the *substance* cannot be far *remote*. The dying *Gorgias* being in a slumber, and asked by a friend how he did? He answered *Pretty well*; only *Sleep* is recommending me up to his *Brother*. Some, we know, in *health* have gone to *rest eternal*: and without thinking of the other world, have tane their leave of this; not knowing themselves that they were on their way, till they had fully dispatched their Journey. But notwithstanding all this, a man at rest in his Chamber (like a sheep impenn'd in the fold) is subject only to unusual events, and such as rarely happen; to the emissions of the more immediate, and unavoidable *hand* of *God*. Danger seems shut out of doors; we are secured from the injury of the Elements, and guarded with a fence of Iron, against the force of such as would *invade*. We are remov'd from the worlds bustle, and the *crowd* of occasions that justle against us as we walk *abroad*. He that is *barr'd* up in his house, is in his *Garrison* with his *Guard* about him, and not so soon attacked by his *Enemy*, as he that roaves in the open and unshelter'd field. Who knows not, the Ship to be *safer* in the *Bay* or *Harbour*, than tofs'd and beaten in the *boiling Ocean*? *Retiredness* is more safe than *business*. We are withdrawn when the vail of night and rest enwraps us in their *dark* and *silent Cabinet*. But with the *Sun*, we do disclose and are discovered to our *prying Enemies*: We go abroad to meet, what at home does not look after us. He that walks through a *Fair* of *Beasts* is in hazard to be *gor'd*, or *kickt*, or *bruis'd*, or *beaten*: We pass through *Bryars* and *Thorns* and *Nettles*, that will *prick* and *scratch* and *sting*. We are in the day as *travailing* through a *Wilderness*, where wild and savage Creatures are, as well as *tamer Animals*. All the world is *Africa*; where *heat* and *drought*, *venom*, or something new, does still *disturb* us. The *air*, the *fire*, the *earth*, and *water* are apter all to wound us. The frays, the trains, the incitements, the opportunity, the occasions of offence, the lures and temptings from abroad, and the businsses and accidents of *Life*, deny us any *safety*, but what we have from the favour of *protective Providence*. Besides, *Prayer* does sacre all our *Actions*. 'Tis the priming of the *Soul*, that laying us in the *Oil* of *Grace* preserves us from the *Worm* and *Weather*. When the mind in the *morning* opens to God as the eye to the *Sun*s cleer light, by the *Radiance* of the *divine beams* we become enlightned inwardly all the day. He is *listed* in *Gods service* and *protection*, that makes it his first work to be inrolled by *prayer* under the standard of the *Almighty*. It was from hence sure, that *Devotion* sprung of *Christians* crossing themselves at their entring upon *business*. All thriving States have ever sought the *Gods* in their first infancy. The morning to the day is as youth to the life of a Man: If that be well season'd, 'tis likely that his *Age* may answer it, and be *progressive* in the path of *Virtue*: To live well every day is the *greatest* and most *important business* of man, and being unable for it of himself alone, he needs the more to gain *Divine assistance*. In works of moment, even *Heathen* never ventur'd without their seeking first such *Deities* as they believ'd might help them.

— Nothing's well done  
But what at first is with the Gods begun.

He carries an assistant Angel with him for his help that begs his Benediction from above ; and, without it, he is lame and unarmed. We do not find that *Saul's* devotion ever was superlative ; yet, he was troubled for fear the *Philistims* should catch him before he had said his *prayers*, 1 Sam. 13. 12. And because he had neglected this he stumbled up an *offering*, thinking that way to supply it. He that *commences* with *heaven*, goes out in all a *cataphract*. But if any thing happen ill, he walks upon his own hearts checque, if God were not taken along.

LX.

To beware of being surprized.

**A**S *sodain Passions* are most violent ; so *sodain occasions of sin*, are most dangerous. They are *traps* that catch us while we think w'a e *secure* ; while we think we are born aloft, and apprehend no hazzard, the failing floor sinks under us, and with it we descend to ruine. There is a *prostration* in *assaults* unlookt for. When *Cæsars* friends were stabbing him, his Robe did hide his face, while he lay down to die. Amazement quails the heart, till it becomes with the press of its own vitals, drown'd ; when the *senses* are set upon by *unthought-of objects*, *Reason* wants time to call a *council* to determine how to resist the *assault*. He that thinks not of a business, and is o'th' *sodain* call'd upon, is as to that asleep, and at first waking starts, but knows not where, nor yet with whom, he is. Surely he is a *wise man* that is not caught by the *sodainness* of *unlook't for accidents*. Like darted lights that swiftly break upon us, they *blind* our *weaken'd sight*, and at best they leave us but to *chance*, whether we shall come off with *glory* or with *shame*. *Alexander* clouded his three great *Victories*, with the rash and violent *ruine* of his three chief friends. *Ulysses* had the reputation of being *crafty* as well as *wise* ; yet, by the *sodainness* of *Palamedes* laying his Son in the furrow, where he was madly sowing Salt, he discovered himself to be *sober*, that would have appear'd *distracted*. And he that could smooth over the croicest chances of Humanity, and bear them with a Noble Fortitude, and by the sleekness of his temper, wind himself beyond the common reach ; was yet by the unexpected death of a Dog that he lov'd, put to more *trouble*, and shew'd more *weakness*, than either other weightier matters could impose, or than befitted a wise man to be taken with. Like Gunpowder in a lock, it blows open all our wards, it rashes ope the curtain of the mind. As a fir'd *Petarr* when the City is walled about, this gives an entrance through the shatter'd gates. When *Phryne* knew not how to be sure of *Praxiteles* his best piece of Limming, which he

he (in Love) had promised her; she makes one, breathless, to bring him news that with a sodain violent fire, his house was almost burn'd down. At which he cries out presently, Is *Cupid* and the *Satyre* sav'd? by which she knew, that was the best, then told him, all was well, but *Cupid* and the *Satyre* hers. We see, *Love* that is kindled at *first sight*, hath oft an *eager fierceness* with it; beyond that which is leisurely *built up* by *time* and *conversation*. 'Tis *Lightning* melts the *Sword*, which else is proof 'gainst all the strokes of the hand upon the *Anvil*. Surely *Job* considered how apt he might be to be *surpris'd*, when he made that *Covenant* with his eyes against *beauty*. For want of which, *David* was *catch'd* by the *accidental* seeing of but *Bathsheba* bathe at a distance. 'Tis oft the *booty* that makes the *un-intending thief*; for that first *steals* the man, before the man *steals* it. Opportunity creates a sinner; at least, it calls him out to act; and, like the warming Sun, invites the sleeping Serpent from his holes. We are like Flax that's dress'd, and dry'd, and kenn'd; if the least spark but fall upon us, we cannot chuse but burn. And though the *Pelagians* of old, would understand our *praying against temptation*, but a *desire* to be *protected* from the *accidents* and *chances* of *humane life*; yet, doubtless, our Saviour knowing the *proneness* of our *nature* to *sin*, and how easily we were to be *surpris'd*, and how hardly we could *escape*, if once *temptations* did but *glance* upon us; taught us to pray, *that we might not come into temptation*; lest by it, we should be overcome and perish. Who commits himself to the Sea, is every minute waving towards *death*; and *sodain gusts* indanger more the Vessel, than the *constant gale* that drives the Bark before it. Like Acute diseases, they sooner destroy life, than the leisurely progressions of a long collecting sickness. It is one of the weightiest, and most material parts of *Prudence*, to prepare and arm our selves to encounter *Accidents*. *Wit* as well as *wisdom* is required to this business; for, a man *surpris'd*, is even in *reason* more than *half beaten*; being taken at a *disadvantage*, from which he hath no way to *ex-intricate* himself, but by the *dextrousness* of his *ingenuity*. 'Tis a fright that shrinks the soul into a corner, out of which it dares not peep to look abroad for help; so in stead of a Remedy it runs to despair. The unexpected sight of flying *Thybe's* garments, without examining, parted both the Lovers to act their own sad Tragedies. Had not the richness of the *Babylonish* garment, and the weighty wedge of gold tempted the inclining *Achan*, he had not been seduced to trouble *Israel*. 'Twas *Dinah's* itch to see new fashions, that expos'd her to a Ravishment. To *avoid occasions*, and to be *above accidents*, is one of the greatest masteries of Man. How like naked beggars we see the weak soul skip under the lash of every sodain disaster; while the Magnanimous and composed mind, by preparing and forethinking, meets nothing new to bring him to amazement? He that foresees an Inconvenience, though he cannot always avoid it; yet he may be ever fitted to bear it better. If we cast before hand, we may avoid being put to the after-Game. And the edge of the evil is abated, if we but see the Bow that is bent against us.

## LXI.

## Of Improving by good Examples.

There is no man, but for his *own interest*, hath an *obligation* to be *Honest*. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all Cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the Noblest Fame, to hold the horns of this Altar, which, in all assays, can in himself protect him. And though in the march of humane life, over the Stage of this world, a man shall find presented sometimes *examples* of *thriving Vice*, and several opportunities to invite him upon a seeming *advantage* to close with unhandsome practices: yet, every man ought so to improve his *progress* in what is *just* and *right*, as to be able to discern the *fraud* and *fained pleasurable*ness of the *bad*, and to chuse and follow what is *good* and *warrantable*. If any man shall object, that the world is far more *bad* than *good*, so that the *good* man shall be sure to be overpowred by the *evil*: the case is long since resolved by *Antisthenes*, That 'tis better with a *few good men*, to fight against an *Army of bad*; than with *swarms* and *shoals of bad men*, to have a *few good men* his Enemies. And surely this was it which raised up *David* to that *bravery of spirit* which made him profess, *That though an Host were pitched against him, yet should not his heart be afraid*. He that is *intirely* and *genuinely Honest*, is the *figure* and *representation* of the *Deity*, which will draw down a *Protection* upon it against all the *injuries* of any that shall dare to abuse it. There is a kind of *Talismanical influence* in the *soul* of such. A more *immediate impress* of the *Divinity* is printed on the spirits of these, than all the scattered *Heard of looser minds* are capable of. The *rays of heaven* do more *perpendicularly* strike upon the minds of these, whereby they have both *assimilation* to *God*, *propensity* to *good*, and *defence* against *injury*. And it not only *obligeth* men not to do *wrong*; but, to make *amends* if *wrong* be done: and to dispense with *benefits* to our selves, if in the least they shall bring *detriment* to others. So that a man ought not only to *restore* what is *unduly gotten*, or *unawares let slip* by others; but to seek out how we may do *right*. Thus if I find a *Treasure*, and know not him that lost it, I owe my endeavour to search and find him out, that it may be again restor'd. It is truly said by *St. Augustine*, *Quod invenisti & non reddidisti, rapuisti*. He steals the thing he finds, that labours not to restore it. If he does not restore it, 'tis enough, that he does not do it, only because he cannot.

And although no man be *priviledged* to *swerve* from what is *Honest*; yet, some men have, by much, more *obligation* to be so than others. They have tasted of *higher dispensations*, been more *deterred* by *Judgments*, more *gained* upon by *Mercies*, or are *illuminated* with more *radiant knowledge*, whereby they better understand than others, wherein to be so. And, indeed, without *knowledge* 'tis impossible to under-

understand wherein to do right. Though the best knowleg a man hath, be a light so dimly burning, that it hardly shews him to see clearly all the *cobwebs* and *foul corners* in his affairs: Yet *ignorance* is an *opacous* thing, and if not a *total darkness*, yet such an *eclipse*, as makes us apt to stumble, and puts us to grope out our way.

And besides all these, there are some that have more *reason* to be *Honest* than others, as having found *dealings* from others, that, like fire brought nearer, warms their conscience more. And not only would be evidence and conviction against them if they did *wrong*, but stirs them up to do *right*.

And truly, I shall not blush to tell my Reader, that in the Number of these, I look upon my self as *concern'd*. Should I fail of being *Honest*, when *advantage* should be in my hand, I should not only be *upbraided* but *condemned* by two especial passages that happened to my self; which for the Rarity may beget my pardon, that here I set them down to be known. One was:

An unknown Porter brings to me, to my Lodging, A Box seal'd up, and on the outside directed to my self. I enquired *from whom he had it*: He told me *A Gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose Name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him 6. d. to deliver it safely*; which now he had done, and having discharged his part, he could give me no further account. I opened the Box, where the first thing I met with was a Note written in a hand I knew not, without any Name subscribed, in these very following words:

*Mr. Owen Feltham, It was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this, and the rest of my sins.*

And under this Note, folded in another Paper in the same Box, were *Ten Twenty-shilling-pieces* in Gold. I cannot call to mind: that ever I was deceived of such a sum as 5. l. in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I-so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe, he did it to disburthen a Conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem suitable to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his Name to value him as he deserv'd, I have presum'd to recite the thing, that others from the sense of it may learn to be *honest* and himself reap the *benefit*, that may happen by so good an *example*.

This perhaps might be from some one, that not only professed, but practised *Piety*, and the rules of *honest Living*. And though I could not expect so much should be found among those that pretend not so high in Religion; yet, to shew, that even in looser Callings, and as well now, as in our Saviours time, some (reckoned among Publicans and Sinners) may go to Heaven before the captious and the critical Cenforist; (If we shall judge by exterior demeanor, as the Rule that's given us; I shall beg leave to give my Reader this second Story, which was thus.

Going with some Gentlewomen to a Play at *Salisbury Court*, I cast into the Womans Box who sat at the Dore to receive the Pay (as I thought) so many shillings as we were persons in number; so we pass'd away, went in, and sat out the Play. Returning out the same way, the Woman that held the Box as we went in, was there again, as we went out; neither I, nor any of my company knew her, or she us; but, as she had observed us going in, she addresses to me, and says, *Sir, Do you remember what Money you gave me when you went in? Sure* (said I), *as I take it, I gave you twelve pence a piece for my self, and these of my Company.* *My Sir* (replies she) *that you did, and something more; for here is an Eleven Shilling Piece of Gold that you gave me in stead of a Shilling; and if you please to give me twelve pence for it, 'tis as much as I can demand.* Here had been, if the woman had been so minded (though a little) yet a secure prize. But, as many do probably conjecture, that *Zachens*, who made *Restitution* to the shame of the obdurate *Jews*, was a *Gentile* as well as a *Publican*: So this, from one of a *Calling*, in dis-repute, and suspected, may not only instruct the more precise of Garb, and form of *Honesty*, but shew us that in any *Vocation*, a man may take occasion to be *just* and *faithful*. And let no man wonder, that a person thus dealt withal, and lesson'd into his duty by the Practice of others to him; joyn'd with his other obligations to *goodness*; be hereby prevail'd upon to a greater care of his own *Uprightness* and *Integrity*, than perhaps without finding these, might have been. I will not have the vanity, to say, These passages have rendred me better: Not am I ashamed to confess, that I have sometime remembered them with *profit*. Sure I am, they ought not to loose their Influence; nor to pass unheeded; when they shall reflect on our selves. He that means to be a good *Limmer*, will be sure to draw after the most excellent Copies, and guide every stroke of his Pencil by the better pattern that he lays before him: So, he that desires that the *Table* of his *Life* may be fair, will be careful to propose the *best Examples*; and will never be content, till he equals, or excels them.

## LXII.

## Of Hatred.

There is a *Civil Hatred*, when men in general *detest* whatsoever is *Vice*. And the Prophet *David* speaking of the wicked, says, *He hated them with a perfect hatred*; to shew us, that *Hatred* is then *Perfect*, when the Object is only *Sin*. For we ought not as a Creature to *hate* any thing that God hath made. All that he fram'd was *good*, excellently *good*, and merited both *love* and *admiration*. But *Sin* and *Vice*, being things that God never created, we ought to abandon and *abhor* them, as being derogatory to his *Glory* and *Wisdom*, and destructive to the being of that which he was pleas'd to make for the satisfaction of his own free will and pleasure. And hitherto *hatred* is good. But of *hate*,



as a *Vice*, either in our selves towards others, or from others to us, there is reason to be careful, that, even with both hands, we thrust them both away. *Hatred* in our selves against others, is but perpetuated and long-liv'd *Anger*, which ought never to last longer than the declining Sun; but continued, like heady Wine, it intoxicates the Brain and Senses. He that nourishes *Hate* in himself against any other person whatsoever, sows *weeds* in his own *Garden*, that will quickly choke those *Flowers*, that else he might take pleasure in. At first, it does but simmer, yet time will boil it up to height and rage. As *Pisnites* towards *August*, though they did but creep before, yet, now they will begin to fly. The beginning for the most part is but mean and poor; yet, 'tis *fire*, and from a shaving, or neglected rush, it easily can sometimes whole *Cities* turn to *Cinders*. The *Feuds* of Families bubbled up at first from little *weeping Springs*, that any child with ease might trample over, that shew'd all clear, and seem'd to tell no danger: but gathering as they creep and curl about, they rise to *Rivers* past our foording over. *Timon*, that at first allow'd himself to *hate* but only *bad*, grew at last, to *hate* whatever he found was *Man*. 'Tis *Envy's* Eldest Daughter, that, besides being Coheir with *Insultation* upon *Adversity*, troubled at *Prosperity*, Back-biting and loud-tongued *Detraction*; inherits all the mischief that can arise from *Malice*. No man drench't in *Hate*, can promise to himself the candidness of an upright *Judge*; his *hate* will partialize his *Opinion*. He that is known to *hate* a man, shall never be believed in speaking of him: no, in neither *truth*, nor *fallshood*. If he speak well, he shall be thought to *dissemble*; if ill, it will be taken as from *malice*, and the prejudice that he is byas't with. So, while he carries the *heart* of a *Murthurer*, he shall be sure to have the *fate* of a *Lyar*: not to be *believ'd*, though he does speak what is *true*.

And though this in our selves be fatally enough destructive, yet, 'tis much more dangerous when it flies upon us from others. A Wise man will be wary of purchasing the *hate* of any. Those which *Prudence* might make his Guard, as *Cadmus* his Teeth he sows into Serpents, that lie in wait to sting. Against the *Hatred* of a Multitude there is no fence, but, what must come by Miracle. Nor Wealth, nor Wit, nor Bands of armed men, can keep them safe, that have made themselves the *hate* of an *inraged multitude*. 'Tis Thunder, Lightning, Storm and Hail, together. How many *Imperial* Heads did the *Populacy* of the *Romans* tread upon? Let no man slight the *scorns* and *hate* of the people. When 'tis unjust, 'tis a *wolf*; but, when 'tis just, a *Dragon*. Though the *Tyrant* seated high, does think he may contemn their *malice*: yet, he may remember, they have many *hands*, while he hath but one *neck* only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many; those many will to him alone be dangerous in their *hate*. The Sands of *Africa*, though they be but barren dust, and lightness; yet, anger'd by the Winds, they bury both the Horse and Travailer alive. With any weapon that comes next, it can both fight and kill. *Quem quisque odit, Periisse expetit*; His *hated Enemy* he expects should perish. And when he hath neither wealth nor

strength, he watches Occasion, and attends both Time and Fortune. There be four things that more particularly do generate *Hate*; *Pride*, *Covetousness*, *Perfidiousness*, and *Cruelty*.

The *proud* man is the subject of *contempt*. And 'tis no wonder to find Man against him; when we find upon Record, that God doth resist him. *Pride* is the eldest of the seven deadly Sins: And because, that would domineer over all, 'tis just, that all should seek to pull it down. If it did cast *Angels* out of Heaven from Earth, it well may throw offending *Man*. The *proud Man* would have us believe him to be a *God*; he would rule all, he would be thought to excell all: he would be *Papal*, and *Infallible*, when others know him to be short of a *Man*, a Bond-man to some pitiful lust, and quite mislead and erring. And 'tis for this, That though some out of *fear*, or *interest*, may bow to him; yet, the generous and wise most *abhor* to have him their *Ruler*, that cannot rule himself: Usually, though he be high, he is barren. Like Mount *Gilboa*, he has neither dew nor rain. As to *Sejanus* his *Goddes*, *Fortune*, we offer *Incense* and *Perfumes*, till we find she turns away, and then (as he) we kick her, and break her to pieces. Even *Heaven*, to *proud* ones, does deny its Influence. Let no man therefore think to get to *Heaven* and stability by that, with which the *Angels* there could not be permitted to stay.

Secondly, *Covetousness*. This is so greedy to catch at all, that it pulls even *hate* along. A fordidness so cleaves to it, that *disdain* and *scorn* attends it. 'Tis the inlet of those sins, that grate, and scratch, and gall, Thefts, Rapes, and Plunders, Perjuries, and oppressive Murthers; and makes a man not only a Thief, but a Jaylor too: For, whatever the *Covetous* catches, he keeps it up a Prisoner; so that neither himself will, nor any other can make use of it. *Hatred* is as properly due to the *Covetous*, as Affection to the Bountiful. And we may as well *love* the *Rat* that drags our *Evidence* into his hole, and eats it, as we may the *craving* and *rapacious* person. He empties all the veins, and sucks the hearts life-blood; for, he drains away Money; and that, the old *Comedian* tells us, *Anima et sanguis est Mortalibus*; 'Tis the common Peoples Soul. The enjoyment of Propriety, is that which preserves men in peace; but, he that *rapines* upon that, as a Robber, shall find Swords and Staves taken up against him to defend it. *Septimius Severus* had not venturd to march to *Rome*, in quest of the Empire; if he had not known his Souldiers all paid, and *Julianus* hated of the people for his *Covetousness*. *Marcus Crassus* being a *Roman* General, had ne're been us'd so hardly by the *Parthians*, as to have melted Gold pour'd down his Throat, if his *Avarice* and *Rapine* turning the publick calamities to his private benefit had not made him hated.

*Possideat quantum rapuit Nero, Montibus Aurum  
Exaquet, nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo.*

Gold more than *Mountains*, or then *Nero* seiz'd,  
Can never make him pleasing, or well pleas'd.

A third and main procurer of *Hate*, is *Falsbood* and *Perfidiousness*: 'Tis the highest *Cheat* in Humanity. A *deceiv'd Trust* exasperates affection into an *Enemy*, and cancels all the Bonds of Nature. When we prosecute a *deceiver* and a *violator of Faith*, we undertake the cause of all Mankind. For every one is concern'd, that a *Traytor* and an *Impostor* be banish'd out of the world; for, he that premeditatedly *cozens* one, does not *cozen* all, but only, because he cannot. And, when a Man grows once to be not'd for a person of *falsbood*, and a *Jugler*, every man will avoid him as a *Trap* that is set only to give *Wounds* and *Death*. As with a *Jadith Horse*, if we will be safe, we must be sure not to come within the reach of his heels: who is it that will not hate him, with whom it is not safe to live? If a man be once a *Fox*, he owes his preservation to his *craft*, but nothing to the good will of his *neighbours*. He comes then to be in the Catalogue of those, that *Peter Ramus* speaks of, *Quidam versantur in dotis, & eis qualibet adversantur*. Every thing is enemy to him that is *deceitful*. *Pausanias* was but suspected to betray *Lysander* in the battail: and the people would not rest till he was banish'd from among them. *Deceit* is a *Thief* in the night, which steals upon us in the *dark*, when we think our selves *secure*, and are not aware of either his *way* or his *Time*, which makes us sleep as it were in  *Armour* guarded about with *bars* against him, and with *mastiffs* to destroy him.

The next Monster that calls up *Hate* against us, is *Cruelty*; which ever is usher'd on with *severity* and *rigor*. Man is a frail thing and should he be put to *expiate* every offence with the extremity of *Punishment*, he must have many lives, or else have his *Torments* endless. We expect a *Fathers* pardon, and know the Gods do not alwaies *punish* to the height. He that hath not mercy to *mitigate Correction*, excludes himself from favour when he fails. To be alwaies strict and scrupulous is not *conversation* for man; It presently descends him into *cruelty*, which makes him as a wild beast shunn'd. He that cannot kill him, will avoid him if he can: 'Tis not in Nature that ever he should be lov'd. 'Tis with *cruelty* as 'tis with *choler*. It is kindled with meeting it's like: as *flints* that knock together, fire flies from both. No man can love his *Tormentor*, or him that would destroy his being. *Ferina ista rabies est, sanguine gaudere et vulneribus, et, abjecto homine, in sylvestre animal transire*. That rage is wholly bestial that smacks the lips with bloud and bleeding wounds, and casting off *Humility* he passes into fierce and savage. *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Vitellius*, and many more, afford us sad examples of the end of cruelty: and above all, the unfortunate *Andronicus*; who met with more by the torrent of a popular *hate* than one would think humanity could either suffer or invent: All things that men met with, were instruments of *fury*, and every *Boy* and *Girl* became an *Executioner*.

To prevent the hate of others, is, not to love our selves too much. He that does so, becomes unrival'd in affection, and at last does love alone what all men else do hate. The best is, not to prefer our private before a generality; and rather to pass over trivials, than be angry

at *punctilios*. He that minds his own with moderation, and but seldom intrudes on the concerns of others, shall surely find less cause to hate, or to be hated; and may at last come to live like the *Adonis* of the sea, that *Ælian* speaks of, in perfect tranquillity among all the rapacious fishes of the *Ocean*.

## LXIII.

## Of hardness of Heart.

**T**His is not so much when a man is careless and unsensible of another's condition, as when a man by the practice and custom of sin is grown obdurate, and fear'd up so, as nothing can work upon him to mollifie him that he may be medicinable. *Origen* gives a handsome Character of it, *Cor durum est, cum mens humana velut cera, frigore iniquitatis obstricta, signaculum Imaginis divine non recipit*; Then is the hart hardened when the mind of man like wax becomes so petrifi'd with the cold benummings of sin, that the impression of the Divine image cannot be made in it. So that other sinners are passing on the way, but the *hard-hearted* is come within the confines of a final destruction. He not only marches fast from God, but he builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the Camp where he might be safe. He is pass'd over the Sea of *Iniquity*; and then, as the *Prince of Orange* at the battail of *Newport*, he sends away the shipping, that he may not have a mind to return. He puts himself out of the power of perswasion; like a stubborn metall, once ill cast, he leaves no way to be mended but by breaking: so much he is his own *dire Enemy*, that without a Rape upon him he will not find *Salvation*. 'Tis not the distilling shower nor the gently fanning air, nor the rustling wind, nor the rowling Thunder, that can work upon him. 'Tis only Lightning that can pierce the pores and melt the steeled heart within the scabbard, that must either doe the business or leave him quite undone for ever. For whatsoever happens to him to mend him, makes him worse.

Adversity, that is the Academy of Life to instruct and breed up man in all the waies of *Virtue* and *Knowledge*, to him it's but like the Gaol where he learns to *shift* and *cheat*, till at last he grows *incorrigible* and *desperate*. Prosperity luns him to a harder temper. Elation leads in disdain, which spurns away the hand that offers but to lift him up. Benefits seldom sink into *obdurate minds*; They take them to be *Duty* in others, but *merit* and *desert* in themselves. 'Tis the soft and gentle Nature that is soonest taken with a courtesie, there it sinks as essence does in cotton till all becomes a *Fragrancy*; And therefore as they are most unhappy to themselves in the end, so they are worse for others to converse with in the way. For as nothing but *compulsion* can make them be *indurable*, so 'tis not a little trouble to the ingenious to be put upon waies of constraint. The generous nature likes himself then the worst, when he must appear a *pedagogue* with a *Rod* or *Ferula* even in his hand, the good inclination is soonest won by fair

fair and civil dealings. But *ill dispositions* being led by *passion* and a *sensual appetite* grow dangerous when not awed by *Force*, nor yet are they much the better by *punishment* or faring worse. The unruly horse that's spur'd is more so for his spurring. Like the *steel* both by *fire* and *water* too, it is *hardned*; *Pharaoh* was not better'd by all the plagues brought over him. Nor were the *Jews* by his example mended either in the radiance of the Gospel, or the raging of their sedition in *Jerusalem*. Neither was their obduration, or their *obcecation* less. Judgments that are the *terrors* and the *turners* of the *seduced Soul*, that hath but humanity in it; upon the obstinate they do not work at all. Either they *reverberate* them back before they pierce; as a wall of steel does a blunt-headed *arrow*; or if they do perhaps a little while find entrance, like the *Elephant* with the *Convulsion* of his *nerves*, and his *bodies contraction*, he casts out the shaft that sticks within him: so he *closes* in his *own Corruption*, which else might find vent at the *wounds*. 'Tis a fatal Notion under which the *Apostle* renders it, The *hardness* of thy *Heart* that *cannot repent*. As if by a Barr put upon it, it were sealed up to *ruine*. He is *chain'd* and *pinnion'd* and prepar'd for *Execution*, that he cannot *repent*. 'Tis like being born a *fool*. When Nature has doom'd him among the *incapacious* and *silly*, 'tis not in the power of correction or instruction, or in all the arts, to cure him. The pestel and the mortar cannot do it, nor can the *hardned Soul* by any thing be *mollify'd*, being indeed fit only for *destruction*. He is neither meet to govern, nor to be govern'd by others. As *Rome* when sinking to *confusion*, *nec libertatem, nec servitutem potest tolerare*. Neither Obedience or Commands can be indur'd or manag'd. And this does easily come to passe when men are once habituated in Vice. As constant labour sears the painful hand to *hardned brawn*, and a *callous insensibility*: so the continued practice of Vice does hinder the minds clear sense, and leaves it in a way *incorrigible*, *Desinit esse remedio locus, ubi, quae fuerant vitia, mores fiant*, When Vices habit themselves into custome and manners, there then wants room to take in what should Remedy. If frailty therefore casts us into Vice, let no mans *obstinacy* so fasten the nail in his *Soul*, that it cannot without tearing all in pieces, be pull'd out. He that commits an error does too much: but he that persists in it, grows an *Heretique*, shuts himself out of the Verge of the Church; so is not qualified to *claim salvation*.

## LXIV.

## Of Revenge.

There is no man that *seeks Revenge*, but 'tis because he conceives he hath had *injury* done him. And though there be a seeming Justice in the *requital*; yet, for the most part it is done by doing *injury* to him that first offered it to us; which in the *actor* cannot but be *evil*, since to offer *injury*, upon any score, is *unjust*. Anothers doing *injury* to me, cannot *legitimate* my doing *wrong* to him. So though it be

a thing both easie and usual, and, as the world thinks, favouring] of some Nobleness, to repay a *wrong* with *wrong*: Yet *Religion* speaks the *contrary*, and tels us, 'Tis better to *neglect* it than *require* it. When *wrong* is done us, that which we have to do, is to *remove* it. We are not commission'd to *return* it; But doing *wrong* again, does no way do the thing: What will it ease me when I am *vex*t, that I may *vex* another? Can anothers suffering *pain*, take off from my own *smart*? 'Tis but a purer folly to make another *weep*, because I have that which *grieves* me. Nay well examin'd, 'tis a kind of Frenzy, and something Irrational, because another hath done us a *mischief*, therefore we will *hurt* our selves, that fruitlessly we may do him *one*; perhaps it may be it was from hence, that Poets feign'd, that *Nemesis* was by *Jupiter* transform'd into a Goose, a silly Creature, to set out unto us the *folly* of *Revenge*; for, at best, 'tis in us, but returning *evil* for *evil*; and that, in the favourablest appellation, we cannot call less then *frailty*, which is indeed an *Iniquation*. Suppose a mad Dog *bites* me, shall I be mad and *bite* that Dog again? If I do *kill* him, 'tis not so much to help my self, as 'tis to keep others from harm. My interest is to seek a present Remedy, while pursuing the Cur, I may at once both lose my Wit and my Cure. If a Wasps sting me, I pursue not the winged Insect, through the air, but straight apply to draw the venom forth.

And, in *Revenge*, though the *rancour*, should be *tolerable*; yet the *usurpation* never can be *justified*. The *right* of *vengeance* rests in *God alone*, and he that takes it out of his hand, he so far does *dethrone* him, as to put himself in his place. And while we throw a *petty vengeance* on the head of our *offending brother*, we boldly pull the Almighty on *our own*. The mind of man in peace and calm-warm *Charity*, is the *Temple* and the *Palace* of the *Holy Ghost*; but, *Revenge* is a raging flame that burns this House of God in the Land. Like *Herostyratus*, he gains but a mistaken and polluted fame, that burns this stately Structure of the *Goddeess*. Through his own swell'd heart, he strikes a flaming sword, that he may, to please his *malice*, but pierce his enemies garment. *Diogenes*, sure, was much in the righter way, when to one that ask'd him, *How he might take the best Revenge of his Enemy*? his answer was, *By shewing himself an honest and upright man*. *St. Augustine* yet goes further, and says, *The revengeful man makes himself the Judge, and God his Executioner; and, when he wishes God to plague that wicked Enemy of his: 'Tis just with God to ask which wicked one he means, since both the best is bad, and Revenge it self is Injury*. Nor is it only against the laws of *Divinity*, but against the laws of *Reason*; for a man in his *own concern*, to make himself *Judge*, and *Accuser*, and *Executioner* too. 'Tis like our late misnam'd *High Court of Justice*, to which the *Loyal* and the *Noble*, the *Honest* and the *Brave* were *violenc'd* by *Ambition* and *Malice*, and *sacrificed* to the *Demons* of misguided *Rage* and *Passion*. Surely, the best return of *injury* is to *do good*, the next is to overlook it as a thing below us. If it be *injury*, our *revenge* is in the Actors  
bosome;

bofome; What need we do that which his own mind within him will do for us? If it be not *injury*, we ought not then to be *angry* at all: So if we have a disposition to do a *displeasure*, upon our selves the *Revenge* is to be practiz'd, for that we have let our *passion boyl* beyond the *temper* that it ought to hold. 'Twas a high Imperial act in *Conrade* the first, who having had a sharp war with *Henry Duke of Saxony*, and having had his Army by him newly overthrown, and his Brother beaten out of the field; yet being sick, and believing he should shortly die, he sends for all the the Princes of the Empire, and there, though his Brother were still alive, he recommends to 'em this his Enemy, as the fittest man to rule the Empire after him. Thus we see, great minds do sometimes light on Actions suitable, and learn by commanding others at last to command themselves in the hight of seething blood, to the wonder and instructing, by example, such as God hath set to come after: and to shew us, that as in God, so in those that in their power draw nearest to him; there is a Greatness greater than *Revenge*, while meaner and lesser Powers are wholly swallowed by it. It shews our want of strength, when we let this *Passion* Master us. If we would see what kind of things they be, we may learn from *Martials friend* that they are,

— *Indocti, quorum praeordia nullis  
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis:  
Quantulacumq; adeo est occasio, sufficit Ira.  
Chrysippus non dicit idem, nec mite Thaletis  
Ingenium; dulciq; Senex vicinus Hymetto,  
Qui partem acceptae saeva inter vincula cicuta  
Accusatori nollet dare.*——

Unletter'd souls, whose glowing hearts will hiss  
With *nothing*, or what next to *nothing* is:  
Each petty chance for passion shall suffice.  
Though so *Chysippus* taught not, nor the wise  
Cool *Thales*: nor old *Socrates*, who would  
In chains not part his Hemlock to the bold  
Accuser 'gainst his life.——

If ever *Revenge* be fit to be taken, it is when all our *passions* are becalm'd; and then 'tis but as Physick to be us'd more to prevent a future fit, than satisfy our craving appetite. All *Revenge* is a kind of War, and any easie Peace is to be put before it; for, when we are once engag'd, we know not when to recoyl. A single child may fire a populous City, when all the wise men in it may perhaps be pos'd to quench it. If we consider rightly; for the most part, the *Remedy* is beyond the *Disease*; and 'tis not a wise mans part, to chuse what is most mischievous. He that does but defer it, gains time: and then we may look about and see our way more clear; so with safety we may make that *Punishment*, which acted in *passion* would be *Revenge*.

*That most men have their weaknesses, by which they may be taken.*

**T**Hough it be not necessary to labour for a *flowing wealth*, yet 'tis fit we have so much, as we need; and not for the *want of wealth*, expose our selves to be *necessitated to ill*. As a man would willingly have wherewithal to *do good*; so he may be happier to be in such a *condition*, as not to be *oblig'd to inconvenience*, through defect, nor endanger'd by *Plenty* to be *proud and petulant*. The *Poor* are so fettered by their *poverty*, that they may easily be taken by the Assault of any that will but pretend their Relief. The *Rich* are taken by their own *ambition*, by their *passion*, or their *appetite*, their *liberty*, or *wantonness*: That 'tis no easie matter in the extreme of either fortune, to resist a fierce temptation when 'tis offered. And besides all these, in any estate our own Inclinations are the powerfullest motive-Trains to lead us. Whosoever shews a *passion* or an *avidity* to any thing; he thereby tels his Enemy where he is weak, and in what Mufe we may set a snare to take him. And 'tis a rare thing to find any man so fortify'd on all sides, that he can rest stanch against all the baits that are cast out to catch him. Every man hath something whereby he may be taken; and, 'tis rare to find that fish that at some time or other will not *bite*, if the *bait* be such as likes him. Even *Augustus* had his *Mecenas*, and *Alexander* his *Hephestion*. And 'tis well, if we be drawn at all, that we happen to be led by a *Noble Conduct*. Though 'tis best when a man can be his own *Solomon*, and his own *honest Hushai*, to support himself, and overthrow the designs of his Enemies; yet, he is next to best, that being in *doubt*, will take *advice* from the *Oracle*, rather than the *cheating Augur*.

But *vitious men*, or such as are not *baalnc'd* by *true Honour*, have not only some peculiar *enormity*; but, they have every thing that is sensual to enslave them. And sometime even the meanest and the most petty thing, as a chain, can lead them any where. If they be but *Paper-Kites*, even a little boy with a slender thred can pull them where he pleaseth, and draw them down from Heaven unto Earth: A *Horse*, a *Dog*, a *Landscape*, or some lighter thing. *Vitellius* and *Apicius* were for *Gormandizing* and *Gluttony*: *Vespasian* and *Didius Fulianus* were for *Profit*: *Nero* might be catch'd with a *Song*, and *Domitian* with a *Fly*. *Claudius* had his beloved *Mushrome*, and *Crassus* wept for the death of his dear *Mur'ena*. Nor is it *love* alone, but *hate* as well as it, that places us in the *Disadvantage*. A known *Antipathy* gives our Enemy help to subdue us. Even *Beasts* that *reason want*, have yet the *sense* to make their *advantage* of it. The *Fox*, that knows the *Badger* hateth *sluttishness*, by fowling of his entrance drives him out of his Earth. And 'tis a vast *Prerogative*, that man hath over the rest of the *Creatures*, by only knowing their *Inclinations* and *Abhorrencies*.



He knows both with what *baits* to incite them, and with what *shewels* to drive into the Net and Toyl: By knowing this, and appropriating to their appetites and fears, he becomes a Master of those, that by his Power and the Corporeal endowments of Nature, he never would be able to conquer. What force could seize the uncontrolled Lyon, if it were not tempted by the Lamb upon the post, or terrified by the fire that he hates and trembles at? What swiftness could overtake or draw the mounting Falcon from the Clouds, if the Pigeon on the Lure, should not stoop her to the small reward on the extended fist?

Doubtless, He that hath the fewest fancies, that is free from the sting of pointed and pricking *want*, that is not tumor'd with the too much barm of *wealth*, that can most conceal or master those *ticklings* and *asperities* that he hath in himself, is the nearest to a *contentful enjoyment* at home, and an *unenvy'd peril* from abroad. I have never read of any Island so Impregnable, but Nature had left in it some place or other, by which it might be Vanquishable: So it is more rare to find out any person so at all points Arm'd, but there is some way left whereby he may be sometime surprized. This Passion, that Affection, this Friend, or, that Kinsman, this or that delight, or inclination. He is the *strongest* that hath fewest access. But, as those places are the *weakest* that lye open to every *Invasion*; so certainly, he is the most subject to be *overcome*, whose *easiness* exposes him to be *prevail'd* upon, by every *feeble attempt*. And however, by Nature, he may be fertile, and of a good soyl; yet, if he lies unmounted, he shall be sure to be always low. At least, a man would have a Fence, and a Gate, and not let every Beast that hath but craft or impudence, to graze or dung upon him. In any *Estate*, it is most conducing to *freedom*, not to be *behind hand*. He that puts himself into a *needy condition*, he walks with *manacles* on his hands; and to every one he deals with, gives power to *lock* them on. *Necessity* is *stronger* than either *wine*, or *women*; and if a Man be *taken* in that, he is but as a *myth* in the hand of a Gyant: he can neither *buy* nor *sell* like other men; but, wearing his own *chains*, is at the *mercy* of him that will lead him.

## LXVI.

*That Spiritual things are better, and temporal worse,  
than they seem.*

**I**T is almost universally true, that which *Seneca* said of *Joy*, *Omnes tendunt ad Gaudium; sed, unde magnum & stabile consequantur, ignorant*, Every man would arrive at *Joy* and *Contentment*, but how to come by such as may be *great* and *lasting*, there are but few that know. We are quite mistaken in most of what we grasp at. The Progress of Man is but like some lofty Tower, erected in the bottom of a Valley: We climb up high, in hope to see *wonders*, and when we are at the top, our Prospect is nothing the *better*. The Hills encompassing, terminate

our Eye, and we see after all our pains, but larger piles of Earth, that interpose betwixt us and Heaven. The *greatest pleasure* we had, was, when we were getting up: *Belief of better*, lifts our easie steps; but, mounted once, we find a cheated *Faith*: Which drew wise *Bias* to conclude, that, Nothing was to Man more sweet than *Hope*. Even all *Earthly delights* I find sweeter in *expectation*, than *injoyment*: But, all *Spiritual pleasures* more in *fruition*, than *expectation*. These *Carnal contentments* that here we joy in, are shew'd us through a Prospective Glass, which makes them seem both greater, clearer, and nigher at hand. When the *Devil* took our *Saviour* to the Mountain. He shew'd him all the *Kingdoms, and glory of them*; but never mentions the troubles, the dangers, the cares, the fears, the vexations and the vigilancies, which are as it were the Thorns and Mantlings wherewith a *Crown* is lined. He held a full blown Rose, but mention'd not the prickles shaded underneath. I something doubt, whether to get *wealth* with some labour, be not more *pleasure*, than wantonly to spend it. 'Tis a question, whether to expect a *Crown* be not more *content*, than to wear one? And surely, were not their Persons Sacred, that is, by the Laws of God and Man, untouchable as to prejudice; and so, protected against the malice, the envy, the fury, and the rabidness of self-ended Man: It would not be an easie matter to Conjure him into that Enchanting Circle. Whatsoever *Temporal felicity* we apprehend, we cull out the *pleasures*, and over-prize them; the *perils* and *molestations* we either not see, or are content to wink at. We gaze upon the face, and are bewitched with the tempting smiles, while, under pleasing looks, a sad Infection, even the virals taint. Like *Time*, they appear with a *lovely bush* before; but, behind, are *pill'd* and *ball'd*. It is our *Mercmaid-joy*, that this frail world bequeaths us.

— *Turpiter atrum*

*Definit in piscem mulier formosa superne.*

— That *beauteous face* in show,  
Waves into some sad *scarvy fish* below.

And that these *Sublunaries* have their greatest freshness plac'd in only *Hope*, it is a conviction undeniable; that, upon enjoyment all our *joys* do vanish. The *pleasure* lasts not longer than we get it: and if it did not leave a weft behind; yet, being so fleeting, it is not worth the leaping of our pulse to meet it.

But, when again, we look at what is *Spiritual*: like those that practise to beguile themselves, we turn the Glasses t'other end about, and give a narrowing figure to all those fair proportions that would propose themselves to our eye; we believe them less, and more remoted from us. Our *Senses* do with us, as *Philo Judæus* says, the Sun does deal with Heaven: It seals up the Globe of Heaven, and opens the Globe of Earth: So the *Sense* does obscure *things* that are *spiritual* and *heavenly*: but, reveals and augments what are *terrene* and *temporal*.

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The Sphere of *spiritual things* is higher than our Sense can reach : but, as we mount, our Prospect still is nearer. *Acquiri potest, aestimari non potest*; Obtain'd it may be, but rightly valued, never. Who at first blush (if *Humanity* may be Judge), would choose the *Austerities* of a *Regular* and *Conscientious life*? Our Saviour at first, (by reason of the *Ignorance* and *Infidelity* of Man) gave his Church the power of *Miracles*, to convince men to the belief of finding a *felicity* in *godliness*. For albeit, it be most true, that is memorably spoken by *Aeneas Silvius*; that admitting *Christianity* had not by our Saviour and his Apostles been confirmed by *Miracles*; yet, it would in time have been taken up, and entertained and rooted in mens hearts for the very *honesty* and *integrity* of it: yet, by the but meanly wise and common ductions of bemisted *Nature*, it would have been no very powerful Oratory, to perswade the taking up of our *Cross* to *follow him*. But, when men afterwards came to see, how in the lowness of disgrace and poverty, and in the height of pain and torment, *Christians* became irradiated with *Internal Foyes*; then *Profelytes* came in in swarms, and by the *Spirit* were taught to wade over all those *shallows* which Islanded that *Country* of *felicity*, in which the truly pious person dwells. A man that hath not experienced the Contentments of *Innocentive Piety*, the sweetneses that dew the *Soul* by the Influencies of the *Spirit*, and the Ravishings that sometime from above do shoot abroad in the *Inward Man*, will hardly believe there are such *Oblectations* that can be hid in *godliness*. They are the *Representations* of the *Foyes* hereafter, which are so high, that like *God* the Author of them, we may sooner apprehend them by *Negatives*, than *Affirmations*. We may know what is not there; but, we never can come to know what is there, till by a pleased fruition we can find them. Let no man then be discouraged with the pallidness of *Piety* at first, nor captivated with the seeming freshness of *Terrenity*: both will change. And though we may be *deceived* in both; we shall be sure to be *cheated* but in one.

## LXVII.

Of *Business*.

**T**Here are some men that have so great an aversion to *Business*, that you may as soon perswade a *Cat* into *water*, or an *Ape* to put his *fingers* into *fire*, as to get them to enter upon any thing that may prove *trouble*, or beget *attendance*. But these, for the most part, are persons, that have pass'd their youth undisciplin'd, and have been bred up in that delicacy and tenderness, that they know no other *Business* but their *Pleasures*; and are impatient of any thing that looks but like a hinderance of that: yet, this in the end, does many times produce effects, that prove ungrateful and destructive. For hereby the management of *affairs* do often fall into inferiour hands, that through *Covetousness* and *Ambition*, and for want of skill, put all the wheels of *Government* out of

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order; till they run both themselves and the *State* into ruin. Like unpractiz'd and ignorant Apothecaries, they do so disproportion their Ingredients, that instead of saving Physick, they minister but disease and poyson. There are another sort of men quite contrary to these, whom custom and quotidian practice has made so much in love with *Action*, that if they once come to be put by their *Employment*, even life it self seems tedious and an irksome thing; and, like a Spaniel ty'd up from his hunting, they sleep away their time in sadness and a melancholy. Certainly, as the world is more beholding to men of *Business*, than to men of *Pleasure*; so the men of *Pleasure* must be content to be govern'd by those of *Employment*. However they are contemned by the vanity of those that look after nothing but Jollity: yet, the Regiment of the world is in their hands; and they are the men that give Laws to the sensual and voluptuous. Therefore, that man is but of the lower part of the world, that is not brought up to *business* and *affairs*. And, though there be, that may think it a little too serious for the capering bloud and sprightly vigour of Youth: yet upon experience, they shall find it a more contentive life than *idleness*, or perpetual *joviality*. He that walks constantly in a smooth and a level'd path, shall be sooner tyr'd, than he that beats the rising and descending ground. A calm at Sea is more troublesome, than the gale that swells the Waves. If a man with a Sythe should Mow the empty Air, he sooner would be weary than he that sweats with toyl to cut the standing Corn. *Business* is the Salt of Life, that not only gives a grateful smack to it, but it dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing Flies, that, without it, would corrupt it. And that this may appear more easie, there are requisite to be had in *Business*, both *Knowledge*, *Temper*, and *Time*.

Without a man *Knows* what he goes about, he shall be subject to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right. And it will be sure to seem more tedious, than it would if he *knew* the Road.

And if he want *Temper*, he shall be sure not to want trouble. Even all the Stars are seen in night, when there is a clear serenity. but tempests rising, darken all the sky, and take those little guides of light away. No storm can shake the *Edifice* of that *Mind* that is built upon the *Base* of *Temperance*. It placeth a man out of the reach of others, but bringeth others to be within his own. 'Tis the *temper* of the *Sword* that makes it *keen* to cut, and not be *hackt* by others striking on it. 'Tis the *Oyl* that makes the joynt turn smooth, and opens the dore without noise. *Cesar* with a word appeas'd a daring *Mutiny*, by calling of his Army *Romans*, and not his *Fellow-souldiers*. And with as small a matter *Psammeticus* sav'd the Saccage of a City. *Cyrus* had newly taken one of his, and the Souldiers in a hurry running up and down, *Psammeticus* with him, asked *what was the matter?* *Cyrus* answer'd; *They destroy and plunder your City.* *Psammeticus* replyed, *It is not now, Sir, mine, but yours.* And upon that consideration, they were presently call'd off from the *poyl*.

The next is the aptly timing of affairs for which there can be no particular precept, but it must be left to *judgment* to discern when the season is proper. Men do not *reap* in seed-time, nor *sow* in *Harvest*. *Physicians* give not Purges till they have prepared the *humours*. The Smith may strike in vain and tyre his *labouring arm*, if first with fire his iron be not *mollified*. Circumstances are many times more than that which is the main, and those must be left to be laid hold on, as they offer themselves to occasion. Men may fit their *baits* and cast their *nets*, and, as the *Apostles*, fish all night and *catch nothing*, if they take not the seasons when the *shoals* do move upon those *Coasts* they trade in. And let a man be sure to drive his *Business*, rather than let that *drive* him. When a man is brought but once to be *necessitated*, he is then become a *vassail* to his *affairs*; they *master* him, that should by him be *commanded*. And like a blind man wanting *sight* for his way, he is led about by his *Dog*. Any thing postponed till the last, like a *Snowball* rowls and gathers, and is by far a greater *Giant* than it was before it grew to *Age*. As Exhalations once condens'd and gather'd, they break not then but with *Thunder*. In the last Acts of Plays, the end of *business* commonly is a *huddle*: The *Scenes* do then grow *thick*, and *quick*, and *full*. As Rivers though they run smooth through lengthned Tracts of *Earth*; yet when they come near the Sea, they *swell*, and *roar*, and *foam*. Business is like the Devil, it ever rageth most when the time it hath is shortest. And 'tis hard to say which of the *two* is worse; Too nice a *Scrupulosity*, or else too rash a *Confidence*. He is as mad that thinks himself an *Urinal*, and will not stir at all for fear of *cracking*; as he that believes himself to be *shot-free*, and so will run among the *hail* of a *battail*. And surely, it conduces infinitely to the ease of *business*, when we have to deal with *honest* and with *upright men*. *Facile imperium in bonos*; The good and wise do make the *Empire* easie. *Reason*, and *Right*, give the soonest dispatch. All the intanglements that we meet withal, are by the *Irrationabilities* arising from our selves or others. With an honest man and wise, a business soon is ended, but with a *Fool* or *Knave* there is no *conclusion*, but never to begin. Though they seem *tame beasts*, and may admit awhile to be plaid with; yet on the foudain, and when we think not on't, they will return to their natural *deceit* and *Ferocity*, 'Tis not enough that the Sea is sometime *calm* and *smooth*, but we had need be sure there be no *Shelvers* nor *Quick-sands* under that still water.

## LXVIII.

## Of Nobility.

**T** *Thomas Sarfannes* being asked, what kind of Prelate he thought *Eugenius* the 4th, would prove? His answer was: you may easily guess at that, if you know but the stock he comes off: for such as is his Family, such a *Prince* shall you find him. 'Tis true, by his own *virtues*

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*virtues* or *vices* a man does often differ from his *Progenitors*. But usually through successive generations the blood does hold its Tincture. And in a *Noble Family* for the most part the stream does still hold *Noble*. Which by wise States hath been sometimes so presumed upon, that they have set marks of *Honour* upon them; not only out of respect to their *Ancestors*, but out of hope to find the Successor not to degenerate. It was a Law among the *Romans*, that if there hapned contentions in their elections for the *Consulship*, Those that were descended of the *Sylvians*, *Torquatians*, and *Fabritians*, should in the first place be preferred. And we see it common among *Princes*, That offices of trust, and places of command, are settled on the Heirs of some deserving *Families*, as presuming they will merit to keep what their *Ancestors* at first by their merit did acquire. Certainly, it is to be believ'd that he which out of nothing, or a mean beginning, is the first founder of a *House* and *Fortune*, had something in him beyond the Standard of an ordinary man. And 'tis likewise to be believ'd that where the spirits are so by *Virtue* and *Industry* rarifi'd and refin'd; even in the generation of posterity they do transmit themselves, and are propagated to succeeding *Ages*. Some Families are observable for peculiar eminences in the current of successions. The *Romans* had not a Family of more merit than the *Scipio's*. And it is not unworthy our observing that even the first founders of that Family, were *eminent* for their *piety* to the Gods and their Parents. The first whereof, when his *Father* was blind, as his staff, he was his Guide, and led him about in his way: from whence he took his Name. The next being a Child did every day in private set out some time for the *Temple*; And at 17 years of age brought off his *wounded Father* encompass'd by the Enemy. And indeed he that discharges his duty to these two, cannot but be *eminent* in all the rest of his conversation. The foundation of *Honour* and *Greatness* is laid in obedience and respect to these: But the neglect thereof, or the lewd practice of the contrary, puts a man out of favour with *Natures genius*: and leaves him to be ravin'd upon, by all the Insects of his own small Appetites, as well as the greater ragings of his *intemperate passions*. They that are bred under the government of such as are thus wise, have infinitely the advantage of a *Plebeian Race*. They are season'd with the Maxims of *Honour*, and by their education lifted above those grosser vapours that they are subject to, that have their being in the lower Region of men. And if but one in an age steps up to do this, he leaves it as example; and puts posterity in the way of continuing it. And not to speak of the helps of *Fortune*, which (unabus'd) are infinite. They are presided into *Virtue* and *Honour*, and they are deterr'd from poor and skulking conveyances, by the orientness of that same which their *Fare-fathers* left them: so that, doubtless, earth cannot present us any thing that is more *glorious* than antient *Nobility*, when it is illustrated by the rays of *Virtue*. And though to be a King in *Virtue* and *wisdom* is the brightest Jewel that sparkles in a *Regal Crown* (as *Solomon's wisdom* renowned him more than his being Monarch of the whole twelve

Tribes;

*Tribes*); yet surely, as in a beautiful *Body* the temper and transcendency of the spirit is more grateful, so is *Virtue* also more *lustrous* and *shining* in the stem of *antient* and *ennobled blood*, than in the newness of a rising *House*. Each may be marble in the *Quarry* where it lies, and not of that course rag that common pits afford. But it must be art and industry and the diligence of the laborious hand that gives it *gloss* and *smoothness*; before the streaks and taking veins can be discern'd in it. If there were not something more than ordinary that lay coucht in this bed of *Honour*, sure *Nature* never would so have framed the mind of man, as to have planted in it an appetite of it in generous and enlarged Souls. *Alexander* would needs derive from *Jupiter*; the *Romans* from *Hercules*, from *Venus*, from *Aeneas*, and the like. And how many Nations have thought it their *honour* to draw their *Descents* from the *Trojans*? as it was an honour to be a *Gracian*, where virtue and the arts were learned: so it was held a stain, and he was branded with the name of a *Barbarian*, that was of another Nation. It was objected to *Antisthenes* as a disgrace, that but his Mother was a *Phrygian*; had he not well wiped it off, by replying that *Phrygia* was the Mother of the *Gods*. But however it be, it is *Virtue* and true *Nobleness* that is the *Crown* of *Honour*. It enameles and enchafeth what is *Gold*, and it guilds what is *pot*, that it makes it like it. They that are of the highest *merit* in themselves, the least insist upon their *Ancestry*: for they well know *Aliena laudat, qui genus jactat suum*, Who boasts his Stock, commends but what's another's. The best use they can make of glorious *Actions* by them well achiev'd, is to endeavour that they may outgo them. Or at least to beware, they darken not, by their own declination, the splendor that they liv'd in, The best way to keep their *Ancestors* great acts in memory, is to refresh them with new ones of their own. And let them be sure to remember, they grew up to that brightness by degrees. Even fire it self, the quickest of the *Elements*, must be kindled and blown up by degrees, before it shines it self into a flame: when it breaks out on a sudden, it is usually both ominous and harmful. The *Sun* does rise insensibly to his *Meridian glory*, but the very light of *Lightning* burns. He that at the first leap jumps into the height of all his *Ancestors*, had need be strong and well winded; lest he loose his *Race* before he gets to the post. He leaves himself no room for casual accidents, nor can he give a loose, if he be put to strein in his *Race*. Of the two it is better to be the *Fool* of the Family, than the *Unthrift*. Another Generation may prove *wise*: but the *Riotous* and indiscreetly *prodigal* after he hath watted all the fruit, he digs up the *Tree* by the root, that it can bear no more. And instead of hoped applause, he departs the world with infamy, and dwells among the *curses* of posterity. A degenerate Son of a *Noble Family*, is a worm at the Root, that would make a *Jonas* angry; for it takes away the shade from all that shall come after. A *spendthrift* like an *Earthquake* does shake the house so long, that at last it either falls in pieces, or is swallowed up in *Ruine*. He pisses on his *Fathers Honourable ashes*, that by his *Vices* makes them stir, and ruffles them

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them in his urn. In stead of warming Suns; they are the bearded comets of a *house*, that threaten nothing but portentous *horrors*. And when they have nothing of their own, but their Fore-fathers *merits*, they subsist but like to *Felons*, by the protection of that Altar, from whence if pull'd, they fall to *death* and *shame*. Who would not rather have died over all those deaths that Tyrants have invented; than being the Son of the elder *Scipio* appear a *Candidate* so besmeared with vice, as to be fin'd by the Censors, to be turn'd out of the *Senate*, and have the Signet (with the head of his *Glorious Father* graven on't) torn from off his finger: Or as *Quintus Fabius Maximus*, for his horrid Luxury to be forbidden by the *Prætor*, for meddling with his Fathers goods, and not one in all *Romes City* to be sorry for it? He is not like to be prevalent in *Battel*, that, without his own stout fighting, thinks it is enough for him, to be covered with the shields of his *Ancestors*.

*Quis enim Generosum dixerit hunc, Qui  
Indignus genere & proclamo nomine tantum  
Insignis? Natum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus;  
Æthiopem, cygnum; parvam extortamque puellam  
Europen: canibus pigris scabieque vetusta  
Lævibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucerne,  
Nomen erit Pardus, Tygris, Leo, si quid adhuc est  
Quod fremit in terris violentius. Ergo cavebis  
Et metues, ne tu sis Creticus aut Camerinus.*

Who w'le count him *Noble* that *unworthy lives*  
Of his great stock; and by that only *thrives*?  
We may as well some *dwarf* an *Atlas* call;  
A *More*, a *Swan*; some low crook'd *Girl*, the tall  
*Europa*; 'Tis but as we names bestow  
Of *Leopard*, *Tyger*, *Lion*, or what now,  
's more fierce on earth, to many Curs that lick  
The nasty nozel of some *Candlestick*.  
Beware and fear, then, lest thou prove in fine,  
A *Cretian* false, or prophane *Camerine*.

## LXIX.

*Of three things to be considered in Men.*

IN every man that we meet with, there be *three things* that incounter our *Consideration*. The *Mind*, the *Behaviour*, and the *Person*. As a *beauty* in any of these, commends the party to our liking; so a *blemish* in any of these, sticks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. The most *beautiful* and the most *lasting* of these, is that which to the *eye* is not *visible*; and, though it take not that *sense*; yet, it casts abroad such *Rays*, as draw out the *love* and *liking* of those, that come to find the *goodness*, or the *parts*, that it is furnisht with. How grateful does the  
*ingenuity*



ingenuity of some men make them? 'Tis a *wealth* by which they live; and many times having none of their own, they are, for the *handsomeness* of their *disposition*, taken into a *partnership* of *Empire*, with those that have *abundance*. Such was *Aristippus*, being at first forc'd to read *Philosophy* to get a living, by the gratefulness of his wit and parts, grew high in the favour with *Dionysius*: And when he had been shipwrackt at Sea, and cast upon *Rhodes*; it got him such friends there, that when all his Companions return'd, he was tempted by the favour of the Citizens to stay from his own Country among strangers; with whom he had no Interest, but what his parts had won him. You may take him in the Character that *Horace* hath left of him.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit Status, & Color, & Res.*

In all the wiles of Fortune he was lovely.

Surely, 'tis the Noblest wealth, and with most ease is carried every where. 'Tis kept without a forein Guard, and is of present use where-soe're a man is thrown. Like the Philosophers stone, it creates a man gold, that had none of his own. It turns the coarser Metal into useful Coin, and is such as cannot be lost without our *health* or *being*. And truly, the *beauty* and *comliness* of the *body*, does oft-times do the like; nay, with mean capacities, it does a great deal more; for, it *suits* to their *mind*, and is more *obvious* to their *senses*, that see no deeper than the grounds of *Corporal Beauty*, and the *emanations* of a *pleasing Aspect*. Yet, certainly, 'tis a *form* that pleaseth all, as well the *wise* in *mind*, as the *weak* in *apprehension*. *Xenophon* was of more than ordinary *loveliness*; and being a youth, by chance was met by *Socrates* in a narrow Alley at *Athens*; *Socrates* liking his *aspect*, held out his staffe to stop him in his way, and question'd him, *where such and such Merchandizes were sold?* which *Xenophon* presently told him? Then he ask'd him, if he knew, *where men were made better*; to this he said, *He could not tell*. Then says *Socrates*, *Go with me, and I will shew you*. Upon this he became his Scholar, and afterward grew a Favorite to *Cyrus*, and for Arts and Arms, left his memory famous to even this very day.

The next is a *handsome Behaviour*. He that *demeans* himself well is ever *usher'd* in by a *friend*, that *recommends* him to the *Company* that knew him not. 'Tis not difficult by the *behaviour* to guess at the Man. This is a *motive Beauty*, which waits upon the whole *body*, as the other does upon the *face* and *complexion*. *Sapienti viro incessus modestior convenit*. A sober Garb becomes the wiser man. The Emperor *Trajan* was so winning this way. That his friends would have thought it too much, had he not satisfied with this Answer, *That he desired to be such a Prince to others, as he desired an other Prince should be to him, if he were a Subject*. There is a *grace* waits upon a *noble man*, that exacts a *liking*, if not a *love* from all that do behold it. The grave and civil persons flock't about *Livia* at the Theater,

while *Julia*, like the *five*, by her ridling up and down, had shak'd up all the chaffy ware about her.

As these, being *well complexioned*, procure favour and let us into mens affections; so a stain in any of them, sets us like the *Owle* among *Birds*; if there be but light, we shall be sure to be chatter'd at, or struck at. A *mind* that's fill'd with *ignorance*, or the *perverseness* of a *froward disposition*, hath many *enemies* and no *friends*. As upon the *Sea* in a *storm*, men may look without horror at a distance, but never will covet to come upon it; where, if we escape *drowning*, we cannot being frightened and wet. He that is of a *bad disposition*, wants nothing of being a *Tyrant*, but *Power*; and wants not *will*, but *means* to do *mischiefe*.

He that is a *Clown* in *behaviour*, tells people, that it flows from a *rude mind*. *Diogenes*, though he had *wit*, by his *curriishness* got him the name of *Dog*; and coming once to a feast, the *Company* call'd him so, and threw him bones: And, to make good the appellation that they styl'd him with, as they sat at the *Table*, like a *Dog*, he pist on their backs. The *Vices* that we harbour inwardly, are divulg'd by our outward fashion. *Ex minimis poteris cognoscere impudicum; & Incessus ostendit, & manus mota, & interdum Responsum, & relatus ad caput digitus, & flexus oculorum. Improbum & insanum risus, vultus, Habitusq; demonstrat.* Even petty things the wanton do discover, the gate, the motion of the hand, sometimes the answer, holding up the finger to the head, or the very cast of the eyes does do it. *Laughter*, the *Countenance*, or the habit discovers us to the wicked and the wild. And though sometimes, under an unpleasing *Aspect*, the goodness of a well-disciplin'd inside may be cover'd; yet, usually, the deform'd are *Envious* and *Disdaining*; and they had need excel others in the mind, being mulcted by *Nature* with a corporal deformity. *Aesop*, with all the *Morality* of his handsom *Fables*, could not wipe of this coarfeness of his outside; which, doubtless, as a chain held him ever in the condition of a slave: who else by the sublimity of his *Fancy* might have mounted to higher preferment.

The best remedies for these are *Divinity*, *Morality*, *Physick*. *Religion* can convert and adorne that *mind*, which naturally was *ill*. It is the *Reason* of a *Deity*, which doubtless can do more than all that is infus'd from man; and, comprehending the universal duty of man, as to *God*, the *World*, and himself, it must needs excel in this, all that can be gained from man. They that are truly acted from the inspirations of heaven, have all that can be got from below, with the excellencies of what is above.

Though to mend our *Conversation*, *Philosophy* can go far, as *Socrates* did confesse to *Zopirus*, when he taxed him of several *Vices*; yet it's effects are allowable rather in *outward Morality*, than in the *intrinsick integrities* of the *soul*. And certainly, when that is prevalent within, the outward demeanor is both acquired and directed by it. A wise man ought not in his carriage to commit a *Solecism* against

Wisdom. For there may be many outward gestures that are not in themselves *unlawful*; yet, highly are undecent. It was observed by the *Jews*, that, *cum digito loquitur stultus*; the pointing finger ensigns out a Fool: though the hand may direct to the next, yet it dwells but in a blank margin. It was one of *Solons* Adagies, *In via non properandum*; To run upon a Journey, is either necessity or folly. And the Cringes of some are such, as one would take them to be Dancers or Tumblers, rather than persons of stay'd and sober Callings. Men are like Wine, not good before the lees of Clownishness be settled; nor when tis too windy, and will fly out of the Bottle; nor when tis too austere and sowre to be tasted. In a midling clarity and quickness it is best: And so is man in his carriage and *comportment*, when he is neither dull nor vapouring, nor too tart and severe in his way. He that can preserve himself in this temper, shall preserve his body in health the better; and so correct the *inconveniences* that may by want of that render him less grateful to the company. As 'tis not necessary for every man to be a Doctor in these Arts: so it will be convenient, he have so much of them as may not only keep him from contempt, but procure him *approbation* abroad.

## L X X.

## Of Dancing.

**D**oubtless, it was out of the *jollity* of Nature, that the Art of this was first invented and taken up among men. Bare but the *Fiddle*; the *Colts*, the *Calves*, and the *Lambs* of the field, do the same. So that the thing in it self seems to me to be *natural* and *innocent*, begot and born at first out of the sprightly and innocuous Activity and Rarefaction of the *bloud* and *spirits*, excited by the youthful heat that flows and flowers within the swelling Veins. We need therefore the less wonder, that some of the Ancient *Grecians* should so much extol it, deriving it not only from the *Amanity* and *Floridness* of the warm and spirited *bloud*; but, deducing it from *heaven* it self, as being practiz'd there by the *Stars*, the *Conjunctions*, *Oppositions*, the *Aspects* and *Revolutions*, the *Ingresses*, and the *Egresses*, and the like; making such a *Harmony* and *Consent*, as there seems a *well-ordered dance* amongst them.

And we shall find it not only practiz'd by the Generality of almost all the Nations of the Earth; but by many of them, and those the most Generous and Civiliz'd, brought into the Solemnities of their Religion. As the *Phrygians* had their *Corybantes*. The *Cretians*, their *Curetes* dancing in Armour. In *Delos*, nothing sacred scarce ere done without it. The *Indian Brackmans*, morning and evening dancing did adore the Sun. The *Egyptians*, *Aethiopians*, the ruder *Scythian*, and the learned *Greek*, scarce entred upon any thing that solemn was, without it. The *Romans* had their *Salii*, their

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dozen of *Priests* to *Mars*; who in pyed Coats, with Swords by their sides, a Javelin in one hand, and a Shield in the other, *danc'd* about the City. *Socrates* that was own'd to be the wisest among all the *Greeks* disdain'd not in his Age to learn to *Dance*, and after to commend the Exercise. And *Seneca* tells us of the Meritorious *Scipio*, that he was not ashamed, *ut antiqui illi viri solebant, inter lusum, & festa tempora, virilem in modum tripudiare*, as the Antients then had wont, at Plays and Solemn Festivals, in a manly wise to trip it up and down. Even among the *Fews*, where the Oracles of God were extant, we find it us'd among the Rites and Exercises of their Religion, and upon occasions of extraordinary Joy.

*Miriam* led the Maids their *dance*, with her Timberel in her hand. *Jephtha's*, daughter met her Father with a *dance*. And *David* did it before the Ark; his pious zeal, transporting him to this *corporal exultation*. 'Tis like, he *danced* alone; else *Mical* would have laugh'd at more than him. But yet, if it were not mixt, it was next it; being, as all that we read of, in the sight and view of both sexes.

When the Prophet *Jeremiah*, foretold the *return of the Fews from captivity*, Jer. 31. and begins to reckon up the *joys* that should ensue; Among the rest, he tells them *The Virgins shall rejoyce in the Dance*: the Latin hath it *in Choro*; and doubtless, that did oftentimes consist both of men and women together; as well as Virgins comprehend both sexes. And if *Dancing* were unlawful, neither would God allow of being serv'd by it; nor would *Solomon* have told us, *There is a time to Dance, as well as there is to mourn*. So that 'tis not the matter and the thing that is condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuse. I find not that *Salust* twitted *Sempronia*, meerly for her *dancing*; but, for doing it more artificially than an honest woman needed: And 'tis for this that *Gabinus* and *Celius* too, are reproach'd. *Cato*, I know, accus'd *Lucius Murena*, for *dancing* in *Asia*; and *Cicero*, that undertook to defend him, said, He durst not maintain it to be well done in respect of the circumstances: but, sure he was, he did not do it constantly; as if the using of it but sometimes, were a kind of justification. And in this sense was his saying, *Nemo saltat sobrius*, The sober man does seldom act in *capers*; taking it to be allowed doctrine, That *Aliquando dulce est insanire in loco*; 'Tis pleasant to be frolique in season.

*Ludovicus Vives* tells us of some *Asians* that coming into *Spain*, and seeing the people *dance*, did run away a-frighted; as thinking them possess'd with some ill spirit, or else that they were out of their wits. And indeed one would think there were some Sorcery in it, that the tickling of a Sheeps-gut with Hair and a little Rosen, should make a wise man leap up and down like mad. Nor did the wise *Alphonsus* deem that woman less, whom he saw so wildly *dancing*, that he concluded, Surely, 'twould not be long before that *Sibyl* would declare her Oracle; though he himself a little after, with the Emperour *Frederick*, and his Empress, was content to make

One at the sport. To *dance* too exquisitely is so laborious a vanity, that a man would be ashamed to let any body see, by his dexterity in it, that he hath spent so much time in learning such a trifle. And to be totally ignorant of it, and of the *garbe* and *comportment* that by learning it, is learn'd; shews a man either *Stoical* or but *meanly bred*, and not inur'd to *conversation*. The best is a kind of *carelessness* as if 'twere rather *natural motion*, than *curious* and *artificial practizing*.

That there have been *several offences* occasioned by it, is not to me an Argument against it, in it self. Even at *Sermons*, I have read, that *scenes of lust* have been lay'd. I would not patronize it for the least offence that is in it. But if it conduces to the bettering of Behaviour, and the handsome Carriage of a mans person among strangers; if it be for a Harmless Exercise, for a Recreation meerly; or, to express inoffensively a justifiable joy; I see not why it should be condemn'd. It is good for a man so to *Dance*, as not to put his friends, that shall behold him, out of *countenance*; or, that he need be ashamed, if his enemy should stand by. Some men have an *aversness* to it, and these it seldom becomes.

*Frederick* the Third, us'd often to say, He had rather be sick of a Feaver, than endeavour to *Dance*. And most Martial men are rather for the Drum and Trumpet, than the Lute and Viol. If it were absolutely ill in it self, or if the ill that seems to adhere, were in it self inseparable from it; It were better all were gone, than for the greatest *pleasure* to keep the least of *mischief*. But I cannot think that all must sin, if they come but once to humour an Instrument; or, that there cannot be *dancing* without a danger to Chastity. I had rather hold with *Aristippus*.

——— *In Liberi patris sacris*  
*Mens, quæ pudica est, nesciet corrumpier.*

——— The truly modest Will,  
In *Bacchus Orgies* can be modest still.

And albeit some of the Fathers have declaimed high against this Recreation; yet, I take it to be, as it was rudely and lasciviously used by the Vulgar, and with the infective Pagans of those times. But surely, as solemn Entertainments are among great persons; and, meetings of Love and Friendship among persons of Quality; There is nothing more Modest, more Decent, or more Civil. Where even the least inclination to wantonness is held a mark of Rudeness. And having so many eyes upon them, any Place or Time, indeed, were fitter for such purposes, than these. To conclude upon this Theme, I take it to be like Usury; something difficult to be kept in the mean; easie to be let into excess: and almost by all Nations at once *decried* and *practiz'd*.

## LXXI.

## Of the Folly of Sin.

**I**T was the *Fool* that said, *There is no God*; for certainly, no *Wise man* ever thought it. And yet, the *Fool* had so much *wit*, as not to *prate on't*: It was but in *his heart* he said it. *Impudence* was not so *great*, nor *inward Conviction* so *strong*, as that he could with *Confidence* declare it by his *Tongue*. Nor did he seriously think it in his *heart*: so that it proceeded no further, than a bare and lazy wish, because he would be glad it were so. But, doubtless, he could no more believe there was no *Soul* of this vast *world*, than that there was no *spirit* to actuate his *body*: Or, that a *Watch* could tell us *Time*, and motion all its *Wheels*, without a *Spring* or *Balance*. If we believe and see, That the *Mind* with ease, with pleasure, and without trouble, disposes and commands every motion, and member; every *Muscle*, and *Nerve*; every reserve, and posture of our *Corporal Frame*: we may as well conceive, that *Infinite* and *Incomprehensible Spirit*, may as easily dispose and order every particle and accident of this *Great* and *Circumferential world*. And then, it cannot but follow, That this *Great Soul* of All, must be *Infinitely Wise*, *Infinitely Just*, *Omnipotent*, and *Omniscient*, with all those other glorious *Attributes* that go to the making up of *God*. And if *God* be, and be thus, as *Sense* and *Reason* by *Demonstration* makes evident; Can there be any greater *folly* in the world, than to incur the *anger* of this *Almighty* and *All-wise God*? *Sin* is so purely *Folly*, that it is in the main, assuredly, never less than an *Aversion* from true *Wisdom*. *Sin* can no more be without *Folly*, than *fire* without *driness*, or, *water* without *moisture*. 'Tis *Folly* that opens the *dore*, and lets it into the *heart*; that hugs it, and retains it there, as the *Kidney* does the *Stone*, till it eats and grates out that which gave it birth and breeding. It was well said of *Stobæus*, *Malorum omnium Stultitia est Mater* Of all that's ill, 'tis *Folly* is the *Mother*.

When a *Man* is under a *Prince* that he knows is exact in his *Justice*, will he be so unwise as before his face to violate his most equal *Law*? *Sin* is so deeply a *folly*, that it sets a man against himself, and transports him clean contrary to his true and proper *Interest*. If there be any man more *Fool* than the *wicked*, let him take the *Gingling Scepter*, and the *py'd Coat*, if he can. Even *Nature* teaches all things a *self-preservation*. But the *sinner* is more *brutish* than the *Beast* of the field. He destroys himself, and locks his own legs in the stocks, Suppose a man raised by a *Noble Prince*, from the poverty and subjection of a *Cottage*, to the plenty and command of a *Province*, and withal hath promise of a *glorious Crown* hereafter: One would think it were this mans *Interest* to honour and observe this *Prince*, to be true and faithful to him, to have no compliance with his *Enemies*, not to let them have any thing of his service or attendance. And would not all the world condemn him for a *Fool* that should for *trifles* anger him? That should play with Boys,

converse with Beggars, consort with Thieves and Traitors, great offenders, and all the looser sort of the silly and the base; and not content alone with this, would be sure to frolick it with his *Princes* grandest *Enemy*, and be ready to obey him in all that he should command? Yet, this is the case of every one that is *wicked*. It was among the *simple ones* that *Solomon* saw the *young man* as a *fool* going to the *correction* of the *stocks*, through his *incontinence*, 'Tis the *fool* that utters *slanders*, 'tis the *fool* that sports in *mischiefs*, 'tis the *fool* that rages and is *confident*, 'tis the *fool* that despiseth *instruction*, though from a *fathers love*; 'tis the *fools lip* that enters into *contention*, 'tis the *fool* that will be *meddling*, 'tis the *fool* that holds his hands in *sloth*; 'tis the *fool* that trusteth in his own *frail heart*; 'tis the *fool* that makes a *mock* at *sin*. And the Prophet *Jeremy* will tell us, *He that gets wealth wrongfully, though he may run well, at his end he shall be a Fool*. Nor indeed is it the want of parts, or an inability of Nature, that so much undoes a man, as the turpitude and stain of *sin*. Even a *Fool* and an *Innocent* may be sometime of similiary sense. And we read not, that a man shall be plagued for a *fool* by the defect of ordinary comprehension. But the Psalmist will tell us, *That Fools, because of their Transgression and Iniquities, are afflicted*. And questionless, there is a great deal of reason for this, A man is not condemned for being a natural *Innocent*; it is not ever his fault: The children that our Saviour received, were such. But 'tis the *sin*, that exposes us to *punishment*. All the *sufferings* in the world, are not in themselves so *ill*, as is the smallest *sin*. These a man may indure, and preserve his own uprightness, and be endeared to his Maker for them. But, *sin* does make us *culpable*. We break Gods blessed *Law*, and so by *guilt* grow fowl, and become abhorr'd before him; so that all the pretended *pollutions* of *natural things*, are not like the *stain* of a *willing* and a *knowing sin*. Therefore rarely spoke the excellent and admired *Seneca*, *Licet scirem homines ignoraturos, & Deum ignosciturum, tamen peccare nolle, ob peccati turpitudinem*, Though I were sure men should never know it, and that God would certainly pardon it; yet, I would not commit a *sin* for the *foulness* and *dishonesty* of the *sin* in it self. This therefore being the only thing that in all the world we should strive to avoid, Can there be a more furious madness, a blacker phrensie, a deeper simplicity, or a more leaden stupidity, than to rush our selves into this *Pool* of *putrefaction*? For it not only drenches us in the *Lethan Lake*, but it rowls us into the *Sea* of *offences*, and debilitates us in the progress of *good*. If we would be moving towards *Heaven*, like a chain about a Prisoners leg, our own sad *guilt* does twitch us back, and keeps us still in *slavery*. As creatures, that are odious to *humanity*, hide themselves in the blackness of the night, that neither the Sun nor other Creatures may look upon their deformity: So it is with the depraved *sinner*, that is too foul for this *light*. Yet, sins being the works of *darkness*, we prefer the inconsolable *darkness* before the pleasure of the *brightest Ray*. As in *Gen. 15.* when *Abraham* fell asleep, an *horror* of *great darkness* fell upon him: so, when we are invigilant, and care-

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less of our selves, the *blinding darkness* of our *sins* surprizeth us.

Tell me ; if in all the shop of *Nature*, a greater *Fool* can be found, than he that having a Friend and Father, that loves and will not leave him, till he hath fix'd him in Eternal Happiness : yet, will giddily, wilfully, ignorantly, and wantonly, run from him to crouch, and creep, and become a slave to him, that he knows will use him with all the Insultation of Tyranny and Torment that Vengeance can invent ? Nor is this in the gross, but in each particular offence. Are not men out of their wits, that will play away Estates of Plenty, when after they must live to starve ? That by their Lust and Lasciviousness, will make themselves Lazars and Cripples ? That by their Ambition, beget themselves trouble and ruine ? That by their Covetousness, purchase contempt and curses, and enjoy nothing themselves, but greater fear and guilt ? That by their rash Anger, throw themselves into quarrels and destruction ? That by Drunkenness make themselves Sots, and get Vizards instead of Faces ? That by their Riot and Gluttony, send all their Riches down the Common-Sewer ; and at last, as *Lucullus*, grown stupid, they must live under the Tutelage of another ! Can a child be *simpler*, when it is dandled into any thing we mind to put upon it ? or for a Gaud or Rattle be made to part with all that can be of benefit to it ? Does not the *sinner* do *worse* and *foolisher*, when for a toy, a conceit, a licorish desire, an humor or fancy, he shall dismiss himself of Felicity, and all those saving Graces that can render him happy for ever ? Are we not content to be entic'd and gull'd, (like Children stoln by Spirits) with pretended kindness and painted baubles, till we be put under Hatches, and carried as eternal Exiles from our Native Country, Heaven, to lead the life of slaves in shackles under Tyranny ? When *Lysimachus* in *Thracia*, had delivered up himself and his Army to *Domitian* for want of water ; and, after a draught, considered what he had done : He then does to the Gods exclaim, That he should be so mad, for the pleasure of a dish of water to turn himself out of Kingship into a Slave. We traffique gold for dirt, when we purchase ought by *sinning*. Let a man be never so great a Politician, yet, if he be a *sinner*, he will appear to be *simple* at last. And though he may think, By injury to gain upon others ; yet, let him remember, That no man can do an injury to another, but withal, he does injure himself ; and so, though he thinks to shew himself of a deeper reach, and a higher standard of wit than his neighbour ; yet, in the end, he will come forth a *fool*.

LXXII.

*That the Mind only makes Content.*

WE see it is neither *ease*, nor *labour*, nor *wealth*, nor *want*, that seats a man in either *Pleasure* or *Discontent*. Some men with *liberty*, *leisure*, *plenty*, and *rest*, have less *satisfaction* than those that



that toil in sweating *pains* and *labour*. And others even in *pleasure* do that, which would wear out all the *happinefs* of him that is not that way affected. Repose to an active *mind* is a tedious and an irksom thing. And therefore to him that hath not business, Play is taken up in stead on't; and even that, after a little time, does tire as much as business; and, in the sequel, usually galleth more. We see in those that have plenty to *please* themselves in all they can imagine; that by their wealth may make *Summer* and *Winter* at will, and that seem to others to command all the *walks* in *Paradise*, and the *Birds* to warble what they shall but bid them: yet, this high *shine*, but makes them nice and wanton, that for want of other divertisements, they quarrel with their own *felicity*, and strangle by their curiousness even all that *Providence* intended should be *pleasing*: As, full and queasie stomachs do often coy at that, which the hungry would accept of for delicious. When *Apicius* found but One hundred Thousand Sesteries was all at last was left him, with shame, in scorn, he quast his poyson'd draught, and dy'd.

— *Quid enim majore cachinno  
Excipitur Populi, quam pauper Apicius?*

— For, what can People jeer at more,  
Than one to hear, *Apicius* is grown poor?

Even *Content* turns to *vexation*, and we are weary with having nothing to weary us. All the winds in the Compass, cannot blow one gale that some men shall be *pleas'd* with. A *froward mind* makes all the *Muses*, *furies*; like bodies over-fat, they are burthen'd with their own lov'd load. Nor can men so attemper'd, *injoy* themselves in all the *smiles* of *Fortune*. The Lilly seems too pale, and the Roses smell is fultom. Some men are so call'd together of *Jealousie*, *Envy*, *Pride*, and *Choler*, that, like savage Beasts, they are ready to tear, nor only those that seek to ty them up; but such as loose their chains, and bring them food to live with. Tell them what is *distastful*, or tell them what is *pleasing*, they shall *carp* at both alike. As kindling Charcole, they shall throw out sparks, and crackle, though you shall not blow them. Contradict them, they shall *twit*; say as they, they shall *blurt* and *snarl*. As Wasps, disturb'd, or let alone, they buzze, and angry make a noise about you: Being of a nice and tender spirit; nor heat, nor cold, can be indured by them. As Arrows whose feathers are not even set; draw them never so home, and shoot them from what Bow you will, they shall never fly to the right mark. Their own *dispositions* make but a milder and more terrene *Hell*. What a pitiful little *peck* took *Haman* from all his *content*? On the other side, where the *Mind* does incline, and is *pleas'd* to gratifie the smooth'd *Affections*; all things seem to have a serene aspect. As through a *Strangno* the Air is all *delightful*, and all the *colours* that do enrich the *Rainbow* make it beautiful. Do we not even with wonder often see, how there are

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many that take *pleasure* in toil? They can out-ride the Sun, out-watch the Moon, and out-run the fields wild Beast. Meerly out of fancy and delectation, they can find out *mirth*, in Vociferation; and Musick, in the barking of Dogs; and be *content* to be led about the Earth, over hedges and through sloughs, by the windings and the shifts of a poor affrighted Vermine: yet, after all, come off, as *Messalina* from her wantonness, tyr'd, and not satisfied with all that the Brutes can do. But, were a man injoyn'd to this, that did not like it, how tedious, and how punishable to him would it prove? Since in it self it differs not from riding post; or, putting a wise man from following and humouring the motions of a child, or simple animal. Let no man therefore wonder at the several *Contentments* of men: For, unless the desires of men be bounded with Prudence and Moderation, the Appetite of the *Mind* is various, as the *Palate* of the *Body*, for which no man can give a reason. As he is like to be most at ease in his Journey, that likes the pace of the Beast he rides on: So is he that can bring his *Mind* to approve of that *condition* God hath set him in. And since the *Mind* alone is *judge* of *pleasure*, 'tis not what others *apprehend*, but what the party *fancies* to himself, that *satisfies*.

## LXXIII.

## Of Ceremonies.

**A**Mong all the *varieties* that liberal *Nature* does bestow upon us; How few things are there, that we take and do make use of, as nakedly they were produc'd at first, but that with *circumstance* and *trimming* we strive to *improve* and *beautifie*? The rarest and most pretious *materials*, we think not *splendid*, till we have *refin'd* them. We *cut* and *polish* *Diamonds*. We *burnish* *gold* and *silver*. Our *silks* we scour, and give them *gloss* and *dye*. Our *wool* we *card* and *mingle*; we wear not *cloth* till *dress'd* and *dy'd*, and then with *lace* and *fancy* work it up for wearing. We eat not *food*, but *cook'd* with *sauce* and *arted* for the *palate*. Even the *Cow* eats not her Mother Earths brave *fallad*, all and only *green*. *Providence* hath *enamel'd* all with *beauty* in the *orient colours* sprinkled in her *Mantle*, that by the eyes being *pleas'd*, the *appetite* may be more *enticed* out, and the *medly* become *confection*, fitter for *Natures* sustenance. We do not rudely heap our *wood* and *stone* together for our *dwellings*, but we hew and fit them into *decent order*; we are solicitous to contrive them *stately* without, and *beautiful* and *convenient* within; so that we make them by *adorning* them, and by the rules of *Architecture*, rather a *Palace* than a *Prison*. Every *Calling* hath his *Badge* and *Ornament*. The *Souldier* shines in *Steel*, the *Lady* in her *Jewels*, the *Courtier* in his *Silks*. The *Law* and *Physick*, have their proper *habits*, fitted to their known *Professions*. And in all *Religions*, *Jewish*, *Heathen*, *Mahumetan*, and *Christian*; I never found, but their *Priests* in their *Garments* were distinguisht from the *Laick* flock. Only we  
have

have found of latter years a race of ruder men, that under the pretence of *Piety*, have taken up a *garb* both sottish and disdainful; that are afraid to be known by their *habits* to be *Priests* of the living God; they can wear a *Cypress* or a *Ribbond* for a *friend*; but, not a *Scarf* or *Girdle*, for the *Church* or *State*. Surely, a *Gown* or *Surplice* may in themselves as well be worn, as either a *Shirt*, or *Band*, or *Cloake*: and they can hardly, to unbiassed men, give a reason for declining them, unless it be because *Authority* commands them. As if because the *Apostle* commands, *That things be done decently, and in order*, therefore it were sufficient ground for men to be cross, and rude, and common, and slovenly. What would have become of these men, had they been enjoyned to have been attyred as *Aaron*, in *light* and *flaming colours*, with *Bells tinkling*, and *Pomgranates dangling*, round about their skirts? How would they have brook'd a *linen Miter* of sixteen cubits long, that will rather lose a *Living*, and the opportunity of *saving souls*, and the honour of being an *agent* for *Heaven*, than own a simple *Surplice*? As if white were not a colour as lawful as black; or, the *thred* of the *flax* as warrantable, as the *wool* we cut from off the dumb *Sheeps* back: or, that a *Gown* were not as legitimate to be worn in a *Church*, as for them to sit wrapt with, in their own warm *house* or *study*. I find to the *Jews* by God himself, there were twelve peculiar *habits* appointed to the *Levites*. And surely, (not being forbidden) why may not his *Church* without offence injoyn some? which are so far from being unlawful in themselves, as we see, they would be worn, if they were not injoyned. And are worn *in eadem specie*, though not *in eadem forma*. 'Tis granted by *Chemnitius*, and I think, by most of the reformed *Divines*, That *In ritibus Adiaphoris habet Ecclesia Potestatem*, In things *indifferent* the *Church* wants not *authority*. He that is *Lieutenant* of a *Province*, though in the main he be tyed to *govern* by the *Laws*, from which he may not deviate: yet, he is never so bound up, but that in *Circumstances* he hath a latitude left to *discretion*. And if (although in it self *indifferent*) it be once by the *Church* injoyn'd, it becomes then so far a *Divine Law*, as 'tis *Divine, in Licitis*, to obey the *Supreme Governour*, and *Legislative Power*. And then, Where will be the difference in refusing an *Innocent Ceremony* Authoritatively imposed, and assuming a *practice* of one disputable, and not imposed? As *Urbis* did in *Fasting* on the *Lords Day*; for which *St. Augustine* tells him, That *Totas Ecclesias turbaret & damnaret*, He would disturb and condemn the *Universal Church*. It is not possible to perform a *worship* without some natural or instituted *Ceremony*; and while they are not *contradictive* to the *Canon*, I cannot think, God will be *angry* with me for *obeying* them; or, that being an *Anathema*, if I hear not the *Church*, I should come to be so, when I do *obey* her. While they are not declared *Essentials* of that *worship*, are not cross to the *Sacred Text*, are ordained only for *distinction*, *order*, *decency*, and *helps* to *Piety* and *Devotion*; I see not, why it may not be in the *prudence* of a *Church*, moderately to *injoyn* them; and become the *Piety* and *Humility* of the

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best, to *submit* to what shall be *injoy'd*? I remember a passage of a grave Divine upon this Subject, which was this; *A Ceremony* (saith he) *in the judgement of all, is in itself a thing indifferent: To preach the word, a thing precepted and of necessity.* Now, I would have men lay the *thing indifferent* in one scale, and the *thing necessary* in the other; and then let them tell me, if it be not better to *swallow* a *Ceremony*, than to *rend* a *Church*. *Obedience* and *Unity* tend to *Peace*; and *Peace* is the *worlds flourish*; but, *division* and *disobedience* are as the *trains* leading to the *Mine*, that blows up all. If the *Ceremony* did admit a *dispute*; yet, being servants to the *Church*, it would not wholly light upon them that *obey'd*; and it may well be believed, their *submission* would be more acceptable than either their *cavil*, or their *criticism*. The *Ceremonies* of *State*, though the wise man knows they be not of the *finems* of *Government*, yet, they are the *air*, and of the *countenance* thereof; so, beget in common people a kind of awful *reverence* both of the *Person* and the *Function*. There is no doubt, but the practice of *decent* and *seemly Ceremonies* does help to preserve a *Church* not only in *fixation*, but in *esteem*. And is a *rail* to keep off the *prophane Julians*, who else might do as he did, *pis* upon the *Table*. Nor do I find, but as soon as the *Church* arrived at any state of power, but she took upon her to be as well *formally* as *materially* a *Church*; and besides the rites of *worship* by her prescribed, *Festivals*, and *Liturgies*, her splendor was such, that with some emulation, if not envy, her *Enemies* began to cry out, *En qualibus vasis Maria Filio administrant!* See but with what costly *Vessels* they officiate to the *Son of Mary!* *Theod. lib. 3. cap. 12.* Though the bark of a *Tree* be no part of the *Timber*, *fruits*, or *leaves*; yet we see, if that be stript away, the *Tree* it self will die. So, a *naked Church* is no more lasting or comely, than the body of a *Man* without cloaths is *seemly* or *secure*.

## LXXIV.

## Of the contentment after the overcoming of a strong Temptation.

**E**Very *Temptation* is a snare, and they that overcome are as *Birds* escaped; whom *Nature* suffers not to hold from rejoycing but, as soon as they are got loose they chirp and sing out a *Foy* to themselves. Surely if a man would choose out a *happy condition* to live in, he could not fancy to himself a better than when he is come off a *Conquerour* of a great and strong *Temptation*. *Victory* is so pleasant a thing, that it leaves a man nothing to fear, unless it be that which he feareth not; The soul put by from *God* returns in the end with comfort, and sweetly closeth with its *Maker*, whose goodness she knows it is to make her so *Victorious*. *Divided friends* when once they come to meet, like *Iron* and the *Loadstone*, they do not march but leap to one anothers bosom. They know th' are ever under the shade of *Gods* divine

divine protection, but now they fly into the *Almighties* arms, and rest secure within his safe *Embraces*. When *Spartan-youths* had overcome an Enemy, they were brought home with *Garlands crown'd*, with *music* and *rejoycing*. The greatest exultations that we read of, were the *Triumphs* that were conferr'd on *Conquerours*. And 'tis worthy our observation what high and splendid Priviledges the Scripture does assign to him that overcometh. He shall eat of the *Tree of Life*, and of the hidden *Manna*, Comforts and Inspirations sent from *Heaven* as the food of the soul, Hidden because only known to himself. And the white Stone with the new name inscribed alluding to the *Acquittals* and *Donations* of supream *Princes*, bestowed on such as had the *Innocence* and *bleffing* to light upon them: which were so high to the enjoyers of them, that they were not able to make any other ever understand them. He shall be made a *Pillar* in the *Temple of God*, and shall go out no more, and shall at last be permitted to sit in the *Throne* with Heavens great Maker, and the supreme *God of gods*. It furnishes him with experience of the crafts and wiles and policies of sharpest Enemies, and the *Aids*, *Assistances*, and unexpected Providences of an *Almighty Guardian* and *Defender*; and by the exercise of their Faith and Patience, and their other stock of *Virtues*, animates and increases them: whereby by overcoming once we learn to overcome again, and *master*, and *triumph* over all those subtilties that are lifted up against us. 'Tis one of a *General's* strongest *Arguments* to incite his men to *Courage*, To put them in mind, how oft they have been victors. It does enkindle industry and add a force to *Fortitude*, while being overcome declines the rising head and debases all the spirits to a dull and low *Terrenity*. The air is after Victory more wholesom, than it was before. The concussion of Arms, and the stirring of the Element does rarifie and purge it, and the *Conquerour* breaths freelier than he did before. He is not checkt by opposition. The present Region is his own to rest and sleep in, where, and when he pleaseth. The mind is lightned both of *Fear* and *Care*. And he looks upon his own Happiness as both ascending higher and lasting longer for his late hard *Conquest*. Which is not only intimated by the *Antients* in making the Palm-tree the Symbol of *Victory*, as disdainig to be incurvated by weight, but also being an ever-green with pleasant fruit and of continuance longer than most of other Trees. In which the *Holy Ghost* is not wholly unaspective to the custom that was used among men, since we find the *Triumphers* in the *Revelation* (as badges of Victory) carried their *Palms* in their *hands*. And the Text, a little after, tells us that these were of those that had come out of great *Tribulation*. For their noble sufferance, their *undaunted valour* in not yielding, their over-towring Faith, and their coming off with *Mastery*, against all the Assaults of fiercest *Foes*, and *Tempters*; these were now remunerated, with the *Vision* and *Fruition* of the *Almighty*; and for ever after, stood exempted from sorrow, or any other of the disturbing passions of *man*. And certainly to overcome a *Temptation* that hath been battering hard upon us, dilates the pleased soul,

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and, lifting it up to God, does place it in a *calm rejoicing*. Though it were materially true, yet mystically it was not so: for the shadow of *Alexander* was longer after his *Conquest*, than it was before. It arose up higher in the *estimation* of men: and extended a protection further to such as had their *province* to live under his spreading shade. *Octavian* and *Augustus* were not the same in one man. A youth at first despis'd and slighted by the experience and haughtiness of his Jealous *Emulators*; but after bowed and kneeled to, by all that drew breath under the wing of the *Romane Eagle*. And more than this, it shews the world our parts, which else would steal unseen, from off the *stage*. It is with virtuous men, as it is with Spices and some kind of fragrant Herbs. Their bruising, by contest, tells all about how rich their *oder* is.

*Vidi ego jactatas motâ face crescere flammâs:  
Et vidi nullo concutiente mori.*

How have I seen, the *braudisht Torch* blaze high;  
While that unstirr'd, by standing still, does die?

As gold is the better for being in the fire, and so is more esteem'd by men when purified: So is man, got off from Temptation, not only better lik'd by those of this world, but he is more endeared to the *Deity* he serves, for appearing of a *try'd Fidelity*

LXXV.

## Of Civility.

**U**Nless they be impassionate, the greatest spirits, and those of the best and noblest breeding, are ever the most respectful and obsequious in their Garb, and the most observant and grateful in their Language to all. They know, rudeness is so coarse a gobbet that it cannot be digested by a healthful stomach: nor Terms uncivil heard without *gall* or *quarrel*. And therefore to prevent the latter, they are careful to avoid the first. This we may build upon: The most staid *judgments* are persons of the *Highest Civility*. They think, to displease is none of the proper interests of Man: *Nature* made him *Communicable* and *Sociable*. To be rude or foolish is the badge of a *weak mind*, and of one deficient in the *conversive quality* of Man. The *Noblest Creatures* are the more universally good. The fire refuses not, as well to warm the *Beggar* as the *Prince*. The water bears as well the *Carrick* as the *Cork*. The earth to all allows her *bearing bosome*. The equal air as equally serveth all. And the bright *Sun*, without distinction shines. To occasion a quarrel is a thing of *Reproach*. And if a wise man hath unawares provok'd one, It lies in the mind, as *mercury* does in the Body, ceases not working till it quite be got out. It is not for one *Gentleman* to speak to another what shall beget either *shame* or *anger*, or call up either a *blush* or *frown*. And if there be a necessity to displease, yet we ought

to do it as *nurses* do with *Children* when they are to give them what is bitter, smear it in *Hony* or rowl it in *Sugar*, that even the palate (if possible) may be held in content. 'Tis a handsome story of the dying *Aristotle* when he was sought to by his *Scholars* to declare his Successor, among which there were two especially of more eminent merit than the rest, *Theophrastus* a *Lesbian*, and *Menedemus* a *Rhodian*. *Aristotle* calls for *Wine* of both those places, pretending to drink his last farwel with his *Scholars* before he dyed. He tastes the *Wine* of *Rhodes* and commends it both for sound and pleasant. Then tasting that of *Lesbos*, he commendeth both for excellent good, but that of *Lesbos* to be the more delicious: by which they understood, he meant *Theophrastus* should hold the succession. So by commending both, he tacitely prefer'd the one without the least disparagement to the other. And in *Religion*, this will hold as well as in *morality* and the common Conversation of the *World*. For that was never found to be a foe to *good manners*, but that it allowed of a civil respect both in *behaviour* and *words*; by paying observance in the one, and giving *Titles* in the other, according to the *degree* and *quality* of the person we have to deal with. *Jacob* we know to have been a person elect and in *Grace* with *God* himself, and though *Esau* were a prophane person and had sold his *Birth-right* to his younger *Brother*, whereby the priviledges of *primogeniture* were lost, and his right in the *Sacred Covenant* disputable, if not *vacated*; yet when *Jacob* intended to meet him, because he was a *great man* and in the *Nature* of a *petty Prince* and in some kind a *General*; for he had a *Band* of 400 men: He first sends him a *noble present* of many numerous *Beasts*. And commanded his servants, when *Esau* inquired whose they were, they should say, They were a *present* for my *Lord Esau* sent him from his servant *Jacob*. And when he himself came near him, he bowed himself seven times to the *ground* upon his approach to his *Brother*. Nay all his retinue after him, the *hand-maids* and their *Children*, *Leah* and her *Children*, *Joseph* and *Rachel*, all of them bowed themselves; and after that, in discourse he *complements* him several times with, *Let me find Grace in the sight of my Lord*; and therefore have I seen *thy face*, as though I had seen the face of *God*. *David*, though he were *anointed* and *designed King*; yet when he met *Prince Jonathan*, he fell on his *face three times*, and bowed himself to the *ground*. The *Shunamite* fell at the *Prophet Elia's feet*, and bowed her self to the *ground*. The *widow* of *Tekoa* told *David*, As an *Angel* of *God*, so is my *Lord* the *King*. Though *Darius* were a *Pagan Prince*, and had (though unwillingly) yet unjustly, permitted *Daniel* to the *Lions Den*: Yet as soon as he was out, his *Language* was: *O King, live for ever*. In the *New testament* *St. Paul* begins his *Complement* with, *King Agrippa*. And when *Festus* charg'd him wrongfully with being mad; His return was not *Reviling*, nor *Recrimination*: but, I am not *mad*, most *Noble Festus*. Certainly, in those *Eastern parts* of the *World*, though they used not to uncover the head, yet the ordinary bowing of the body was *equivalent* to the putting off the *Hat*

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Hat with us: but bowing down to the ground, with all those *Reiterations*, was far beyond our practice of *uncovering*; and descended well near to a *Sacred Veneration*. And the *Rhetorical Collaudations*, with the *Honourable Epithets* given to their persons, were far beyond the *Appellations* that are used in our days, yet are we commanded to use to every man the respects that are *due* to his *place*, and *quality*. God himself calls men to *Honourable places*: and doubtless where he is pleas'd to bestow it, we ought not to deny it. Render to all their *dues*, *Honour* to whom *Honour* belongs. When our blessed Saviour that took upon him the form of a *Servant*, was living among the *Jews*, though they hated his *Doctrine*, and at last condemn'd his *Person*, yet their common salutation was, *Rabbi, Rabboni*, Master; And when in *Honour* to his *Descent* as allyed to the *Crown*, he was called the *Son of David*, he gave no checke to the Title, but *John* the 13 he tells them, You call me *Master*, and you say well. So that safely we may conclude, that Behaviour *rude* and *clownish*, and indeed unchristian, in keeping on the hat before *Nobles, Magistrates, Kings, and Superiours* (with that *vituperous* thou-ing men, and not owning their *Titles*) comes not from Scripture or any example of the people of *God*, but from some *blacker fiend* that under the pretence of *Piety* and the *Spirit*, walks contrary to all the practice of the *Faithful*. The Apostle commands us to submit our selves to every ordinance of man for the *Lords sake* as yielding compliance not so much for our own ends but purely out of *Conscience*, as being a constitution ordained by God himself; whose *wisdom* establiht the *World* not only in the larger frame where naturally every thing subsides to what is superiour, but even in every *Province*, and each particular, where *Government* and *Obedience* perpetuates the *Harmony* of all.

## LXXVI.

*That the present Times are not worse than the Former.*

**I**T is the Preachers precept that a man should not say; Why is it, that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely of these things. Some have reduc'd this to those only that smart under present troubles; So *passion* rather than *Reason* begets the Complaint. Others limit it to the comparing the *Law* with the *Gospel*; and then, there is no doubt, if any be judg besides the *Jew*, He must be condemn'd of *Folly*, that would go about to prefer the times of *Moses* under the load of *Ceremonious shadows*, before those since *Christ*, wherein the *yoak* is taken off, and the cloud *irradiated* with the shine of *Evangelical truth*. So that we may confidently acknowledge that memorable saying of *Aeneas Sylvius*, that although the Christian Religion had never been confirm'd by miracles, yet it deserved and would have been taken up by men, for the very *Honesty* that it carries with it. But since this was writ in *Solomons time*, so long before



before the coming of our blessed Saviour among us, we may believe he meant it more universally both of the precedent and successive courses of the World. And surely if we examine all things in a *judicious scale*, we shall find indeed, we do not wisely, when we vent the Complaint and censure. *Humane Nature* is more sensible of smart in suffering, than of pleasure in rejoicing, and the present indurances easily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain, when we do but smile for a great deal of *Contentment*. And from this we blame the present for a little *pressure*, when we pass over all those *soft and smooth demulcations* that insensibly do stroke us in our *gliding life*. Nor indeed are the pungencies of *former times* in the comprehension of our *view*, but at distance, and by some *Records* that have pickt out only what are extraordinary. So like *Promonts* at Sea they look high at a distance as if all the Country were an *elevated mountain*, which when we come to land we find but of the same *Altitude* with the other parts of the *World* we have seen. And the mind of man runs with more *Celerity* to Joy. It's true, sometimes there are intervals of *Virtue* and *Vice*, inclinations to *Wars* and *Propensions* to peace. The *Sybarites* had a vein of *delicacy*, The *Spartans* a strein of *Arms*: *Athens* had her *Arts* and *Learning*; and *Scythia's* fame was *Barbarism*. And in the same Country, One age runs upon one *thing*, and another does decline what by former times hath been *courted* by the *Inhabitants* of the self-same *Climate*. But these being but in parts, if the whole be summ'd up together, we shall find the proportion of all to be much about the same *fathom* of what the World was at before. If the *present age* exceed in some imbrac'd *particulars*, we shall read of former, that in other *exceeded us*. If we have inventions of *newer date* with us, They certainly had others that now to us are lost. And if we survey the *Vices* of precedent times, they will appear more *Barbarous* and more *Epidemical* than such as now flame in the World. We look upon it as the wonder of *Vice* to this day, That a stranger could not come to *Sodom*, but the more than *brutish Citizens* must burn in *sordid Lust*, which was so foul that nothing but *Fire* and *Brimstone* could purge the stench of it from the world. It was a *City* of *Pædicators* and *Catamites*, so wickedly bent that it cost a *miracle* to preserve the *Angels* from their *Fury*; a *Vice* so *new* and so *inhumane*, that neither before, nor since, could the World find any other name for it, but what was deriv'd from that of the *City* it self. After this, among the *Ægyptians* was that of the *strawless Tax*. The *Græcians* under wisest Law-givers approv'd of *cunning Theevery*. And drinking was so wild a *Vice* among them, That even the *Grammar* lost it's sense by their debauchery; *Pergræcari* sounding to be mad with Drink. Have we any so vain as *Xerxes*, that would think to whip the *Sea* to *calmness*; or so prodigal as was *Alexander*, that, as *Plutarch* tells us, spent twelve millions of Talents upon *Hephestions Funeral*? A sum so incredible, that 'tis a question whether at that time the Revenew of the World could afford it? Among the *Jews*, that by their *Religion* pre tended to more preciseness, we find *Incest*, *Fra-*

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*tricide, Parricide, and Treason; Oppression, Peremptory and Imperious Cruelty* to the cutting men with Saws, and killing one another, was play and sport for Princes. *Absolon*, a younger Son to a Prince of a petty Province, had yet his fifty Footmen dashing by his Chariot side. *Lucius Florus* tells us of the *German Women*, that, in their Battails, made their Children their weapons, and would fling their own naked sprawling Infants in the face of those they fought with; that the horror of the thing might daunt the *Roman* courage. Under *Titus*, that was, for the sweetness of his disposition, cry'd up by them of *Rome*, for the worlds delicious jewel, There was yet the number of 500 persons, every day while the Siege was strict, crucify'd before the walls of *Jerusalem*, till they wanted not only Crosses, but Room to set them in. There was Eleven hundred thousand slain, Nine hundred seventy thousand Captives, and many alive ript up with bloody hands, in hope to find among the Ordure of the body, the gold they so much coveted. Was there ever since then, any thing like the *Ten Persecutions*? Was there any thing but *Nero's Luxury*, equal to *Nero's Cruelty*? and yet, *Domitian* in one particular out-went him; He loved to feed his eyes, and see those Tortures *Nero* but commanded. Where have we now a *Licinius Lucullus*, that at once put 20000 of the *Caucasi* to the Sword, contrary to the Articles of their Rendition? or, like the famous *Augustus*, who at one time in *Perusia*, sacrificed 300 of the principal Citizens at the Altar of his Uncle *Julius*: In whose *Triumvirate* the Machine of the world was danc'd; and he that was but sent to, or proscrib'd, he presently knecld and sent his head for a present. *Sylla* took 4 Legions 24000 men of the Conquer'd part to mercy: but not willing to trust them, while the Senate sate, and in their hearing, he cut them all in pieces. *Tiberius* would make men to be fill'd with Wine, then tie them up from Urine, that their torment might swell with their bodies. *Suetonius* records it of *Caligula*, That it was ordinary with him to brand with marks of Infamy the most Honoured and deserving persons, then to condemn them to the Mines, shut them up in Cages, expose them to beasts, or saw them through the middle.

The *Covetousness* of those times were as great as their *Cruelties*. It was crime enough to possess a *wealth* with *virtue*. Accusations were not for Offences, though they were for Confiscations. Men, Towns, and Temples, escaped not in their gripe and rifling them of all: yet this, *ob prædam, non ob delictum*; to enrich the Court with Coin, but not to empty the Common-wealth of Vice. *Marcus Antonius* in one year, from the lesser *Asia* only, raised 200000 Talents. For their Luxury their Drinking, and their Feasting, who reads their stories shall find they have outgon belief; continuing sometimes 36 hours at a meal, with the interventions only of Lust and Vomiting. Their *Apparel* sometimes only Tiffeny, inverting Natures institution, who meaning it to hide shame, they us'd it now to shew it. *Seneca* speaks it of their matrons, *Ne Adulteris quidem plus sui in Cubiculo, quam in publico ostendunt*, They shew as much to the people



people abroad, as they do to their Adulterers in their retired Bed-chambers. They had nothing of *weight* about them but their *Jewels*. Every *joint* of every *finger* was particularly design'd his *load*. They had their *Winter* and *Summer Rings*, so that by the sight of their hand, you might pick out the season, though you felt neither *heat* nor *cold*. *Hortensius* a great Orator, sued his fellow Commissioner for disordering a plait in his Robe. And they had their Dinner and their Supper Garments : So curious they were in composing their Hair ; so costly in their Apparel, Dyer, Servants, Household-stuff, and all belonging to them ; that if we compare the *Excesses* of *those times* with the (in respect of them) *petty vanities* of *ours*, there will appear the difference between a *Court* and *Cottage*, and the *vast extention* of their enlarged *Empire*, and the *small circumference* of our single-moated *Island*. Every Nation hath its *Zenith* and its *Declination*. As they rise in Empire, they enlarge both in Virtue and Vice ; and when they decline, they sink in these, as they do decline in Dominion. And though as to themselves one time may be either better or worse than another : Yet take the World in gross, and jumbled together, and there is nothing now to be complain'd of in the main ; but what hath been as high or higher heretofore. Every Nation hath endured Oppression, hath felt of Tyranny, hath admitted Treason, and hath trod the Mazes of Vice. Only as Islanders are usually the most Nefarious ; we have in one thing out-acted all the Lands the Sun did ever shine upon : A *Prince* no less by *virtue* and *glorious parts*, than by *right* of *Inheritance* and *decent* of *Ancestry* ; under the *pretence* of *abused Justice* with the *formality* of *mis-interpreted Law*, hath been *sentenc'd* (by his *sworn Subjects* turn'd into *Rebels*) to a *Decapitation* ; and, as a Tyrant, put to *death*, indeed because he ever abhorred to be so. Creation never yet saw any thing, to equal it. For *two pieces* of *Treason*, we have digg'd lower towards Hell, than ever yet did any other people, *The Powder*, and the *pretended-Parliamental Treason* : As if to *revenge* the *attempt* of the *one*, we had *strained* to *gratifie* the *authors* of it, by *out-doing* them in the *other*. 'Tis apparent in other *particulars*, other *times* have had *blacker crimes* than ours ; but doubtless, in the *general*, the *world* is rather *better* than *worse* than it hath been. *Wars*, *Rapine*, *Murder*, *Treason*, *Pride*, and *Lust*, have ever been since Man was Man. But, in regard of the *influence* of *Christian Religion*, which *corrects* the *cogitation* and *intention* of all, as well as the outward act ; I believe it hath so wrought upon the *general Genius* of the *world*, as it is not so *audaciously* and *epedemically facinorous*, as it was in times of *Paganism*, who were taught by their *gods* to be *loose* and *less* than *men*. And surely, the *considerations* of the like to these may so far prevail upon the *opinions* of *men* ; as though they may be sorry the *world* is not *better* ; yet, compar'd with what hath formerly been, they need not wonder that tis now so *ill*.

## Of Three things we ought to know.

TWO of them are in our selves, the *other* is without us; yet, of so great *necessity*, that, without it, of the *best* of creatures made for this *world*, we become the *worst* and the *most unhappy*. We ought to *understand* our *own Misery*, *Gods Love*, and our *own thankful Obedience*: Our *own Misery*, how deep and fatally extreme; and, to us, the much more *disconsolate*, by being so *just*: So *intolerable* that we cannot but *complain*; yet, so *just*, that of none we can *complain*, but of our selves. If we came not into the World wrapt in *Corruptions garments*; yet, are we sure here to live with such as are so; and, lying near, like wood in fire, with them we flame and burn. We were *lost*, before the World e're *found* us. And yet, we have so much of *Misery*, as, for the most part, we have the *misery* to pursue it; or else, like people dying, we droop under so general a weakness, as we are not sensible of any that lies upon us. And in this, as in them, our *danger* is the greater. The *harms* foreseen or felt by *prudence*, we may *strive* against and *shun*: But, when they *lurk* in *shades* of *silent night*, before we know we *fall* into the *pit*. And, which is worst, our *mischiefs* is so *desperate*, that neither *we*, nor all the *frame* of *creatures* can *relieve* us. Nay, *Time*, that triumphs over all, lies down with wearied wings, but cannot give us *remedy*. *Eternity* is only like it self, and being beyond *every thing*, can be compar'd to *nothing*.

Nor is *Gods Love* less *infinite*, or less *incomprehensible*. What had we that we *deserv'd* to be *created* at first? And what had we not, which might have *condemn'd* us when made. He hath *lov'd* us, not only of his own *making*, but of our own *marring*. When we would die and spurn off *Doctor* from us, He *pour'd* in *Cordials* 'gainst our own *consent*; and then, without our own *help*, made us live. God deals with *us*, as we with our *brute beasts*; if not *ty'd up* and *forc'd*, we have not *wit* to take the *thing* should help us: And though, as *Cato*, we did tear our *self-made-wounds*, to widen *deaths* sad entrance: Yet, without our *wishes*, and against our *wils*, when we lay *gasping* in the *Road* to *ruine*, by the *mercy* of this great *Samaritan*, we were again *bound up* for *life*, and for the *joys* of *Being*. So *Bats* and *Owls*, that hate the *Suns* gay light, are yet by the influence of its gracious beams, from their dark holes drawn out to fly and live. We have *Being* upon *Being* given us; *To Be*, and *to Be well*, are both large acts of *bounty*; only the latter is a *double creation*, or at least a *Dis-creation* and *Creation* too. *God*, the *friend*, has *courted* us his *Enemies*, and hath himself, not only been our *Redeemer*, but hath given us *instruction*, and found us out *ways* whereby we may still be *preserved*. So that the *consideration* of *Gods love*, will be, as that of *God* himself was to the *Grave Simonides*, the *more thought on*, the *less* to be *comprehended*.

And this being *infinitely* above all our *apprehensions*, we cannot in reason give less than all our *gratitude*: And yet, of that, how small a part is *all*? When *all* we can pay, is so *simple a little* of what we *justly owe*; we should *immeasurably* be *unjust*, if we *return'd* not *all* in our *ability*. Though we have not to *requite*, we may have what will *please*, when we give him up his *own*, and offer up his *Offering* for us; when we yet remember what we cannot *return*. The best *repository* of a *benefit*, is a *mind* that will *perpetually acknowledge* it. We ought to *study* what will *please*, we ought to *fly* from what is *offence*. And when we have done all we can, we still are short alive, of what the dead Earth does. *That* yields our seed with multiply'd increase; but, *this* quick earth of ours, does dwindle what is cast in't. So though we *meditate* our *own Misery*, and *God's free Grace and Bounty*; yet, the great business of our life is *Gratitude*. For that in all it's *dimensions* and *concomitants*, will take up all we can possibly do, and yet, at last of all, will leave us still to *wish* and *pray*.

LXXVIII.

*Of the uncertainty of Fame.*

**A** Good *Fame*, is as the beams about the Sun, or the glory about a holy Picture that shews it to be a Saint. Though it be no *essential Part*, it arises from the body of that virtue, which cannot chuse but shine and give a light through all the clouds of Error and Distraction. And though sometimes the Mists and Vapours of the lower earth impede the light it gives; yet there will be apparent Rays, that shew there is *Desert* unseen, which yields those gleams of *brightness* to the whole *Hozrion*, that it moves and shines in. The Philosopher *Bion* was pleas'd to call *good Fame*, *The Mother of years*; for that it gives a kind of *perpetuity*, when all of us else is gone. And indeed, it may as well be the *Daughter of years*; for that it is not gotten but by the continued succession of *noble actions*. However among all the *externals of life*, we may observe it, as one of the *best*, so one of the brittlest and most fading  *blessings*. 'Tis the hardest both to get and keep; like a Glass of curious Workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not *gain'd*, but by a *settled habit* of *eminent Virtues*; by one short *vicious action*, may be lost for ever. The *insuccess* of an *Affair*, the *mutability* of *Fortune*, the *elevation* of a *Faction*, or *depression* of a *Party*, the *mistake* of a *Matter*, or the *craft* of a *subtile Jugler*, how it alters quite the *sound* that *Fames lowd Trumpet* makes? Like a Beauty, drawn by some great Artists hand; one dash from a rude Pencil, turns it to a *Gorgon*. Nay, if it only would in this sort vanish, it would than by many be kept untainted. If it could not be *lost*, but upon *certainties*; If it were in our *own keeping*; or, if not in our *own*, in the hands of the *wise* and *honest*: How possible were it to *preserve* it

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it pure? But the misery is, that it rests upon *probabilities*; which as they are heard to *disprove*, so they are easie to *perswade*; That it is in the *hands* of *others*, not our *selves*; in the *custody*, not of the *discreet* and *good* only, but also of the *simple*, the *cunning*, and the *vile*: Who though they cannot make us *worse* to our *selves*; yet, how *foul* and *sullyed* may they render us to *others*! With *bad*, we get a *taint* that spoils our *whitest innocence*: with *cunning men*, we are not what we are, but by such lights are seen, as they will please to shew us; and with the *simple*, naked we are left, that men may see our shame. Some are gilded over, that the world are cheated in them. Some are gold within, and by the ignorant and unskillful, are tane for Brass or Copper. *Quidam omni tempore venantur famam seculi, & omni tempore sunt Infames*; They ever are upon the haunt of *Fame*, and yet we see for ever they are *Infamous*. To vindicate us from the stain of these, there is no *remedy* but a *constant careful discretion*. We are in the world, as men in a Town besieged; if we be not always upon our guard, we have so many enemies, we soon may be surpris'd. A *careless watch* invites the *vigilant Foe*; and by our *own remisness*, we contribute to our *own defamation*. We must be *wary* as well of *words* as *actions*. Sometimes a short *Laconick* stabbing speech, destroys the Fabrick of a well-built *Fame*. It was the advice of the sober *Epicetus*, *That they which did desire to hear well, should first learn well to speak*: for tis our *speech* as well as *deeds*, that charm the *ears*, and lead the *hearts* of others. Even all the Art *Tiberius* e're was master of, could never so disguise his *inward rancor*, but through his own *expressions*, oft it would break out. Nor must we be only *good*, but we must not *seem* to be *ill*. Appearance alone, which in *good* is too little, is in *evil* much too much. He stabs his own *fair Fame*, that willingly appears in that *ill act* he did not. It is not enough to be *well liv'd*, but *well to converse*, and so be *well reported*. As well we ought to care we may be *honest deem'd*, as to our selves to be so. Our *friends* may *know* us by the *things* they *see*, but *strangers* judge us by the *things* they *hear*. As that is most likely to be *truth*, wherein all the differing *parties* do agree: so, that *Fame* is likeliest to last, and to be real, wherein *Friends* and *Enemies*, *Strangers* and *familiars*, shall joyn and concur; and wherein *words* and *actions* shall not cross and run counter: The one is as a *healthful habit* and a *good complexion*; the other, as a *handsome carriage* and a *pleasing countenance*. The first best way to a *good Fame*, is a *good life*; the next is, *good discourse* and *behaviour*. Though when all is done, being a *thing without* us, we are at the *mercy* of others, whether we shall enjoy it or no. It will therefore be but a *fond thing* to be *too greedy* of that which, when we have gotten, must be kept and allowed us by others.

## LXXIX.

## Of Alms.

IT is not necessary they should always come out of a Sack. A man may be *charitable*, though he hath not an *expanding Plenty*. A little purse contain'd that *mite*, which once *put in*, was the *greatest gift* in the *Treasury*. Nay, sometimes a *willing mind* (when we want our selves) is acceptable. God being the *creator* of the *will*, is sometimes as well pleas'd, when that extendeth towards him, as with the *dead collocations* of some *insensate Treasure*. So there are few that may plead *Poverty* as a *total exemption*; for, if they have but a *rich mind*, there *return* may be as great as his that with *wealth* did venture a great deal more. But surely, where there is *plenty*, *Charity* this way is a *duty*, not a *curtesie*. 'Tis a *Tribute* imposed by Heaven upon us. And he is no good Subject that does refuse to pay it. If God hath caused many Rivers to run into our Sea: we ought in a mutual return of Tide, to water all those low and thirsty places that our waves may reach at. Something Nature seems to speak this way. For questionless, the *earth* with the *benefits* it produces, was at the first intended for the use of *mankind* in the general; and no man ought so to *grasp at all*, but that another may have a share as well as he. If he be not so fortunate in acquiring it, yet, as a *humane creature*, he hath a right of *Common*, though he may not be admitted to break into anothers *Inclosure*. Suitable to this, we see God in his *Moral Law*, enjoyns us, *to love our Neighbour as our selves*: and in the *Political Laws* of the Old Testament, men are commanded (though there were a Civil Right to themselves) *to leave in the field, and after Vintage, gleanings and remains for the poor*. And we cannot but take notice, that there are *frequenter Precepts, higher Promises, and greater Efficacy*, set upon the *Grace of giving Alms*, than there is almost upon any other *humane Virtue*. The *Precepts* for this are every where so obvious, as there needs no mention of particulars of them; we can no where read to miss them. The *Promises* usually are annex'd to the *Precepts*; and these contain all that we can expect either in this world, or hereafter. But the *efficacy* set upon this *Charity*, would make one incline at first view to think it had a kind of *inherent merit* with it. In *Daniel*, *Nebucadnezzar* is advised, *to break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor*. As if the *practice* of these could *wash off offences*; or, like a *Celestial Fullers-earth*, could take out the *spots of flesh* from the *soul*. We find it rank'd with *Righteousness*, and by the Sacred Text, 'tis made almost equivalent. Our most Learned and Laborious Annotator on the New Testament, informes us, and examples it upon the Fifth of *Matth.* that *Alms and Righteousness, are, in the holy Scripture, promiscuously used the one for the other*. And this, perhaps, might put *Job* into the greater amazement, That his *afflictions* should befall him, when

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when he had always been *so merciful to the poor*, as in the 30 and 31 Chapter of his Book he *expostulates*. But, above all, is that place of St. Luke the 11. and 41. where our Saviour, after he had told the *Pharisees* of their *Cheats* and *Hypocrisie*, says, *Nevertheless, give Alms, and all things shall be clean unto you.* As if an *Alms* could *expiate a sin*, and *discharge a scarlet into innocent snow*; unless it may be taken, in a sort, as some *Ironical Tax* upon them, for thinking, Though they *cosen'd* never so much, did never so little *right*, and acted never so much *stupendious wrong*; yet, if they gave but *Alms*, they thought it would free them from all. But, however they did, or did not, put *condignity of merit* upon them; yet, certainly, in regard of the *command* and *encouragement* going along, they carry such a *Promissory merit* with them, that one would wonder any thing *Christian* should neglect their oft performance.

Nor are the Fathers behind hand in their *Elogies* and *Harangues* hereupon. St. *Augustine* tells us, *Eleemosyna mundat peccata, & ipsa interpellat pro nobis.* *Alms-deeds* cleanse us from our sins, and interpose in our behalf to God. St. *Chrysostome* speaking of *Alms*, hath left us these inviting passages, *Vincula peccatorum ipsa dissolvit, fugat Tenebras, extinguit Ignem*; and a little after, *Virgo est, habens alas aureas, circumscripta per omnia venustate, sed succincta, cultum habens candidum atque mansuetum; pennata est & levis, & semper ante Solium Regale consistit*; It dissolves the sinners chains, puts darkness from our souls, and quenches Hell's smart fire.— A Virgin 'tis, encompass'd all with Graces, ever ready to appear and plead for us, with clear and courteous looks; she's light and fit to mount, and always waits at the *Cælestial Throne*. Surely, it is the part of a good Steward, to see that all the Family be provided for. And the poor of this world being part of Gods, we discharge not our parts, unless we take *care* for them. He that does, (if there were no reward) hath certainly a fairer account to give, than such as have expended only on Themselves, on Pride, on Lust, on Riot and on Wantonness. He that does *supply* the poor, hath a Warrant from Heaven for what he so expends. But he that lays out by the By on vanities, at best, he spends but on his own account, and 'tis not likely, all will be allowed him, when his last Audit comes. 'Tis true, there be many poor, that indeed deserve not *Charity*, if we look at their vices, and the mispending of what they have given them. And therefore (though the Impotent, the indigent, and the Innocent deserve most, yet) the reward of *Charity* is not in the receiver so much, as in him that bestows. If I do my part well, I shall not lose the benefit, because another makes ill use on't. When one blam'd *Aristotle* for giving to a dissolute fellow, his answer was, *He gave not to the Manners, but to the Man.* That is properly the best *Alms* that is *given* of ones own, in obedience to the Laws of *Charity*. And the *readiness* adds vigour to the benefit. When the *seed* is long in ripening up to *Alms*, it shews the *air of Charity* is cold; and, if the *season* be once *past*, we *sow* out *grains* in *wind*, but cannot expect that



that they should *grow up to increase*. If Heaven be our Country, and we intend to dwell there, 'tis best to make over what we have, to be ready against our arrival. The poor are our *Credentials* that will help us to *treasure in Heaven*. What we *leave behind*, we *lose*, as never after being likely to *make use on't*. But this way *bestowed*, we both *carry it with us*, and *leave it also here*. *The Generations of the Merciful shall be blessed, and find it*. Like *Porcelane-Earth*, we may so bury our *wealth* in the ground of *Poverty*, that our *Children and Posterity* may gather it when we are gone. And, though we be turn'd to dust; yet, by the mercy of our Father above, our *good deeds* here below may *bourgeois* and be *fruitful*.

## LXXX.

## Of Promises and keeping ones Word.

IT was but a false Maxim of *Domitian*, when he said, *He that would gain the People of Rome, must promise all things, and perform nothing*. For, when a man is known to be false of his word, instead of a *Column* that he might be for others to rest upon by keeping it, he grows a *Reed*, that no man will vouchsafe to lean upon. As a floating *Island*, when we come next day to seek him, he is carryed from his place we left him in, and instead of *Earth* to build upon, we find nothing but *inconstant and deceiving Waves*. For a man to be just in his word, he makes himself *Canonical*, and so becomes *Divine*; having the honour, that not a *tittle* of what he says shall fall to the ground. He is the *Anchor* of his *Friends and Neighbours*; the *Altar* that they fly to, and rely on. And certainly, in great Persons 'tis one of the supremest both excellencies and advantages that they can be endued withal, to be such as will keep their word. *Henry* the fourth of *France* was so just this way, that he was called *The King of Faith*. And to the *Eternal Renown* of the late Prince of *Parma*, in all the *Transactions of War*, it could never be charged upon him, that he left one *Article* of what he undertook, *unperformed*. A *faithful promise*, is a *shield and Buckler*: A *guard* in both the *Rear* and *Van*, by which we march in safety against the *piqueerings and ambushes* of such as are our *Adversaries*. Under the cover of a *gracious speech*, we think our selves securer than in our own tuition: 'Tis the *Bridge* by which we pass over the *River*; 'tis the *Ship* that carries us safe upon the *Ocean*, and amidst the several winds of *business and affairs*. 'Tis indeed the *Patron* of the other *Virtues*, that make men cry'd up in the world. He that is just will scorn to *deceive*; 'tis below the *loftiness* that dwells in *Noble Minds*, and they sooner can do *any thing*, than *wrong*. *Truth and Fidelity* are the *Pillars of the Temple of the World*. If any blind *Sampson* break but these, the *Fabrick* falls and crushes all to pieces. Nay, if we be not *Infidels to Scripture*, this *Justice* does unlock the *gates of Heaven*, and lets us into *Paradise*: For, when the question is,

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Who shall inhabit Gods holy Hill? the answer is, He that passes his word to his Neighbour, and does not disappoint him, though it should redound to his loss. What may he not do, that hath the reputation of a just man? It spares him the trouble of Sureties, he is his own both Pawn and Security. What others have is his, as well as what he owns himself. He makes himself the Master of the World, and, if he can but Promise, others will not fear to Trust. The Prophet tells us, *The Just shall live by Faith*: that is, not only by the dependence on the Providence and Promises that God hath pleased to communicate to Man; but, being just, he shall live by the credit, the esteem, and trust that others put upon him: And, though he hath not wherewithal of his own; yet, the Reputation of his justice shall give him the command of what others do possess. For, no man will deny to afford him what ever he shall engage, and undertake for: Though *Aristides* by *Themistocles* was prevail'd against, and ten years space was banisht: yet, when *Xerxes*, like a raging Sea, came rowling against his Country, they were glad to call him home, and be protected by his wisdom and Justice. And though he were a Beggar (for, he had not wherewith to bury him): yet, he liv'd a Prince, and was his Countreys Angel, for he did both guard and govern it. There was but one in the world, that durst own the Burial, and was admitted to the honour of embalming our blessed Saviour; and the Text describes him to be a good man and a just. Nor does a Prince lose by being just: When men are under the rule of one that is so, they will be sure to defend him against all his Enemies; because they are all concern'd in their own particular, as having a Governour that abhors to do them injury, and will protect them from their suffering wrong; so they fight for their own Interest, as well as for his safety. But, even Allegiance sits loose, when Injustice shakes the Tenant. A man that breaks his word, by his example teaches to be false; and doubtless, leaves men angry by their being deceiv'd: but, with himself the shame and hate will dwell. When *Alcibiades* met *Socrates* at a Feast, he confess'd, he could not but inwardly blush to see him; because he had not performed what he promis'd him. Instead of a blessing, which our Clyents expect, by performance of what we promise, we throw, by the breach of it, a curse and scorn upon them. And perhaps, when they deserve it not, the fate pronounc'd against the Hypocrite and Unjust, our falsity flings upon them. Their hopes by us are quite cut off and perished. *Solomon* assures us, that *Hope but deser'd maketh the heart sick*: But, when 'tis frustrate, oft we find it kills. And in this sense, sure it is, that *Job* compares the failing of Hope to the giving up of the Ghost. Many times a mans whole stock of comfort is laid upon the Hope of a Promise, which when it breaks, his Anchor-hold is gone, and he is left a prey to the unsafe waves, or, the unconstant winds. It takes a man off from the Plausibilities and Benignities of life, and thrusts him down to the horrors of a sad defeat, which makes him desperate, and so dangerous. He doth not wisely consult his own safety that is prevail'd upon to be false of his word. That friend that will put me upon the violation of

my word, does rob met together of my *Integrity* and my *Honour*; and what a carcass then is Man, when these two are once gon? They are the *Royal Ensigns of Humanity*; there will be *Reverence* paid, while these keep up about us: but, when we once disrobe our selves of these, like naked or disguiz'd, we meet *contempt* from all. 'Tis on the *Rock of Promises* that brave men build their *Hopes*; when these do fail, *Foundations* shrink, and all the *structure* reels. When I pass my word, I proffer to my friend the *food of Hope*; but, when I fail, I feed him with a *Lie*, which gives him the Malignities both of *Saturn* and *Mars* conjoin'd. So, it not only works a man up to disdain and spleen of the *discontented* and *deceived*, but, it puts us out of *favour* with *Heaven*. When *Nehemiah* engaged the *Jews*; to shew them what the issue would be if they fail'd, he *shakes his lap*, that they might see, Who did not keep their words, should so be *shaken out of their houses*, and *emptied* from among the *people*. When *Tissaphernes* had broke the *Truce* he had made with King *Agésilus*, *Agésilus* sends *Embassadors* to him, to give him *thanks*, that by breaking his *Promise* he had made the *Gods* his *Enemies*. Nor is it a wonder, that the *failing* of a *Promise* should so startle us: for, all the *strefs* of life lies on it. For almost 4000 years, What had the world to live on, but the *Promises* of the *Messia*? And since then, What is't we have for *Heaven*, but the *Promise* upon *Faith* to be admitted in him: So that the weight of all depends upon a *Promise*. And, if that should fail, we have no other *Refuge* but must fall to *miser*. Certainly, the same equity is in all *just Promises*, though not of so great *concern*: So that we ought to be as careful to *keep our word* as we would be to *preserve our happiness*. And a great deal rather be *slow in making*, than *backward in performing* what we *promise*. It is no shame with reason to *deny*; but 'tis a shame once *promis'd*, not to make *good*. He cheats his friends, destroys himself, and gratifies his *Enemies*, that *loosely promises*, and is *negligent in performing*. *Promises* may get friends, but 'tis *performance* that multiplies and keep them.

## LXXXI.

## Of Love and Likeness.

Know not whether is more true, That *Likeness* is the cause of *Love* or *Love* the cause of *Likeness*. In agreeing-dispositions the first is certain. In those that are not, the latter often comes to pass. The first is the easier *Love*; the other, the more voluntary, and so the more noble and obliging. One obliges the *Lover*; the other, the *beloved*. He that for *likeness* is *beloved*, invites his friend to love him; so that, upon the matter, he *loves* but his dilated self. 'Tis the affection of *Narcissus*, when we are pleas'd with the reflex of our selves. And this is the reason why flatterers are received into grace and favour when plain speaking shuts out himself from acceptation. We *love* those that smooth us, as

we *love* our Looking-glasses, because it shews us our own face. And though in truth it oft dissembles and presents us better than we are, yet still we *like* it, because we think it true. The Nature of man is taken with *similitudes*. When we see one *merry* it begets in us a *laughter*. When we see another in *tears*, we with him are ready to *weep*. The *Souldier* loves the *Martial men*. The *Scholar* is for an *Academy*. The *Tradesman* for the *City*. The *Husband-mans Court* is the *Country*. A *Port-town* fits the *Mariner*; and the *Gallant*, in the *Court* in thrones his own felicity. And in all these, we follow but the instinct of Providence, That by joyning *like* to *like*, we increase a mutual strength, and keep up one another. And, there is another *love*, that as well as this, reflects upon our selves: and that is, when we *love* for *eminence* of *parts* in either mind or body. We *love beauty*, because it *pleaseth*; and, we *love good parts*, because they are likewise *acceptable*; and we promise to our selves either pleasure or profit by enjoying them: So that still in these, the Fountain out of which *Love* springs, arises out of *self-love*, for that we think by them to gain to our selves some benefit. Thus man does *love*, because he *loves* himself; and is incited by what is without him, to *love* himself within. But with God, the motive is nor from us, but purely from his goodness; we cannot yield him profit by all we can perform, nor hath he need, that we should *love*, or be *beloved* of him. Nor are we *lov'd* because we are *like* him; but, that by *loving* us for our own good, he may make us so. That surely, is the nobler *Love*, that riseth like *Creation*, out of *nothing*; or else like a *Chaos* finds us, and by shedding the beams of *love* upon us, frames us into the beauty of a World. What can we account we had, that God should be induc'd to look upon us? Or, what did we want, that might not have put him off. Surely, since he *loved* us when we were not *like* him, we ought to labour that we may be *like* him. We ought to be *like* him being our *Friend*, that was pleas'd to *love* us, being his *Eemies*. Though we did not *love* him first, because he was not *like* us: yet, we ought now to be *like* him, because he first did *love* us. *Socrates* could tell us, That since God of all things is the most happy and blest, he which can be *likest* him is neerest true felicity. And certainly, if we be not *like* him, we may conclude we *love* him not; for questionless, *Love* is like the Elements, they labour to convert every thing they meet with into themselves. Fire turns all to fire that it does seize upon. Earth doth to Earth reduce what she imbraces; The Air calls out all to it self; and the Water into Water resolves. If the *love* of God be in us, it cannot but conform us to him: Whereas in *dissimilarities*, there is a kind of natural contest that hinders all Prosperity. A free and quiet spirit will be gall'd to a Consumption, by being forc'd to live with turbulent and contentious humorists. The Pious and Prophane will never peaceably be made cohabitants. Even in Vegetable Nature we often find Antipathies. The Colewort does not only hinder drunkenness, taken inwardly; but, planted nere the Vine, it checks its growth and flourishing. And 'tis no less a wonder, that the Learned and Industrious *Salmuth* on *Pancirollus* tells us, Let a Drum be headed at one end with a Wolfs skin; and at the other,

covered

covered with a Sheeps skin : if you beat the Wolfs skin, the Sheeps skin head will break. Nay, he sticks not to inform us, that further yet the antipathy extends; as if the fear and enmity between these creatures outlasted all the bounds of life, and could create a sense in matters quite inanimate. Cover two several Drums, one with a Wolfs skin, the other with a Sheeps; Let them both be beaten at once, and that with Sheeps skin cover'd shall not sound. So Feathers of the Dove with Eagles mixt will easily be consum'd.

Surely, between the Immaculate and most Holy God, and between corrupt and contaminated Man, there is a great aversion. And in our Reason, little reason can by us be found, why this Great God should love us, while we deversifie our selves from him : we fight against his love, and are so much the further from our own Salvation. It is happy, that we are the Creatures of a Being and a Power so immense and good, that with his Goodness all our ill o'recomes; that with his Power masters all our struglings : That transcends us so in Excellency, that he overpowers all our faults, and loves us into liking and conformity. So great an Agent will have power over us, and ought to have the more, because his love is free. If he love us, it will be found our duty to love and to serve him. Though we cannot serve him as we should; we shall serve him much the better, if we love him. And both these are our Interest.

## LXXXII.

## Of Law.

IT is the *bridle* of the *Humane Beast*, whereby he is held from *starting* and from *stumbling* in the *way*. It is the *Hedge* on either side the *Road*, which hinders from *breaking* into other mens *propriety*. A man had as good live in *Agypt* among all the ten *Plagues*, as in the world among the wicked without *Law* to defend him. 'Tis every mans *Civil Armour*, that guards him from the gripes of *Rapine*. And indeed, 'tis for this chiefly, that *Laws* are of use among men : For the *wise* and *good* do not need them as a *guide*, but as a *shield*; They can live civilly and orderly, though there were no *Law* in the world. And though *wise* and *good* men invented *Laws* : yet, they were *fools* and *wicked* that put them upon the study. Being to rule such wild Cattel as ramp up and down on the earth, there needed both the judgement and the wit of the best and ablest, to find out ways to trammel them, and keep them in a bounded order. And because, they fore-saw that they were like enough to be slighted by the ignorant and scornful, To put the more regard and countenance upon their *Laws*, and the observance of them, they pretended to receive them from some more raised Deity, of whom men were in aw, and feared to offend, for preserving of themselves from punishment. So *Minos* among the *Cretians*, affirmed he had dis-

course

course with *Jupiter*; and *Lycurgus* to have taken his, from *Apollo*; *Numa* from the Goddess *Egeria*; *Mahomet* from his *Pigeon* whispering him into an Extasie, as coming from some sacred Spirit. And *Moses* declares the two Tables received from God himself in *Mount Sinai*. And surely, it adds vigour to our compliance with Christianity, that we know our Blessed Saviour to be the Son of the most High, and to be God as well as Man. Yea, and thereby to put the higher Authority, and the more esteem upon their Kings that are to rule over them, our neighbours of *France* would have us believe that their Vial of *Uction* was received from the hands of an Angel. These things doubtless, are all of them so far true, as it is most certain, the original of *Laws* is *divine*. And though at first creation, God gave not Man a *literal* and *prescribed Law*: yet, he gave him a *Law Parole*; and *inscribed* it in his *heart*, that by those *inward dictates*, he might be guided and bounded in the course of his Life.

Among the *antient Druides*, It was absolutely forbidden to Register their *Laws* in *writing*. And *Cesar*, in his *Gallique Wars*, gives us two reasons for it. One that their *Mysteries* might not come to be *prophan'd* and *encommo'd* by the *Vulgar*: an other, that not being written they might be more careful ever to carry them in their thoughts and *memory*. Though doubtless it was as well to preserve their own *Authority*, to keep the people to a recourse to them, and to a *reverence* and *esteem* of their *judgements*. Besides, it oft falls out that what is written, though it were a *good Law* when made; yet by the *emergencie* of *affairs*, and the condition of *men* and *times*, it happens to be *bad* and *alterable*. And we find it to be *evidently true*, That, as where are many *Physicians* there are many *diseases*; So where there are many *Laws*, there are likewise many *Enormities*. That *Nation* that swarms with *Law*, and *Lawyers*; Certainly abounds with *Vice* and *Corruption*. Where you find much fowl resort; you may be sure there is no want of either *water*, *Mud*, or *Weeds*.

In the beginnings of *thriving States*, when they are more *Industrious* and *innocent*, they have then the fewest *Laws*. *Rome* it self had at first but 12 Tables. But alter, how infinitely did their number of *Laws* increase? Old States like old Bodies will be sure to contract *diseases*. And where the *Law-makers* are many, the *Laws* will never be few. That *Nation* is in best estate, that hath the fewest *Laws*, and those good. Variety does but multiply *snare*s. If every *Bush* be limed, there is no Bird can escape with all his *feathers* free. And many times when the Law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the *pleaders Oratory*; either to express his *eloquence*, to advance his *practice*, or out of *maistery* to carry his *Cause*: like a *garment* pounc'd with *dust*, the business is so *linear'd* and tangled that without a *Galileus* his *glafs*, you can never come to discern the *spots* of this *changeable moon*. Sometime to gratifie a powerful party, *Justice* is made blind through *Corruption*, as well as out of *impartiality*. That indeed, by reason of the *non-integrity* of *men*, To go to Law, is, for two to contrive the *kindling*

ling! of a Fire at their own cost, to warm others, and singe themselves to Cynders. Because they cannot agree to what is Truth and Equity, they will both agree to plume themselves, that others may be stuck with their Feathers.

The Apostle throws the brand of Simple among them that would by striving this way consume both their Peace, their Treasure, and their time, as if it were of the Fool, to expose a Game to the packing and the shuffling of others, when we might soberly cut and deal the Cards our selves. Is there none wise enough to compound Businessses without calling in the Crafty, and the Cunning? Or is there none so wise as to moderate a little, that he may save a great deal more?

Laws is like a Building, we cast up the charge in grofs and under-value it: but being in, we are train'd along through several Items, till we can neither bear the account, nor give off, though we have a mind to't. The troubles, the attendance, the hazard, the checques, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantages against us, the defeats of hope, the falseness of pretending friends, the interest of parties, the negligence of Agents, and the designs of Ruine upon us, do put us upon a Combat against all that can plague poor man; or else we must lye down, be trodden on, be kickt and dye. And is it not much better to part with a little at first, and lose a lock of hair, or a superfluous nail; then to be leakt out till the Cistern be quite dry, or like flesh upon a spit have all our fat drop't from us, by being turn'd with— before a consuming fire? Doubtless, the advice of our Saviour was not only Religious but Political and Prudential too; If any man sue thee at Law, and will take away thy Coat, let him have thy Cloak also: A small loss is rather to be chosen, then by Contention greater inconvenience.

If men could coolly have dispatch, and Business be rightly judg'd; no doubt, in things of weight, the Decision would be profitable. And this does sometimes happen. For questionless, there are of this profession that are the light and wonder of the age. They have knowledg, and integrity; and by being vers'd in Books and Men, in the Noble arts of Justice, and of Prudence, they are fitter for judgment and the Regiment of the World, then any men else that live. And there Honesty truly weigh'd is the gallantest engine that they can use and thrive withal. A faithful advocate can never sit without Clients. Nor do I believe, That man could lose by't in the close, that would not undertake a cause, he knew not honest. A Gold smith may gain an Estate as well as he that trades in every coarser metal. An Advocate is a limb of friendship; and further than the Altar, he is not bound to go. And 'tis observ'd, of as Famous a Lawyer as I think was then in the World, the Roman Cicero; That he was slain by one he had defended, when accus'd for the murder of his Father. Certainly he that defends an injury, is next to him that commits it. And this is recorded, not only as an example of ingratitude: but as a punishment, for patronising an ill cause. In all pleadings, Foul language, Mallice, Impertinence, and Recriminations, are ever to be avoided. The cause, more than the man,

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is to be *convinc'd*. Over-powring *Oratory* is not ever to be *practis'd*; Torrents of Words, do often bear down even *Trophies of Truth*: which does so fret and anger the party over-born, that the Resort is no more to *paper*, and *pleadings*: but to *powder*, and *steel*.

It is not good to be too *severe*, or to inforce too *rigorously*, the observation of every *petty* and *penal Law*: In *Charity*, there is something to be allowed to *Ignorance*, and *Custom*. Bloud and Treasure ought to be but sparingly taken: Those *Lawyers* that are sedulous to press Penalties, they are but *purse Beadles*: and Lashes upon that and a mans fame, enrage the Patient against those that are *instrumental* to afflict them. *Cicero* might have escaped the Sword, had not his *Philip-picks* blown up the spleen of *Anthony*, to a flame unquenchable but with *Death* or *Retraction*. When *Varus* his *three Legions* were destroyed, the insultation of the *Barbarous* was more against the *Lawyers*, than against the *Soldiers* that did wound and kill them. They pluck't out the eyes of some, and cut off the hands of others. One had his *Tongue* cut out, and his *lipps sticht up*; and while the Enemy graspt the *Tongue* in his *hand*, he reviles it with ——— *How now Serpent; 'Tis well you'l leave Hissing at last?*

So far is Law to be place in the *scale* with War, as it is to be the last Refuge, never to be used but when all means else do fail. And then the *Pleaders* ought to hold themselves to that. Who vindicates the Law, does no man wrong: But he that digresseth to impertinences, or the personal stains of men, is rather a *fly* that *buzzes* and sucks the fore, than a *Champion* for *Truth*, or a *helmet* to keep the *head of justice* whole.

## LXXXIII.

## Of Conscience.

**I**T is the blushing part of the Soul, that will colour and kick at every little crum that goes awry against it's swallow. And we can neither *cozen it*, nor be *ridd on't*. 'Tis a kind of inward Deity. It will be with us wheresoever we are, and will see us whatever we do. It can give us *Rest* in *unjust sufferings*, and can *whip* us in the midst of unjust *Applauses*. 'Tis the guard that God hath left us to preserve us from the *darts of sin*. And 'tis the *Beadle* that corrects us, if yet we will be sinning. And though it be cry'd up for *impartial* and *unbribeable*, yet I do not see but in many 'tis erroneous, mutable, and uncertain. We often find it pleaded by the same men for very *contrary things*. How many are there that for interest can dispense with it, and allow of that in themselves, which in others they severely condemn. That use it for an *Artifice* that they may deceive more handsomely; that can contract it, and dilate it, as best may serve their turn.



In the strictness of the word, It is the knowledge and the judging of our own ways and manners. While it relates to us, 'tis Conscience; when it reaches unto others and without us, 'tis but Science. Doubtless, if it be rightly informed and regulated according to the *precepts* of true Divinity, we ought to suffer any thing rather than in the least admit a violation of it. But that which most men pretend to be *Conscience* is at best but a *Present persuasion, Opinion, Interest, captiv'd and corrupted judgment*. How many have we known that have held it a heinous offence to eat flesh in a *Lent* or upon prohibited days, that afterward have been brought without a *check* of *Conscience* familiarly to do it? *Custom* wears it quite out, *Terror* frights it, *Knowledge* alters it, *Interest* sways it. So that indeed the main force of it rests in a right understanding, and Integrity.

If it be of weight in any thing, I conceive it may be in relation to a *Sacrament*, and the propagating of a *true Religion*; yet we see *St. Paul*, that thought it one while good *Conscience* to persecute *Christianity*, did live to think it better to *promote* it. He took *Timothy*, and had him *circumcised*. He bred up *Titus*, and preserv'd him from it; And did not stick to dispense with many things to the *Jews* to win them, and some to those of the *Christianity* to *engage* them: and ingeniously confesses, it was because of false Brethren, who attended as Spies, rather than as *sincere Christians* to be rightly instructed, *Acts 21. 26. Gal. 2. 3, 4.* So that it seems to appear, when a greater good to Gods Glory, or the *propagation* of *true Religion*, comes in the way, lesser things, that are not simply sin, and so declared, may be for these dispensed with. While things remain in a dispute, and by reason of their *intricacy*, cannot clearly be determined, surely the safest Post to lean upon, is *Antiquity*, and the Authority under which our God hath placed us; If we should be enjoyned to that, which should afterward appear to be wrong, I question whether our *Obedience*, where we owe submission, would not better bear us out, then the *Adhesion* and *Tenacity* to our own *conceited Truth*; whereby we cause an eddy in the *Tide of Government*, which is safer running smooth, than in either *Curls of whirl-pools*. But certainly, A plain sin, we no way ought to venture on.

I see every *peevish* and *Ignorant Action* of some simple people is intitled to the *sacredness* of *Conscience*. And lying under that guard they think to escape, and mate both the *Royal* and the *Reverend power*. Have we not some that will not admit the *Holy Table* to be *communicated* on but in the Body of the *Church*, as if it were an offence against *Conscience*, to do it in the *Chancel*, though they have the *Churches Authority*, and their own precedent practice to invite them to it? that will not Christen, but at their *Reading-pue*, though *Antiquity* plac't the Font next the door, as relating to the *Sacrament* of *Entrance* and *Initiation*? If it be out of *Conscience*, Why is it not pleaded? If it be not, Why is it done? A *Simple Quaker* cannot be civil to his *Superiours*, nor swear in judgment, either to ascertain Faith, or to satisfy Law, or

CENT. II.  
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to dermine a Controverſie ; But theſe ſhall all be *Conſcience*, when indeed they are *ignorance*, and *wilfulneſs* : For, what juſtifiable either *Text* or *Reason*, can for theſe be given ? Where is it made a ſin to Put off our *Hats to our betters* ? Or judicially to ſwear before a *Lawful Magiſtrate* ? Let any thing be proved a ſin, and I hold with them, that would ſooner dye than defile their *upright Souls* : but till it ſo be manifeſted, or probably conceived ſo, I doubt not but 'tis better far to diſpenſe with ſuch *Natural*, or *Political*, or *Civil Rites*, and to give up our ſelves to the deliberate Sanctions of ſuch as we ought to *obey*, than by the ſtiſſe maintaining them, take all the hazard on our ſelves, and *diſturb* and *ſcandal* others. I would know (in a *Geſture* not determined by Scripture) whether he does not better that kneels at the *Sacrament*, and hath the Authority of the *Church to back him*, than he that will take it only *ſtanding*, and hath nothing but his *own opinion* to ſupport him ? And though *Conſcience* in it ſelf, be out of the reach of *Compulſion* ; yet we are beholding to thoſe, that inforce us to do, what in *Conſcience* we ought. 'Tis therefore that *power* is given to the Magiſtrate that he may bend the *Refractory*, and reduce the *wilful*, and the *unwiſe wanderer* : I doubt not but they could have pleaded *Conſcience*, that refus'd to come to the *Supper* in *St. Luke* ; for they were rooted and grown in another *Religion* : yet the command is to the ſervant, that he ſhould compel them to come in.

If we allow *Conſcience* on our own ſide, by the equal rules of Juſtice, we ought to allow it on the other. And then the *Turk* and *Jew* muſt be born with, as well as the grounded profeſſors of *Chriſtianity*. I remember *David George*, that juſtly ſuffered as an *Heretique* in the *Low-Countries*, after fierceſt Tortures dyed perſiſting in his falſe *Opinion*, That he himſelf was *Chriſt*. *Inter excandefcentes forcipes contigit*, He ſhrunk not for the burning pincers, as I meet with in *Eucholcerus*. Surely, all would have condemn'd it as an error in State, if they ſhould have let him alone, and under the plea of *Conſcience* have ſuffered him to have gone on, to ſeducethe ignorant to his *horrid black opinion*. Though it be not in the power of man to force the *Conſcience*, becauſe it is *internal* and *ſpiritual* : Yet it is in the power of Government, to puniſh thoſe that will maintain a *false one*, and ſeduced. The moſt that can be pleaded is, Who ſhall be Judg, whether, becauſe ſome have been on my ſide, I ſhall take upon me to be *ſupreme* and *unappellable* ? Or, whether I ſhall be content (to the more learned, and more powerful, and ſuch as for their *Authority* God hath taken into his own rank, and called Gods with himſelf) to give up my *Cauſe* and *Controverſie* ? Doubtleſs, ſhould that be tolerable in *private Families*, which is pleaded and practiz'd in the *Oeconomy of Government*, no man ſhould be *Maſter* or have order in his own houſe. If we would not admit of an *Independant* there, there is the ſame Reason not to allow him in the State. It is a kind of *Solecism* in *Government*, for me to put my ſelf under the *Protection* and *Regulation* of that *Prince*, whoſe *Laws* I think not fit to *obey*. *Quid iniquius quam velle ſibi obtemperari à minoribus, & nolles*

*nolles obtemperare majoribus?* What can be more unjust than for me to exact obedience from my *inferiours*; when I my self will not obey my superiours? The Laws of God and Man, in things not plainly *forbidden* by the Word of God, enjoyns and expects my *obedience*: But, if I refuse to *obey*, I set up my self as *Supreme*, and make my *will* my *Princes* Matter. *Cicero* I conceive in the right, when he tells us, *Inobedientia est ex duritie mentis obstinata*; *Disobedience* is out of the *hardness* of an *obstinate mind*. He dissolves the *Bonds of Government*, that spurns at *Publique Edicts*: 'tis *refractoriness* that ushers in *confusion*: Not to *obey*, is to *resist*; and to *resist*, does cry up open *war*. Though *Abraham* in humanity could not justify the *sacrificing* of his *son*; yet, because he implicately gave up himself to the *obedience* of his *Superior, God*; he is highly commended, for being but *ready* to do it.

## LXXXIV.

## Of Peace.

**I**F men knew rightly, how to value *Peace*; as is the *Emperial Heaven*, this *lower world* might be. Where all the *motions* of the comprehending *Orbs*, all the several *Constellations*, and the various *Position* of the *Stars*, and *Planets*, produce a beautiful *Corus*, and a *Harmony* truly ravishing. As *health* to the *body*, so *peace* is to the *soul*. What is *wealth*, or *wit*, or *honour*, when want of *health* shall ravish from us all of *pleasure* in them? And what are all the enrichings, the embellishings, and the Imbrockadoings of *Fortune* to us, when *War* shall tear these off and trample on our *Glories*? The richest *wines*, the choicest *Viands*, by *sickness* prove *insipid*. The *silk* does lose his *softness*, the *silver* his bright *hue*, and the *gold* his pleasing *yellow*. As the *sense* of *feeling* is the ground of all the rest, and *active life* does cease when that is lost: So is *health* the foundation of *felicities*, and the want of it *joys* privation: yet is it *Peace* that gives them *tast* and *relish*, and affords the *sweet enjoyment* of all that can be procured.

Though the other Attributes of God, are no doubt, beyond our comprehension; yet, this more emphatically is said to pass all our understanding. Next his own *Glory*, 'twas the establishing this, invited God from Heaven. The first branch of that Celestial Proclamation, was, *Glory be to God on high*; the next was, *On Earth Peace*. This is the cement between the *Soul* and *Deity*, between *Earth* and *Heaven*. It leads us softly up the *milkey way*, and ushers us with *Musick* to the *Presense* of *Divinity*, where all her Rarities are heap'd and strew'd about us. The enjoyment of Friends, the improvement of Arts, the sweetness of Natures delicacies, the fragrantcy of Fruits and Flowers, the flourishing Nations, and those pleasing contentations, that stream out themselves from all *Heroick Virtues*, are all brought in, and *glorified* by *Peace*.

The *Drum* and *Trumpet* that in *War* found *terror* and *astonishment*, in *Peace* they only echo *mirth* and *jollity*. *Peace* helps the weak and indigent; And health and soundness too, to the sick endeavours. It takes hence only the unfound and languishing, and yet gives leave to them to place their *wealth* where they first plac'd their *loves*: That by it they *gratify* their *friends*, and slip from all those *smartings* that *vex* them. But, *war* kills men in *health*, *preys* only on the *soundest*; and, like the savage *Lion*, does seize the *valiant* soonest, as thinking the *old* and *impotent* too mean to be his *quarry*. And though in *War* sometimes we wear the *Victors wreath*, yet, that is often purchased at much too dear a rate; and many times the *Conquerors* *Garland* crowns the *Captives* head. In the same *Battail Hannibal* confess'd, though he first was *Conqueror*, yet, he at last did come off *over-come*. He had broke *Minutius* his *Ferces*; but, was by *Fabius* forc'd to give up all his *Palms*. Nor is it often better with those that are dependents on that General, that yet commands the field. *Victory* not seldom does inlet *Severity*. The *Haughtiness* of the *Conqueror* is often to his own, less tolerable than the *Triumphs* of the *Enemy*. *Success* does flame the blood to *pride* and boldned *insolence*; and as often kindles *new* as it does conclude *old Wars*. One world sufficed not *Alexander*. Nor could all the *Roman Territories* set bounds to *Cæsars* limitless *ambition*. For, when we once put off from the *shore* of *Peace*, we lanch into the *Sea* that's bottomless. We *swim* on angry *waves*, and are carried then as the *wind* of *Fortune* drives us.

The entrance into *War*, is like to that of *Hell*, 'tis gaping wide for any *fool* to enter at. But, it will require a *Hercules* with all his labours to redeem one once engag'd in't. They know not what they part withal, that wanton hence a *Jewel* so unvaluable. For indeed, if we consider it, What price can be too dear to purchase it? we buy off all the open *force*, and sly designs of *malice*, and we intitle our selves to all the *good* that ever was for Man intended.

When God would declare, how he would reward and bless the *good man*, he finds out that which most may crown his *happiness*. He tells us, *He will make his Enemies at peace with him*. Securely he enjoys himself and friends, whose *life* is guarded with the *miss* of *Enemies*. The *Pallace* of the *world* stands open to him that hath no *foes*.

If any may will see in little (for what is an *Island* or two, to the world?) Let him but well consider, the havock that a few years made among us. The *waste* of *wealth*, the *wreck* of *worth*, the sad *fate* lighting on the *great* and *good*, the *virtuous* left to *scorn*, the *Loyal* us'd as once the *Roman Parricides*: as those in *sacks*, so these shut under *Decks* with *Cocks* and *Serpents*, desperate and malicious persons left to *rule* and *vex* them; *wealth* prostituted to the *beggary* and the *bae*; *Pallaces* plundered and pulled down; *Temples* prophan'd; *Antiquities* raz'd; *Religion* rivuled into petty *Issues* running thick *corruption*. Then let men consider, after a little *Revolution*, how little have the *Authors* gained. Who would take *peace* from others, themselves have miss'd it in their *hollow graves*; the *Earth* they tore, hath fled them from her *bosom* and her *Bowels*, with  
nought

nought i'th least considerable to the expence of *bloud* and *treasure*. Then also, let men see, how the *Sacred wheel* of *Providence* hath refection'd all our *joys*. How the *Church* recovers her late besmeared *beauties*; How the *Tide* of *Trade* returns; How *brightned Swords* have now a *peaceful glitter*; How *Glory, wealth, and Honour*, with *Loyalty*, is return'd; How *shouts* of *joy* have drown'd the *Cannons Roar*; that till men come in *Heaven*, such *joy* on *Earth* can ne're again be expected to be seen. Three *Nations* looking for a fatal *stroke*, at once *repriev'd* from *slavery* and *ruine*. So have I known some generous *Courser* stand, *tremble* and *quake* under both *whip* and *spur*; but, once turn'd loose into the open fields, *he neighs, curvets, and prances* forth his *joy*; and, gladdened now with *ease* and *liberty*, he fills himself with *pleasure*, and all those high *contents* that bounteous *Nature* meant him.

Certainly, 'tis *Peace* that makes the world a *Paradise*; while *War*, like *Sin*, does turn it all to *wilderness*; and with wild *Beasts*, Mans *conversation* makes. In *War*, the vexed *Earth* abortives all her *fruitfulness*: but, in an unstirr'd *Culture*, ripens all her *bounties*: that now with *Casanbon's* Translation of *Euripides*, we cannot but approve his much commended *Rapture*.

O Pax alma! datrix opum,  
 O Plucherrima Cœlitum!  
 Quam te mens fitit? ô Moram!  
 Obrepat metuo mihi  
 Ætas ne mala: te prius  
 Suavem ô quam tuear diem;  
 Flausus undique cum strepant,  
 Cantusque & Chori, Amicæque,  
 Commessatio Floribus!

Hail lovely *Peace*! thou *Spring* of *wealth*,  
 Heavens fairest issue, this worlds health.  
 O how my *Soul* does court thy sight?  
 More pretious, than the pleasing *Light*.  
 Let never blacker day appear,  
 But dwell, and shine, for ever, here.  
 Let shouts of *Joy* still, still, resound:  
 While *Songs*, and *Dances* walk the round,  
 At *Fests* of *Friends*, with *Garlands* crown'd.

LXXXV.

Of *Divine Providence*.

EVERY thing that Man can look upon, is both a *Miracle* for the *Creation* of it; and a *wonder* for the apt *contrivance*, in *fitting* it to its *parts* and *province*, wherein it is set to *move*. So that the  
*world*

*World* is but Gods great *Cabinet of Rarities*; which he hath opened to astonish Man, that shall but well consider them. If Man shall reflect upon himself, he shall easily find how Infinitely wonderful he is made, beyond all the other world of Creatures. How none but he, by reflective Acts of Understanding, is able to argue, to consider, and to judge of himself. Who is't but he, can hope or fear the future? that can curb, incourage, accuse, or commend himself? or that can apprehend, or reverence either *Deity*, or *Eternity*?

And to magnifie the *goodness* of this great *Creator*, we shall find that every *natural action* that Man is capable of doing; affords him *pleasure* in the *execution*. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to fast, to wake, to forbear; to speak, to be silent; to move, to rest; to be warm, and to be cool; to be in company, and to retire: They all in themselves are *pleasing acts*; whereas the things that *vex*, and *trouble*, either come from *without*, or happen by our own *disorder*. So that a man may *live at ease* if he will; and if he does not, 'tis by his own default, that it happens. In his *Bodies frame*, not to descend to all particulars, which are full of admiration, How exquisite, and how fitted are they for all occasions, that at any time may befall him! In his *Ears* and *Nostrils*, the one relating to the *Head*, the other to the *Lungs*; those slender *Hairs* are not in vain plac'd there, but, as nets to catch the dust and moats, which with our *breath* we should else draw in, and tabid all our *Lungs*, the engines of *life*; or, mix'd with wax, should as pellets, stop our sense of *hearing*. In the world, what we complain of for inconvenient, if rightly we examine, we shall find it highly commendable. The *unevenness* of the *Earth* is clearly *Providence*. For since it is not any fix'd sedation, but a floating mild variety, that pleaseth; The *Hills* and *Valleys* in it, have all their special use. One helps in *wet*, and soaking *inundations*, the other aids in *droughts*, in *heats*, and *scorching seasons*. And the *feet* and *legs* of men, having *nerves* and *sinews*, to rise and to descend, to recede and proceed; they are better fitted by the *unevenness* of the *Earth*, whereby both are interchangeably exercis'd and refresh'd, than if it were all a *levell'd walk*, and held a constant *evenness*. That *weeds* without a *Tillage* voluntarily spring, sure hath a double *benefit*. One, that Man may have something wherewith to exercise his *industry*, which else with *ease* would settle into *corruption*. Another, that by these the *Earth* it self, does breed its own *manure*; and *Beasts*, and *Birds*, by them have *tables* ready spread. Even *venemous Creatures* have their proper use; not only to gather what to Man might be *noysom*, but to *qualifie* other *Creatures*, that they may be *physical* and *salutiferous* to the several *constitutions* of men. Surely, that *Beasts* are *dumb*, and want *understanding*, is a benefit great unto *Man*: If they were *intelligible*, it could not be, that their *strength* could ever be kept subjected to the service of Man; whose cruel usage, nothing *rational* could ever long endure. Would the *Horse* be curb'd, and brought to *champ on steel*? would he suffer his *laspie Rider* to bestride his patient *back*, with his *hands* and *whip* to *wale* his *flesh*, and with his *beels* to *dig* into his *hungry bowels*? would he be brought

brought in *hempen chains*, to be made *draw* beyond his *breath*, and *strength*? would he be *tyed up* to the *starved wood*, or *walk the round* all day in *rowling ponderous stones*? or, wear his *life* away under the *pressure of a heavy burthen*?

If they could *speake*, how would *Replying* to the *rage* and *insolence* of *cruel Man*, enkindle *wrath*, and let in *death* to both? We see it full as necessary, that there should as well be *poor* as *rich*; for neither could live without both. We see both *fruits* and *wines* will keep with *gust*, and *beauty*, until the new appear. God having in his *Providence* made them to last, till he does *provide* us more; and, yet, not longer that we might not be *idle*, or, trusting to our *lasting store*, grow *wanton*, and forget the *Author*, and our *selves*. Those things of *common use*, we *common* have among us: what we need, and will not last, in our own *Climate* grows: Our *Spice* and *Drugs* that we must fetch from far, are freed so; from *corruption*, that they several years indure.

In *common Corn*, what wonders may we find? how one small *grain* springs up to several hundreds; how it gives a *sustentation* by his several parts, both unto *Man* and *Beast*; and, because so useful, see but how carefully *Nature* does preserve it. It grows up in a *Corselet*, an *inward coat*, that does from *dews* defend it: and on the outside a *Stand* of *Pikes* in *bearded ranges* upright, do appear, to fence it from the *Birds*, and catch the falling rain, so by degrees to lead and hold it in to the *grains* within: but, when 'tis ripe, that moisture is not useful; it downward turns its loaded *head*, that as before it helped to swell and ripen it, so now, it gently draws it off, that it may not hurt, or rot it: and because, (being weak), if from one *grain*, one single *stalk* alone should shoot, and grow, each easie wind would break it to unfruitfulness, there springs up many from every several *kernel*, that getting strength by multitude, it may withstand the assaults of storm and rain. And whereas other *fruits* from *Trees*, and such large *Plants*, last but their year about, or not so long; this, as more useful, several *Winters*, keeps from all decay, that when there is a *plenty* (as once in *Aegypt*), to help 'gainst *dearth*, it may be kept in store. Even the *enemity* of *Creatures* one against another, is for the *advantage* of *Man*; in fear of one another, they are kept from trespassing on him, and by the *antipathy* of one against the other, we make use of one, to take the other; so serve our selves of both.

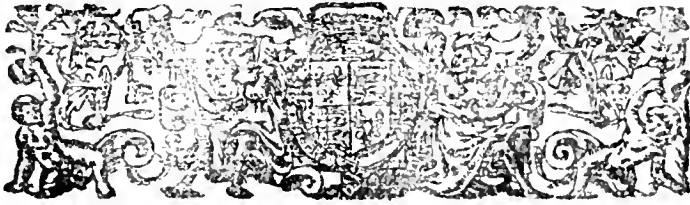
By these, and millions of others, and indeed by all, we can see or comprehend, we may conclude as does the Psalmist, *O Lord, how wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!* And if we should complain, as sometime profanely did *Alphonsus*, *That God might have ordered many things better in the Creation of the world, than he hath done*; We may well return that grave and sober answer of *St. Augustine*, *In Creaturis siquid erratum cogitamus, inde est quod non in congruis sedibus, ea querimus*, If we complain of defect in the works of Creation, 'tis because we don't consider them in their proper spheres and uses.

Surely,

Surely, the apprehension of the *ordering of all things* so infinitely wisely, by so Supreme a *Providence*, might Tutor us to be less in *passion*, at *any thing* that happens. It was an excellent fancy of the wise Philosopher, in discoursing of this matter, when he said, *If all the misfortunes of all the men in the world, were crowded together in one Man, and then, every man out of this heap, were to take, but an equal share: He did believe, every man would rather resume his own, than after a proportionate Rate take what should then befall him.* Why then should any grumble at their *displeas'd condition*? Who wisely *made the world*, as wisely does *preserve and govern* it. And he that shew'd his *Power and Wisdom* in every *Worm*, in every *Fly*, and smaller *Atom* that he did at first *create*; does in his *Providence* descend to *order*, and *dispose* of every little *particle* of this great *Main*, the *world*. Who makes a *watch*, does look as well to every *pin* and *nick* in every *wheel*, as to the *Spring* it self, that guides and steers the whole. As 'tis *Maxim'd* of the *Elements*, that, *Nullum in suo loco ponderosum*, There's none are heavy in their proper places: So nothing is a burthen as God did first design it. And thus, as by *contemplation* of his *glorious works*, we never can want cause to *admire* his *Providence*, to *magnifie* his *Wisdom*, to *adore* his *Goodness*, and find a *rest* for all our *warring thoughts*: So by our *weak complaining*, we unhand our *hold* from *Deity* that stays us, we proclaim our own *defects*, and detract from what is *due* to his *Great Glory*.

SOME-





## SOMETHING UPON

Eccles. 2. 11.

*All is Vanity and vexation of Spirit, and there is nothing of value under the Sun.*



ALL IS VANITY! Surely this is a bold Censure: Yet we see the wisest that was only Man, dares both avow and justifie't. Nay, that is vain which is not commodious, though it hurt not. But all is not only vanity but Vexation; that, not of the Body only, but the Spirit: 'Tis unprofitable, 'tis mischievous. Yet further, it might afflict in something, and solace in others, but there is nothing of value: 'Tis unprofitable, 'tis mischievous, 'tis good for nothing. Here is the reckoning of the world cast up, the particulars are all before, Honour, Pleasure, Profit; and Wisdome added to advance the sum: but what amount they to? Alas! the Verses end has totall'd them, Vanity, Vexation, Nothing. This is a scalding breath, fatal as the Bird of night, a killing damp, or *Mandrakes* grones. See, all the beauty of the Globe is blasted: That which the wise Inquisitors of Nature, did for the decency call Beauties self, the Grecians and Latines, is this now become a thing so contemptible, so falling and so dying in its Fame?

But is the Accomptant one of credit? May he not fail in his Arithmetick, and by an injurious Total vilifie so large a Treasure? Alas! 'tis this that gives the wound, the authority of the Man marrs all. Had some immur'd Anchorite, some celled Hermite, some secluded Monk spoke this, it had been no disparagement: nay, had it been but some Mæandring Sophister, or some Junior Philosopher, that had but gazed Nature in the face, and so guess'd her disposition, it might have met some Cavil: Nay, had it been some sower Cynick, or some fleering *Lucian*, a blind *Homer*, or the more serious and knowing *Aristotle*, that not only courted Nature as a Mistress, but bedded her as a Bride, saw her unclothed, and left her almost naked to the wide worlds view, we might have doubted Heresie in the Text: But when he that speaks it, shall be Man summ'd up in the excellency of all his parts,

Perfection center'd and epitomiz'd : when it shall be, as *Hugo Victorinus* says, *Sententia hominis hominem excedentis*, The judgment of a Man exceeding all Mankind : when it shall be one that was so wise at Twelve, as of himself to chuse Wisdom before all that the world had ; one that knew the world, and was able to judge it ; one that had the world within him, and knew by his Pen to dissect his parts, and knowingly to read upon every Limb every particular, from the *Hyssop* at the Walls low foot, to the lofty *Cedar* that does shadow *Lebanon* : One that had King'd it from his youth, that knew the Mines and Trains of State, the Fawnings and the Wiles of Court, the Riddles and the Twilight-shows of Policy : One that was skilful too in Trade, and experienc'd in the belayings, the ingrossings, the circumventions of Merchandizing : One that was Prince of Kings, and King of Philosophers ; whose Wit was elegantly Poetical, whose Wisdom was solidly Proverbial, whose Judgment was Oraculous : We have nothing left to ground an expectation upon.

Nor did he speak this at random, as a flashing wit censures a judicious Author, ere he scarce had read a Page ; nor as a prejudicated Judge, that sentences Delinquents, when yet he has not heard the cause : But after a strict examination of all, after he had cut up every sublunary, and lectur'd on the Anatomy : not by a Theoretical and barely empty speculation, but by a practick experience, traversing not only the vaster Continent, but even every Creek and Angle of the World : and when he had try'd and Lymbeck'd all, the spirit and Extract comes forth, *Vanity, Vexation, nothing of continuance*.

But perhaps this may be but general, and he may mean as when 'tis said, *The whole City went out* ; whereby we understand the greater part, and not precisely all. No, they are induc'd severally, and sentenc'd together, like Malefactors call'd distinctly to the Bar, but by one Law found guilty all alike.

But what is Vanity ? Who knows but that it may be pleasing ? I'm sure we hunt it as we would a purchase, as the satiating of a longing bloud, as Children do their Gawdes and Rattles, with cryings and impatience : And when we have got it, we have but grasped the Air ; or, like *Ixion*, press'd a Cloud for *Juno*, whereout some Monster, like the *Centaur*, springs : yet still like him we boast the enjoyment of *Jove's* Queen so long, that justly at last we stand condemn'd to the restless wheel.

I find divers definitions of Vanity. There are that say every mutability which argues a defect is vain ; And thus Angels and our Souls may be so. Next, what ever is destroyable and dissoluble, and thus the Elements and visible Heavens. Saint *Chrysostron* sayes that is vain, which has no profit in it : a name without a thing. Some ever take it for the evill part, and tend it to the naturalness of the creature, reducible to an Annihilation : to the Temporality of the good, the Personality of offenders, and the Criminality of works. Others say that is vain which is to no end or purpose, as coursing the Wind and Combating

Combating shadows. And certainly in respect of that supreme, and eternal felicity, which the soul does seem to make unto, such is all that the Sun looks upon: They are produc'd and perish together: Or if a while they leave a faint glimmering in the mind, 'Tis but as waters seeth removed from the fire, which expresses a languishing play after all the heat is gone.

Wisdom and knowledge are the prime goods of man, For they are Judges of all besides. They are the Elevation of the scale of man, which while a dull Earthiness flags the rest of the Creatures, mounts him like a Nobler fire to the Honour of the company and being friend unto God. Neither are they so casual (like Honour, Pleasure, and Profit, the other temporary goods of man) as to fall upon the indiligent and undeserving, nor yet so easily raviſht from him by the spleen of others, or the frown of fortunes menacings. But as they are harder in their acquisition, so are they more imperdible and stedy in their stay. All the other three are (compared with these) but like Cradles to rock Children asleep with. But these are sweet as the weakned musings of delightful thoughts, which not only dew the mind with Perfumes that ever refresh us, but raise us to the Mountain that gives us view of *Canaan*; and shews us rayes and glimpses of the glory that shall after crown us. Yet is it the object only that makes these good unto man, when God is the Ocean that all his streams make way unto: otherwise, as Nets do birds, they catch us and intangle; and, like the Sect of the *Academicks*, conclude not any thing, but *That nothing can be concluded on*. Knowledge in many things but delivers us to doubts, and doubts involve us in distraction. The Gall of sin is broke, and has imbitter'd all the inwards of man.

It was the Appetition of Knowledge that cast man from Paradise: Ignorance, not total, may be better than uncertain Science. To know good was part of mans first boasted happiness; but when he needs would know more than was good for him to know, he lost that good he had. And *Plato* says, One *Thentus* (a certain Devil envies to man) first shewed him of the Sciences. What diversity of Opinions, of Thoughts? Not two in the world that have eyes of conceit in all things seeing alike. This school magnifies what another condemns, and that Sect takes any thing rather than what the other taught: And how often is the Garland given to Falshood, while Truth obscured mourns? The plain right down Plod oft findeth Heaven and happiness, while Wits deep subtleties failing, sink to Hell. The greatest Herdies from greatest Learning spring; and the Holy Ghost, like the bird of its representation, (the *Dove*) usually lights upon the humble ground, but seldom perches on the tall-grown Tree. Though I totally submit to *Seneca*, where he says; *Hoc scio neminem posse bene vivere, sed nec tolerabiliter qui est sine sapientia studio*. This I am sure of, None can live well, no not in any tolerable fashion, without the study of Wisdom: Yet we find neither his Philosophy, nor his Wealth, nor his Honours, nor that which he preferred before all these, and recommended to his friends at his death,

CENT. II.

(His Precepts, and the Pattern of his well-led Life) could guard him from the peoples envy, or *Neroes* malice, or preserve his Veins uncut. Nay, how often does our Knowledge increase our sorrow? It elates our minds, it attracts envy, and gives us to see further into sorrow than the unskilled soul. What one thing of moment by all our knowledge can we truly conquer? The Seas alternate fluxes pass us, the Loadstones hidden qualities are beyond our reach, nor can we truly judge of what our very senses meet with. All agree, the Dog in scent, the Ape in taste, acuter are then we; yet we see the one in Carrion tumbles as his best Perfume, and the other leaving all our Delicates, checkles when he meets the Dainties of a Spider. Our wisdom is but in finding more of our folly, and when we think we have progress'd far in the un-ending Circles of laborious Science, we only at last with fruitless sweat attach our own learn'd Ignorance. But admit we may know more than can the slothful man; the greatest Talent obliges to the greatest toyl, and neglected, to the greatest punishment. Knowledge without practice but enlarges our score, and is a Treasury of future stripes: And assuredly when Justice at the last shall clear her own Integrity, it will go far better with an honest unaffected Ignorance, than with the cunning speculations of neglective Knowledge.

But let us see whether there lie not something of more esteem in outwards. There are many Plants that carry medicine in their Barks when all their bulk is only food for fire. Alas! if the Prince be poor, where is the wealth of slaves? If we look at Honour, that of Kings is the highest pitch. And not to speak of the common frailty attending them as men, even their necessary incumbrances are as the saltiness of the Sea harshing quite through the whole. I believe not him that said, if Crowns were rightly viewed, there would be more Kingdoms than Kings: For Nature rises to Sovereignty, and there is a blaze of honour guilding the Bryers and inciting the mind: yet is not this without its Thorns and salebrosity. If he be good, he is a general Servant: if bad, his own perpetual terror. If all men ought to care for him, 'tis his part to take care for all: and 'tis far less for many to care for one, than for one to provide for all. And this invited *Antiochus* when *Scipio* had Conquer'd away some of his borders; to send thanks to the *Romans*, for easing him of part of his cares, to which he is not allowed the liberty that inferiours have. When *Antigonus*, saw his Son loose in his Carriage towards his Subjects, he checks him with, *Son, Son, remember our Empire is a Noble Bondage.* They must live severe to themselves, but affable and free to others: which made *Alexander* answer his Father *Philip*, who wisht him to shew his activeness and speed at the *Olympian Race*, *That so he would, if he had Kings to run withal.* As sport, so friendship sure is sweetest among equals; and even in this, a King is sure unhappy, that whole Kingdoms afford not him one Companion to make a friend of. Certainly, he may live most at ease that has least to do in the

World

World. A kind of calm reluctancy is like rest to the over labour'd man, but a multitude is not pleasing: 'Tis but *Bedlam* in a larger building. Who would be content to lead all his life in a crowd? or to stand up as the common mark whereout every one strives to draw his own peculiar interest? Let the private man please but two or three of his own Parish or some Neighbouring-Village, and 'tis all the business that he has to do. And surely this is no hard matter while he acts not the decisive part, in things that sit closer to men, as Honour, Liberty, Life, Estate, and the like; in all contentions concerning which, one side will think it self too hardly born upon, and so fall off in discontent, if not rage. Nor Oracles, nor Equity, can contrive out a liking to all. Even he that Judges right, must needs have one-side hate. *Simul ista Mundi Rector Deus posuit Odium atq; Regnum*; The God and guide of all the World, has establisht these together; Ill will and Empire. When *Pylades* a Roman Actor was to represent *Agamemnon*, he appeared as one in a maze, solicitous, as press'd both with thoughts and cares: And such are Kings and Governors. To live at ease is to lose: and to preserve is pains? If he be good to the Republicque the trouble is his own, but the fruit shall his successors reap. Nay, I see not but that it is undoubtedly true, that even the poorest vassal, not groaning under a sensible smart, has all his life long a greater Comforter, than the Monarch heaved on the top of state. For he that is low not having far to fall has little to fear, *Qui jacet interram, &c.* But on whatsoever he looks abroad, there is hope, and that like a *Melior Natura* heartens and cheers him against all his dislik'd depressions: though he be in darkness, it shews him light; 'Tis the smile of life, and like the pillar of fire, leads us through the dark and desarts in our conceit to plenty. But with Kings it is quite the contrary; they have as little to hope for as the other has to fear; and whatsoever this looks on with hope, with fear do Kings behold it: Above them there is no place, and beneath them all is loss. Fortune leads on Kings with perpetual Alarums, but inferiours by proposing prizes. And doubtless such Considerations as these did make the *Tragedian* settle in this Resolve:

*Stet quicunq; volet, potens,  
Aula culmine lubrico:  
Me dulcis saturet quies.  
Obscuro positus loco,  
Leni persuar otio.  
Nullis nota Quiritibus  
Aetas per tacitum fluat.  
Sic cum transierint mei  
Nullo cum strepitu dies,  
Plebeius moriar senex.*

Let who's will in Icy State,  
Courts gay lustres emulate:  
Private peace shall satiate me,  
Where retired I may be  
Stor'd with gentle ease, and free:  
Where no greedy Courtier knows  
How my peaceful passage flows:  
So when (noiseless gliding by)  
All my daies are past, then I  
May a harmless old man dye.

*Ille mors gravis incubat,  
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,  
Ignotus moritur sibi.*

He that to all too much is shown,  
Dyes to himself the most unknown,  
And death with greatest grief does own.

Is Pleasure then any other? Or can the jollities of life emerge us from this spreading Sea? Certainly, *Antisthenes* meant it not as Charity, when he prayed his Enemies children might be brought up in pleasure. And *Plutarch* tells us, when the *Babylonians* had revolted, and were again by *Xerxes* reduc'd to obedience, in stead of wearing arms he commanded them to carry pipes to sport and sing, to dance and revel, that softned and unman'd by pleasure they might not again attempt a defection. As winds do lighter substances, it bears us up a while in smoother air: but still as that begins to lie, with it we fall to Earth, to Mire, to Mud, and torpid dulness. It nibbles away the virtues of the soul, and becalms us into Ruine. The Noble Sun they say is fed from the Sea that is salt: but the Moon from the pleasant Springs attracting all her changes. Pleasure and Destruction are close and near akin, and if it be inordinate, the tye is then of Brotherhood; if Pleasure be the Elder, yet destruction reigns after his decease, and then as a Tyrant repeals his Laws. Even the extreme of joy is sadness. It clouds the understanding, and for the most part leaves us more Causes of Repentance than Remembrance. He that submits himself to pleasure, lies down at last to Labour, to Grief, Disgrace, and Want. And therefore *Aristotle* counsels us not to look upon Pleasures in their approach but at their farewell, so by a rebuking Judgment we may be saved from their sting and future Fascinations, otherwise they enervate the bravery of the mind, enslave the gallant Genius of Man, and but like Garlands Crown us for Victims to severer fate. Another Vanity of Pleasure is that it is never satisfied, this will *St. Ambrose* witness. *Nihil prodigæ satis est Voluptati: Semperque famem patitur sui, qui Alimentis perpetuis nescit impleri*; Nothing can satiate riotous Pleasure, he must needs be unfortunate by perpetual famine that with continued food cannot be fill'd. All Voluptuousness is a kind of mental Dropsie, the dryer for often drinking. It haunts us with a dog-like Appetite, and renders us ravenous and greedy; but uncontented still: For shadow-like we falling on't, 'tis gone; fled sooner than enjoy'd. Like *Solomons* Wine, it may sparkle in the Cup, but in the end it like a Serpent bites. And to give it the truth of all, 'tis of so airy a nature, as all the sweet it has is only in expectation. And futable to this did the grave *Boetius* sing,

*Habet omnis hoc voluptas,  
Stimulis agit fruentes;  
Apiumq; par volantium,  
Ubi grata mella fudit,  
Fugit, & nimis tenaci  
Ferit icta corda morsu.*

All Voluptuousness has this,  
Twinging till our joyes we kiss;  
But like Bees that range abroad,  
Scattering once their long hug'd load;  
Hence it vapours, then it's heart  
Sticks its deadly wounding Dart.

Nor is wealth of any better condition than these, 'tis not a food fine enough for transcendent and aspiring souls to feed upon. Yet to shew that Mortality subsisteth by a mortal prop, 'tis now become the Essence and the laud of Nations. As water is to Fishes, so this to man is Element, Food, Favour, and almighty Life; Yet bred out of Sulphur and Quicksilver, as if allyed to the materials of a restless Hell. Hear but what Epithets the Learned *Agrippa* gives it, *Omnis pecunia levis, fugax, labilis, anguillarum & serpentum instar lubrica*, Vain, swift of flight, as slime of Eels or Serpents glidings, slippery. When riches wing away, they leave us then sorrow; and while they stay, entice us to Intemperance. What wanted among the *Romans*, till wealth as a Deluge came flowing upon them? Justice, Temperance, Vertue, and Tryumphs crown'd them, while they were not swell'd with Riches: But plenty once let in, like *Nilus* his Inundation, it left them mudded with the slime and prodigies of Vice, and made them stranger monsters than ere that stream gave harbour to. If not this, they either increase our Care in keeping them, or else out thirst in getting them; and are so far from quieting the mind, that the more we have, the more we still do covet them; and extreme desires are never without their torment. Attain'd, or never got, they vex; lost, or ever kept, they vex. They may sometimes ward a blow from the malice of Fortunes hand, but they are of so sad a weight to wear continually, that wise men do by them as the valiant oft by Arms, rather expose their lives to the hazard of a Battail, than be cumbred with the burthen of Armour. Death makes all, rich and poor alike: so he that is most rich, is but most in debt; for he borrowed all from Fortune, which when he goes he must repay to the last Mite, and perhaps with much more grief than he that had little to leave. Besides all this, they have one badge which surely sticks them with unnoblest things, They fail a man in deepest need: They can neither redeem from Death, nor deliver from wrath, but even in the summons to these, unworthily abandon those that most have courted them.

*Non domus aut fundus, non aris acervus & auri  
Ægrotò dominì deduxit corpore febres,  
Non animo curas.*

Nor House, nor Land, nor heaps of Treasure can  
Extract the Fever from distemper'd Man,  
Nor Cares from out the mind.

Nay, they are not only false but fatal: As the scent in beasts of Game, they betray us to the search of Tyranny, as pursue in a strucken Deer, they fall from us like blood, and make us to be hunted to death. Where the ground is barren or yields nothing rare, it lies unstir'd and restful: but if a mine be in it, the World is mad  
with

with instruments to dig and wound it. Yet after all this, they are so vain that if we use them, we lose them, if we only keep them, we have them not.

Learning, Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, they are all but Consonants without a Vowel, which seem to dictate in the Worlds great Volume, but when we seek for matter in the pages, all put together the sum is *Nothing*. *Vanity, Vexation, Nothing*.

Agreeable to this is that which *Lipsius* left and begg'd his friends would fix upon his Grave.

*Vis altiore voce me tecum loqui?  
Cuncta Humana, Fumus, Umbra, Vanitas,  
Scena & Imago: & verbo ut absolvam, Nihil.*

Shall I speak truly, what I now see below?  
The World is all a Carkass, Smoak, and Vanity,  
The Shadow of a Shadow, a Play: and in one word just *Nothing*.

Yet were it but Vanity only, we might sail away life without storms, and complying Vanity with Vanity, make life a pleasing Holy-day, and be as innocently wanton as Birds in Spring-time, or Fielded Beasts in *May*. So we might like Atomes in the Suns bright beams, dance our short day away. But—Vexation dogs this Vanity, is the black shadow to that painted body, the ill-favour that attends the extinguishing of the poor melting tapers of all Worldly Felicity.

Several Interpretations are extant of this Word, our vulgar has it Vexation, some have rendred it by *Pastio*, an eating and devouring Ulcer that gnaws the soul to languishment, gangrening ever by gradual frettings the mirth and pertness of the oppressed mind. The Chaldee has it, the Contraction of the spirits grating them with a galling Jar, rubbing upon the spirits, as woollen on a place that is raw. All agree in this, to make an unsatisfied perturbation the unavoidable Inheritance of Man. And indeed if we look to the first founded State of lapsed Man, *Solomons* censure is but a free Confession of a former doom, the Decree was pass'd in *Gen.* the 3. 17, 18, 19. *In sorrow shalt thou eat all the daies of thy life, Thorns and Thistles shall the Earth bring forth.* No doubt, but the Almighty Providence as easily could have made it offer him Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, in a spontaneous flowing; Fruit, Spice and Medicinals, without inforc'd Plantations. But the other are things that prick, and are for offence. Answerable to these was that other next *Omen* of his first Apparel—The Fig-leaves, which having neither strength nor durance, have yet all th'inside rugged as true presagements of his self-woven Fate. And albeit all things before Man fell, came forth as the refined gold from the Mint with a *Valde bona* stamp upon them: yet sin, as a Contagious Fog infected the very air of all. The highest contentments that the World can yield, become to us like the Country *Quintanes*, while



we run upon them with a hasty speed ; if we pass not faster off, than we at first came on, the bag of sand strikes us in the neck, and leaves us nothing but the blewness of our wounds to boast on. At best the Universe is but a Ring of Changes ; a march of Antiques in a paper-lantern. A Dance of Creatures ever in their Motion, in their Sweat, and Hurrying, Shuffle, Pacing, Turning, Shifting to each others place. 'Tis the Trage-Comedy of Errors. The Scenes change, the Actors vary, the Plot alters, and at last the Stage shall flame while nothing of the Play remains.

To wade in Knowledge, is to found a Sea that is fathomless. To rest upon Honour, is to stay upon the rate that other men will set us at. When they deduct their Estimation, our Crest falls, and we are nearer to any thing than what we thought our selves. To wealth at longest we are but Tenants for life : And what we have is any Tyrants that by force or fraud can master us. He that intends his Pleasure too much, minds all things else too little ; and even that it self increases, and fails together. The World with all his parts, cannot aspire so high as to become of worth to satisfie a soul. That is of a nobler nature, than to rest full pleased with things that are so perishing : So that now, it would be a wonder to see one dote on transients and temporals ; Though all the ridiculous gods of *Rome* were made so by Man that was not God, yet in *Martial* the Resolve was sensual :

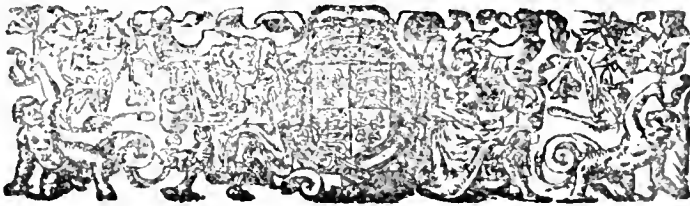
*Ad canam si me diversa vocaret in astra,  
Hinc invitator Caesaris, inde Jovis.  
Astra licet propius, Palatia longius essent,  
Responsa ad superos hac referenda darem.  
Quarite qui malit fieri conviva Tonantis,  
Me, meus in terris Jupiter, ecce, tenet.*

Should *Jove* send for me'mong the Stars to sup,  
And *Cesar* then invite me to his cup ;  
Though Heaven were neer, and *Cesars* Courts far off,  
I with this Answer would the Gods put off :  
Seek such as long to taste the Thunderers Feast,  
Me, my *Jove* here, *Domitian* makes his guest.

He had a Wit, worthy of a better resolution, nor is there any thing to excuse him but the un-commendable licentiousness of Poetry : For else 'tis not possible that upon true grounds, a wise man can be fond of the world. All is either empty or troublesome, and comparatively without doubt either evill or not good. So that now it must be certain, *There is no profit under the Sun.*

To procure an un-intermitting joy ; To draw life into perpetuity ; To keep back the Eclipsing sadneses of the mind : To take away the nauseousness of the imprison'd soul, or to give the World a constancy in his own frail parts ; This is beyond a *Solomon*. All things drop away as fruits from shaken trees, which a Spring renews and Autumn again destroys.

And therefore I find this place read by some, *Nihil permanere sub Sole*, Nothing endureth under the Sun; and this not enduring, if there were no more, is enough to confirm that all is Vanity: when any thing comes to nought we say it vanishes, which in plainer English is, it groweth into Vanity; and shall not one day all the World do this? Though the Earth be said to remain for ever, that ever is but Comparatively, and the sense is, that it shall not decay so soon as the other Creatures that depend upon it. But this, depending on the Suns enlivening influence, may in course of Nature be capable of change, and when we need it, fail us. What then shall we do? Or whither turn to find a Repose for the Soul? All the Mass of Creatures put together is too narrow a Palace to contain the Soul of Man. It flies in a moment to the deeps and Oceans Springs, not only to the roots of Mountains, but in a moment pierces quite through the Earths condensed Globe, to the Stars, and highest Convex of the bounding Sky: So far as the Creature reaches it goes and finds no rest. God only is capacious, in him do all its vast extensions rest: unlimited thoughts in him a limit find; and when we do lose the Creature, still we do find him. Beyond the bowed expansions of the Firmament, where we cannot guess what may be, there we are sure this God incorruptible dwells. He is farther off than the Soul can reach: yet nearer than it can avoid. All things else are Sea, and Storm: nor is there any Haven but here. Hither must we mount, beyond the Suns rais'd eye. In the Courts of the Father of this Sun, dwells Truth, and Joy, and Constancy. While I live here, I must look for Tydes and Ebbs, Waves and Sands, and Rocks and more cross winds than knows the Saylor's Compass. Nor may I hope for safety but by Anchoring above the Sun; Even in his Mercies who is this Sun's Sun, who is the Life, and Light, and Soul of all. If I can fix here, I will think I have made an escape from Earth: and by his noble attraction, having a mind rais'd gloriously high, may stand as a well-built structure, though outwardly soiled and clouded with the fume of Terrene things, yet by the gracious shine of the Almighty, bright within, and above the Conculcations of the World.



## SOMETHING UPON

St. *Luke* 14. 20.

*And another said, I have married a Wife, and therefore I cannot come.*



*AND another said*; It seems there were more of the Pack: Natural averfensels to spiritual things is not in one but all. They that several ways adhered to the world, do all agree together to neglect the God of that world, and them. The *Jews* were all Recufants, and they rather chuse to kill the Lamb than come to his Supper. That God had sent, might have been enough to give a Cripple fwiftness, and to have struck up Age again with Youths enlivening fires. And that it was to a Feast of Salvation (which was the re-building of the ruins of man, and the re-implanting him in a better Paradise than at first he lost) might, one would have thought, begot a noble contempt of any thing that could have hindered: but dull souls find out dull excuses. They still appear of the same stoward race, whereof their Predecessors were, that to the miracles of a Journey both night and day engarded by a Deity, dare besottedly prefer the Garlick and the Onyons of *Egypt*. So profaner *Eſau* had rather sup his Broth, than save his Birth-right. By earthly minds a grain of drossie Silver is prized above all the precious Balms of *Gilead*. The other two, though they came not, did modestly refuse; and though none returned so much as thanks, yet they begg'd to be held excus'd: Lefs uncivil Clowns; though they had not grace to come, they had so much Rustlick manners as to beg a pardon; and sottishly thought a Farm and Yokes of Oxen, might in judgment hold a Plea against all the spiritual solaces of Heavens. Let a Peſant have his wish, and either an easie Rent, Barns well fill'd, or a greater Herd of Cattle shall be so much coveted, as the rightly wise shall see, that the difference betwixt his beasts and him is only in his ruder speech. Thus the two former. But in Ingratitude they all agree; such a kind of Hog-carriage, that while they are greedily swilling in their own draff, all the Excellencies of the world besides are unminde'd; much more the Author that shall offer them. Like the deaf *Adder*, they

rest unshir'd by the most powerful charm of the world--Courtesie. If I shall gain by bargaining, equality of Traffique preserves me in my liberty. If I receive for desert, that which is done to me is paid, not given. But a noble Courtesie falling like rain in due season, enslaves a man more than a Market sale among *Moors*: for it conquers the uncomPELLABLE mind, and dis-interests Man of himself. To be unthankful, is to be a Bastard to Nature: with how many fold does the grateful Earth return her scatter'd grain? If the Rivers pay their Tribute to the Ocean, in publick Tydes and private Springs, a retribution's made. If the Earth exhales but Vapours to the Heaven, in requiting Dews it doth again distill them: Only the disputed Element of Fire is barren, and therefore has not the honour to be mentioned in the Creation.

Here was nothing akin to gratitude: Love there was shewed so fervent, that even all Creation could not find a *Simile* for't. The benefit to man so great, that the Bowels of both the *Indies* are not as a grain to it. Yet all this so disvalued by stupidity, that none of them esteemed it worthy the Tongues least motion to produce a thanks; which proves that Truth, which by the noble *Seneca* was long since told us, *Negamus quenquam scire gratiam referre, nisi sapientem*; None but a wise man knows how to be thankful. Yet any fool might have blunder'd out, *Pray thank him*—who could send less to him that invites to a feast? Ingratitude does then sink deep, when it gets not up to the Tongue: When it is not active, it has a Palsie; but when speechless, dead. King *Philip* did not mourn so much for the death of his friend *Hipparchus*, (for he left the world an old man) but because he died before he had requited him. And *Suetonius* tells us, That *Augustus Caesar* descended from his Throne, and as a common Advocate pleaded the cause of a private Souldier, who had fought for him at *Actium*, because he would not be thought ungrateful. Yet here by these men, from him (who descended from his Throne of glory, to suffer all contempt and torment for them) it is not so much as taken kindly. Nor did it extenuate their Inhumanity, that they did not accept of the Invitation; For that excellent Orator, who had far less of Divine light than was offer'd them, has instructed us, —That *Non solum gratus debet esse qui accepit beneficium, verum etiam is cui potestas accipiendi fuit*; He ought as well to be thankful that may, as he that does receive a benefit.

But above them all, this Married man was the worst, here was neither Wit nor Manners. He not only answers churlishly in a blunt carelessness, —*I can't come*, but injuriously on Wedlock lays the Necessity of his absence, *I have Married a wife, and therefore I cannot come*.

What? were the pleasures of the bed so taking that he resolves for them to abandon Heaven? Or could he be so prejudicial, as to believe Heaven would not admit him if he brought a Woman along? Or was he so jealous of her Chastity, as he would not be absent from her, lest his Heir should not prove of his own getting?

Are all the Daughters of *Eve* like their Mother, still tempting Man to desert his Maker? Cannot Man take a Companion for his life, but she must have something of the *Jezebel* in her? Must he either fruitless (like the barren *Eunuch*), long and dye; or else like *Job*, be tempted to curse God, and sodye? Or is she either so sharp, or fond, that he either dares not vex, or will not leave her? Or is it of Necessity that he must leave Religion to provide for her? Surely he takes the Text in too large a sense, that because it says, *a Man shall leave all and cleave to his wife*, that therefore he shall leave God; 'tis but the Father and Mother on Earth, and not the Father of Heaven that for her we may forsake. Miserably is he marryed to his Wife, that must for her be divorc't from all beside; from Recreations, Kindred, Friends, the noble Arts, Nature, and the Gods above.

Surely there is something more then we are aware of in this same Creature, Woman. If there be any Charm to overcome Man and all his Virile Vertues, 'tis she that stands up in it. She is the *Remora* of the Soul, that sticking to the Keel of Man, arrests his progress to Heaven. What might it be which made against them, even the Fathers so full of fire, and poynant? St. *Ambrose* calls her, *Janna Diaboli, via Iniquitatis, Scorpionis percussio*; The Port of Hell, the Rode of Iniquity, and the Scorpions sting: and then a little after proceeds, *Sicum viris feminae habitant, viscarium non deerit Diaboli*; If Women dwell with Men, the Devil hath his lime-twigs there. St. *Augustine* falls upon their singing, whereof he says, *Tolcrabilius est audire Basiliscum sibillantem*; 'Tis safer hearing the killing Basilisk Hiss. Elsewhere he makes them in a manner past Religions cure, for *Quanto Religiosiores, tanto citius alliciunt*; The more Religious, the more enticing are they. St. *Jerom* allows not *Rusticus* to see his Mother, for fear of her Maids, and tells him, *Ancillulas quae illi in obsequio sunt tibi scias esse in insidiis*; He must know those Maids which are to her for service, to him are Wiles and Treason. St. *Chysostron* exclaims, *O Malum summum & acutissimum Diaboli telum Mulier*; The Devils sharpest arrow, and mischiefs primest height is Woman. A thing of such pollution, that the superstition of former times, would not allow her to be touch'd by her own husband of three days before he received the Communion, as may be found in the Council of *Eliberis*. And by *Tibullus* his Caution it should seem the like practise was in use even among the Heathen.

——— *Discedat ab Aris*

*Cui tulit hesternae gaudia nocte Venus.*

——— From th' Altars let him keep

That in his Mistres Arms last night did sleep.

Another scrupulous nicety I find in the Council of *Auxerre*, where in the 36. Canon it is enjoyn'd, that no Woman shall receive the Sacrament in her bare hand: for which purpose the 39. Canon of the same ordains—That if she hath not a clean linnen glove to take it in, she must for the time be put by. Nay, the severe *Cato*

*Uticensis* says, — *Si absque fœmina esset Mundus, Conversatio nostra non esset absque Diis*, Were Women out o'the World, with us the Gods would Conversation hold.

Against them the Poets have declaimed *in Folio*, they write nothing but Rapiers and Ponyards, with all the weapons of wrath, that even the bitterest *Iambicks* can contain. But most of them were so loose in their lives, that they wanted the honour to be in good Womens company; and therefore I will only tell you what the Comical *Plantus* thought:

*Qui potest mulieres vitare, vitet: ut quotidie  
(Pridie caveat) ne faciat quod pigeat postridie.*

Let him that can, defend himself from Women: but he who would not do that to day, whereof he must repent to morrow, must avoid them the day before.

These Opinions are austere and sharp; yet certainly some of them the mature Censures of a reverend Age, strict Sanctity, and wealthy Knowledge. Only we may hope they meant not these of the general, but of the depraved of that Sex; who like hurt Deer (by their own Herd) would be puht out to certain destruction.

Surely in themselves they are not thus unboundedly ill: But soft and easie Natures, as they sooner bend towards Verrue, so they sooner slide into Vice; but cannot usually be so resolute in either, as the more solid and compacted spirit of man. Therefore of this power with Man there is without doubt a twofold Cause; one in themselves, one in man.

That in themselves is the excellency of their Creation, wherein Nature has sweetned their Countenance beyond the sternness of a Male aspect. They have purer Mixtures of Elements in their Compositions, from whence arises such a virgin calmness, as growing near to Innocence, makes man love them as akin to God. And doubtless hence it is, that Nature intrusts Woman rather than Man with the Conception, Nourishment, Production, and Education of all Posterity, partly before, and partly after the birth. And even through all does this fineness of temper hold: We find both in Birds and Beasts the flesh of the Female to our taste is pleasanter, more tender, and less insipid, than that of the Male: They are not naturally of so rank an Earth. *Cornelius Agrippa* tells us of a strange Experiment to prove this; Let a woman wash her hands once fair, and after wash never so often, yet shall not the water be soiled at all: But let a man wash never so clean, and never so often, yet every time shall the water receive a soil. Nay, if they be both alike in danger of drowning, the woman, as more rarified, shall swim longer above; while the man, as more fœculent and drossie, shall sooner sink to the bottom. As strange is that which *Pliny* tells us, That a man being drowned floats with his face upwards,

but

but of women he says, — *Pronæ fluitant, quasi earum pudori parcente Natura*, They float with their faces downwards, Nature being careful to preserve their modesty. And whereas it is said, *I will make an Help meet for man*, instead of *Adjutorium* the *Chaldee* has it *Sustentaculum*, as a prop and upholder of the state of man. And this (especially if we respect the Conception) is true and suitable: which may be some reason, why that first blessing pronounc'd from God upon man by conjunction with her, was never yet impeached by the Fall: But the Marriage, which was made in Innocence, even after his expulsion never came to question; And that *Increase and multiply* shall endure as long as the world. 'Tis probable the Devils envy of *Eve's* handsomeness made him attempt to tempt her first. And in the offence we find not the breach of the Commandment cast upon her, but *Adam*; and in the Curse, for that she was beguiled and out of ignorance deceived, she is cursed but in her self and Sex: But for *Adam*, that did it more against the light of Knowledge, in a wilful transgression, we see the Universe does smart, and all the frame of Nature suffers in his punishment. But in the freeing of Mankind from this, he is in part beholding to the woman for it; the honour is given to her Sex; the Promise made is, That *The seed of the woman shall bruse the Serpents head*. And in performance we see, that all the flesh our Saviour had was Female, without any contribution at all from Man: a Grace certainly surmounting all the swelling boasts of Man, and a comfort that may be for ever a support to that Sex, That when Man stood convicted of the guilt and Infamy of the Fall, (according to Nature) God afforded the glory of his Redemption to the seed of the Woman alone; to whom Man (without any thing from himself) must ever owe a favour so received, as he can never pay. And why may we not believe that 'tis from hence, that Nature has instructed man to be civiler and more respectful to that Sex, than we find he is to his own; A Woman well qualified, like the Ambassador of a Prince, is held a person Sacred: What he disdaineth from men to bear, from her he thinks it an honour to suffer; and though it be to the hazard of himself in imminent danger, 'tis his glory, if he can, to serve her. And even in wars, that hand which strikes a woman, the noble heart does scorn as barbarous and savage. She is not so unsociable as not to be a friend, but yet she is so high as not to be an enemy. Since Circumcision was as well a Sacrament of the Purification, as of the Covenant and admission into the Church, and that the Males only were circumcised; we may well conceive the great Judge of all did not espy so much pollution in her as he did in man. Who, though prefer'd by *Aristotle*, and woman made but *Animal occasionatum*, a kind of Chance-creature, yet Piety and Mercy he confesses more appropriate unto them than man. And questionless to shew the excellency of that Sex, we shall find it in the person of the blessed Virgin *Mary*, exalted by God above all that ever was but only humane.

The other cause which is in Man, is sure his own inordinate love, and can he be blamed for loving, when both God and Nature did present her to him as the fittest and noblest object of Creation for him? A Man may love a Friend as a Brother, as an *alter Idem*; but he should love his Wife as his *Idem Idem*: Creation, Nature, Religion, Law and Policy, makes them undividedly one. And so long as we cross not upon Religion, I doubt not but our loves may flow. But alas we stay not here, love has neither Bit nor Reins.

*Nox & Amor, Vinumque, nihil Moderabile suadent,  
Illa Pudore vacat, Liber Amorque Metu.*

Night, Love, and Wine, no Moderation bear,  
Night knows no Shame, and Wine and Love no Fear.

Often in our Love to her, our Love to God is swallowed and post-posed. For indeed, Man Loves Woman as he ought to Love God: *with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength*. Whether it be from the secret sweetneses that gratifie and indulge all his spirits at once in his Conversation with her; whether it be from the sense of the fruition and possession of so excellent, and so rational a Creature without himself; or whether it be from the Honour he receives from her by her help of propagation, whereby even his body weak and corruptible by lengthned successions, draws out toward Immortality; or whether it be from the parity of Natural Union, she being formed at first of the rib of Man, wherein the Schools observe, there was both bone, and flesh, and bloud, and nerves; so that if she be not *Idem*, she is at least *aliquid ipsius*, a something of that very same, though not the same it self. And then since all Love strictly examined arises out of Love to our selves, 'tis no wonder that we must Love her, that is thus Consubstantiate with us. Had this Man, in the Text, been but Morally good, or which is more, Religious, he ought to have lov'd his Wife, though not equally or above God, yet next him. But being predominantly Carnal, the present object of his Senses choak't up his souls apprehension of Eternity, rather than lose a long'd for dalliance, he would quit even all the Saints, Angels, and the Heavens above. Their argument inclines too much to lightness, that take him for a *Spaniard*, who would leave his Saviour for a *Mayden-head*. But for ought we know, his Bride might be both young and handsome; and then, how many gallants have we that would have done as much? Beauty is the wit of Nature put into a Frontispiece: 'tis the spiritual soul in Figure, that ravishes each admiring beholder. The influences of the Stars are in it, which by an *Adamantine* Law hurl us against all our Resolves; 'tis Natures Prerogative, and is so purely the gift of God alone, as all the Arts and Sciences of the Earth cannot place it any where, but where the hand of Heaven has planted it. *Diogenes* to handsome Courtezans gave alwaies the Title of Queens, for few he  
said



said but obey'd their commands. And *Aristotle* told one who asked, whence it was that all men were Coverous of Conversation with beautiful persons, that it was but a blind mans question. 'Tis an Empire without a Militia: for needing neither Guards nor Arms, it imposes whatever does please. Experience can tell us it has flatted all the strengths of the World. It is Mistress of all that is not God; and when it rises to be of Holiness, it amounts to be inthron'd with him. In Woman plac'd alone it has done wonders, and taking the Worlds Conquerors by the Cask, has rifled them of all their hard-earn'd wreaths and Laurel. *Adams* original Innocence was not Armour sufficient to resist her Forces. *Sampsons* Gyant strength by her was cheated into bondage and servility.  *Davids* right-heartedness became inflex'd and crooked. And this, grave incomparable *Solomon*, though he could precept the erring World against all the seducing Crafts of Women, yet we see he could not save himself from being intangled by their demulceations. With this Man, the Devil went his old politick way, for his plot being to gain the Man, he sets upon him by his Mistress first: when an Officer is to be corrupted, there is a She-supreme that has a leading hand. No doubt but he which bought the Farm had a Team, and the other had five yoke of Oxen; yet could not all these draw so much, as a Wife; she is a perpetual enchantment that hangs upon all the retirements of Man. She is the Privado of his senses, that with familiar blandishments can stroke him into more than all the intermitted Rhetorick of a Masculine friend. She is the high Chamberlain of the Court of Man, that with the key of Love wherewith he hath intrusted her, has free access to all his private lodgings: and though his soul be as a Labyrinth full of mystick windings, yet a beloved Wife holds the Clew in her hand that can guide her to his inmost room, and that very first warm bloud which in his heart is Closetted.

But where is the fault now? Shall Woman be condemn'd for Excellency? Let fore eyes sooner brand the Sun for brightness. Is it not proof enough of Mans weakness to be overcome, but when he is Captiv'd he must revile his Conquerers? What fool will say the Honey is naught, because the Bear is mad at the smell on't? No the slavery is within us. Did not our own bosome nurse the Traytor, outward objects would be a wise mans *Nothing*. 'Tis not the fire, but the neglect that's blameable, when ere the House is burn'd. Those Creatures that are not scalded with the like addictions, can undistemper'd gaze their trimmest dress. Nor can all their artful lures make any beast but Man in love with them. Nay Man himself, when Age like frost has hoar'd his hairs, and all his fires are out, can unstirr'd play with her flames and rayes. Mans own Inclination is his Charm that fetters him. 'Tis not a Wife or Woman, that can bind us from going to Heaven, unless we first lye down and manacle our selves. Though *Adam*, at first, for his poor excuse, said, the Woman gave it him: yet all conclude, that answer rais'd his Crime. And albeit his

loss

loss without Gods mercy was unbalanceably irrecoverable : yet we after never find he twitted her as Authress of his fall. Will any man accuse the stream for wetting him, when he fell in by sleeping on the bank? From Charcoals blown I know sparks leap apace, but though straw houses may enkindle by them ; yet upon solid coverings they without danger dye : or if at most they leave a Mote behind, it is but dead, and with the next fair wind unblemishing blows away.

Doubtless Marriage is honourable among all, and 'tis the Devils Doctrine only that forbids it. We see the *Israelites* after they had destroyed *Benjamin*, rather than keep those that were left, from Marriage, they were content to wink at Felony, and mince Perjury : Nay under-hand to contrive the Rape and Theft ; and only before men to elude that Oath which (though rashly) yet they had made to God. Even our Saviour himself, though he would be born of a Virgin ; yet he would not have that birth, till honested by marriage : though he would not have a man his Father, yet he would not have a Mother till she was a Wife.

'Tis true, in times of Trouble, Marriage incumbers man to the world ; and as a Proverb it has run along, *That marriage peoples the Earth, but Virginitie Heaven* ; yet withall it is as true that St. *Augustine* speaks, *Conjugium humile melius est Virginitate Superba* ; Even a very mean Wedlock is better than a sumptuous Chastity. He that is marryed has the advantage of others that are not : for he is hereby made a double man, he has two bodys which one united soul does guide : and to prove this the most perfect Union of the World ; it is sufficient that the Marry'd couple only envy not one another ; when one is sad, then both are griev'd : and in the joy and the honour of one, the other does partake : without a Wife, man is a kind of desolate thing, he wants the most Cordial solace of life ; and therefore he which refused to marry when he fitly might, by the wise Law-givers of the World, was looked upon as a wilful defertor, not only of the Common-wealth, but of Law, Religion, and of Humane Nature ; by *Lycurgus* , in Summer driven from all sports, in Winter naked led about and scorn'd. *Plato* made him incapable both of Honour and publick Office, but taxable in a deeper sense. *Augustus*, and divers others have given Immunities to marryed persons, so as no Time, no Nation, no Condition of men, but have honoured Marriage by their approbation. And the time and place of the institution ; the blessing accompanying it ; the morality, and natural instinct of it in man ; the successive perpetuity of it, even from Creations Infancy, where *Eve* at first was not fram'd for Virginitie, but Marriage, became a Wife at first sight, was presented to Man by God himself, and at her very first peep into the World was born a Bride, may be enough to vindicate it from all the Circumstantial stains that can be cast upon it.

And therefore for this Uxorious Man, to plead he had marryed a Wife, and therefore he could not come, was all one, as if a Drunkard should plead, because he had found good Wine, he could not get from

from the Tavern; yet surely none would blame the wine, but the man. Marriage is Creations perfectness, barren Virginitie is but uncompleted Man. Marriage is the way to benefit the world for ever, but Virginitie in future ruins it; and after the narrow limits of one Age, expires. He that is wise, and marries, and leaves a child well educated, does make Mankind his debtor, and departs a Benefactor to the world: For when he is atom'd into flying dust, he has prepar'd his Substitute to administer his part being gone. The married man is like the *Bee*, that fixes his Hive, augments the world, benefits the Republick, and by a daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all. But he which contemns Wedlock, (for the most part) like a *waspe*, wanders an offence in the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of his own, and by robbing the Hives of others, either meets misery as his due reward, or at best (leaving none to perpetuate his memory) at last he dyes, and dyes.

This was therefore an unjust Plea: But that our blessed Saviour meant here to shew us, how upon any vain pretence, even all meerly worldly men prefer fond and fleeting Temporals, beyond the lasting joyes of Eternity. And in this man more especially than in the rest; for in a more peremptory way he is resolved rather to renounce his Salvation, than to leave (though but for a Supper while) that perpetual trifie Woman.

In the three Refusers are set out to us the vain and false trinity of Worldlings, *The lust of the flesh, the lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life*; Luxury, Avarice and Ambition. St. *Ambrose* his mystick Interpretation of *Gentiles, Jews, and Hereticks*, I find entertain'd by few. By this married man, I take to be understood the Voluptuous; and questionless 'tis true, that Pleasure more infatuates than either Honour or Wealth; for in this, man is soak'd and charm'd by all his senses at once. Honour and Profit besiege but some principal Quarters of the City of Man, but Pleasure does at every part at once assault. This is that *Mercuries* Pipe that charmeth all our eyes asleep: 'tis the swing of the Soul, that giddies a man at last into a dull security, and raises up of every sense an Idol taking place of God: Like a Bath it supples and enfeebles all. Whosoever wholly dedicates himself to pleasure, he walks upon the waves as St. *Peter* did, where if the miracle of a *Jesus* save him not, he sinks into the Sea he treads upon. Ambition and Covetousness may be sometimes accompanied with eminent vertues. *Julius Caesar* and *Vespasian* had either of them parts of excellent merit. But voluptuous men (besides the Infadations of Sensuality) are usually both proud and covetous also. *Nero*, we find, defiled most in the foulest mires of Luxury, and where do we find any so elatedly proud, or so unjustly rapacious as was he? for indeed Covetousness is the daughter of Luxury. So for ought we know this man might be hindred by both the other vices; who can tell but he might take Per that his wife was not invited as well as he? and thus perhaps his Pride might hinder him. Or it may be he durst not leave his Family, lest he might

in his absence be cozened at home by his Servants: and so his Covetousness might be the cause of his stay. Or if she were but fair and inclining to be wanton, suspicion of her Chastity might stop his going abroad: Jealousies and Fears (among Peasants) are as ancient as this Parable: and indeed that which is coveted by many, is never kept without hazard. Besides, he that violently dotes upon one thing, seems to tell the world that he may do so by another: yea, that in some measure he must. He that is slaved by his affection to a Mistress; must be proud to fight for her, must be prodigal to spend for her, must be covetous to scrape for her. He is an object of much pity that over-affects any Temporal things whatsoever. For (beyond what is spoken already) it agonies his mind perpetually, and throws him on a double mischief. It does fix his trust on that which cannot but deceive him; and it adversaries him with Justice, which must punish, and would (if trusted) never fail to save him. Nay, it flings a kind of scorn on God, and as much as in man lies, disgraces him below his Creature. He is happy that can wean himself from the breast of the world, that he surfeit not with her luscious, but unwholesome milk. But if he must endure among the Pleasures, the Profits and the Honours thereof; let him live therein, as the Bee does in her honey, who though her Hive be never so full, yet with it she never entangles her wings.

FINIS.

LUSORIA:

OR,

Occasional Pieces.

WITH

A TASTE

OF

Some LETTERS.



LONDON:

Printed for *A. Seale*, Anno Dom. 1670.

I promise I'll be true  
 May not of what I swore & too  
 And that she might be no more  
 Yabe. her - in writing what I swore  
 No vows or oaths can Lovers bind  
 So long their pleasure so long this is kind  
 It was a trap she would but blow  
 away with some new promise flow  
 answer

She had a promise but she betray'd  
 I have no cause but nothing said  
 your words your words your wyls are same  
 in all your words in all the blame  
 your love your wyls, was nothing mind  
 It's only in die, a lie as I find  
 And then that fancy flys away  
 wee nothing believe that you say

## Song

How O how that charmy creature  
 with my wail & sighing eyed  
 Cease motion of this feature  
 as if it were out of my eye  
 But hear - I sighing - sighing fit  
 that happy train - this is the can be  
 false to him who is to me  
 2

But what that I shall never show her  
 In what that I remain  
 Mine - It's not a thing to be  
 for to pitie so much pain  
 All ye that pleasure pleasure have  
 Happy as themselves to make  
 that will be for their sake  
 3

O let not that fair heart be given  
 to a wretch, not worth your care  
 Flye - out Angel but even hear



# LUSORIA.

I.

*True Happiness.*

1.



Long have I sought the wish of all  
To find: and what it is men call  
True Happiness; but cannot see  
The world has it, which it can be.  
Or with it *Hold* a sympathy.

2.

He that enjoyes, what here below  
Frail Elements have to bestow,  
Shall find most sweet, bare hopes at first;  
Fruition, by fruition's burst:  
Sea-water so allayes your thirst.

3.

Whos'ever would be happy then,  
Must be so to himself: For when  
Judges are taken from without,  
To judge what we (fenc'd close about)  
Are: they judge not, but guesse and doubt.

4.

He must have reason store, to spy  
Natures hid wayes, to satisfie  
His judgment. So he may be safe  
From the vain fret: For fools will chase  
At that, which makes a wise man laugh.

5.

If'bove the mean his mind be pitcht,  
Or with unruly Passions twicht,  
A storm is there: But he sails most  
Secure, whose Bark in any Coast  
Can neither be becalm'd nor tost.

6.

A chearful, but an upright heart  
Is musick wherefoe're thou art :  
And where God pleaseth to confer it,  
Man can no greater good inherit,  
Than is a clear and temperare spirit.

7.

Wealth to keep want away, and Fear  
Of it : Not more : some Friends, still near,  
And chosen well : nor must he miss  
A Calling : yet, some such as is  
Imployment ; not a Business.

8.

His soul must hug no private sin,  
For that's a thorne hid by the skin.  
But Innocence, where she is nurs'd,  
Plants valiant Peace. So *Caro* durst  
Be God-like good, when *Rome* was worst.

9.

God built he must be in his mind ;  
That is, part God : whose faith no wind  
Can shake. When boldly he relies  
On one so noble ; he our flies  
Low chance, and fate of Destinies.

10.

Life as a middle way, immur'd  
With Joy and Grief, to be indur'd,  
Not spurn'd, nor wanton'd hence, he knows.  
In crooked banks, a spring so flows  
O're stone, mud, weeds : yet still cleer goes.

11.

And as springs rest not, till they lead  
Meandring high, as their first head :  
So souls rest not, till man has trod  
Deaths height. Then by that period,  
They rest too, rais'd as high as God.

12.

Summe all ! he happiest is, that can  
In this worlds Jarr be Honest Man.  
For since Perfection is so high,  
Beyond lifes reach, he that would try  
True happines indeed, must dye.



## II.

To the Lady D. S.

MADAM,

¶ Would but praise, not flatter : yet  
 What flatters others, does your praise but fit.  
 I would have shun'd all Verse too : but I knew  
 He must write measure, that would write of You.  
 So Geometrical has Nature fram'd  
 That, which can now no otherwise be nam'd,  
 But as a rule for all : each severall part  
 Is all whole Axiome, to direct an Art.  
 That now, men skilful, doubt, to which is due,  
 More to those noble Sciences, or You.

And thus I was created ! for who can  
 Lie earth'd i'th' dull thoughts of a common man,  
 When you shall shine ; and with your symetry  
 Shew like the Springs new Genius : while your eye  
 Kindles each noble bloud with such chaste fire,  
 As causes Flame, and yet forbids Desire ?  
 And when your skye of vein shall gently flow,  
 Branching through both your Hemispheres of snow,  
 When crimson Tulips, and the Rose o'th' bush,  
 Shall draw their tincture from your lip, and bluth ;  
 When that mild breath, which even the calmest West  
 Fannes from the Pink and Violet, from your brest  
 Shall have its derivation ; then you may  
 Confess your self, our Morning and our Day.  
 And these might make you glorious : yet I dare  
 (Madam) tell you, that these but fading are,  
 Must bed i'th' shade, and cease : and that I tell  
 This, shews there's something that doth more excell,  
 Remaining in you : else the name Decay  
 I know would fright a Lady into clay.  
 And but to hear, she must be old and dye,  
 Would make her weep till she had ne're an eye.  
 But that which makes me daring thus, I find  
 Is that pure shine of Deity, your Mind,  
 So fill'd with sweetnes, that whosoe're shall see't,  
 Stright thinks of Virgin Nature, at whose feet  
 Stand all the Sects of old Philosophy,  
 Paying their admiration by their eye.  
 So you amaze all knowledge, that even they  
 Which can but name and know you, do adde day

Unto their own Life here. To prove this, I  
 Shall find this honour crown my memory,  
 By writing but of You, the world shall see,  
 I am the first drew truth to Poetry.

## I II.

*The Sun and Wind.*

WHY think'st thou (fool) thy Beauties rayes,  
 Should flame my colder heart ;  
 When thy disdain shall several wayes,  
 Such piercing blasts impart ?

Seest not those beams that guild the day,  
 Though they be hot and fierce,  
 Yet have not heat nor power to stay,  
 When winds their strength disperse.

So though thy Sun heats my desire,  
 Yet know thy coy disdain  
 Falls like a storm on that young fire,  
 So blowes me cool again.

## I V.

*On the Duke of Buckingham slain by Felton,  
 the 23. Aug. 1628.*

SOONER I may some fixed Statue be,  
 Than prove forgetful of thy death or thee !  
 Canst thou be gone so quickly ? Can a knife  
 Let out so many Titles and a life ?  
 Now I'll mourn thee ! Oh that so huge a pile  
 Of State should pass thus in so small a while !  
 Let the rude *Genius* of the giddy Train,  
 Brag in a fury that they have stabb'd *Spain*,  
*Austria*, and the skipping *French* : yea, all  
 Those home-bred Papists that would sell our fall :  
 Th' Eclipse of two wise Princes judgments : more,  
 The wast, whereby our Land was still kept poor.  
 I'll pity yet, at least thy fatal end,  
 Shot like a Lightning from a violent hand,  
 Taking thee hence unsumm'd. Thou art to me  
 The great Example of Mortality.  
 And when the times to come shall want a Name  
 To startle Greatness, here is *BUCKINGHAM*

Faln like a Meteor : and 'tis hard to say  
 Whether it was that went the stranger way,  
 Thou or the hand that slew thee : thy Estate  
 Was high, and he was resolute above that.  
 Yet since I hold of none engag'd to thee,  
 Death and that liberty shall make me free.  
 Thy mis'ts I knew not : if thou hast a fault,  
 My charity shall leave it in the Vault,  
 There for thine own accounting : 'Tis undue  
 To speak ill of the Dead though it be true.  
 And this even those that envy'd thee confess,  
 Thou hadst a Mind, a flowing Nobleness,  
 A Fortune, Friends, and such proportion,  
 As call for sorrow, to be thus undone.

Yet should I speak the Vulgar, I should boast  
 Thy bold Assassinate, and with almost  
 He were no Christian, that I up might stand,  
 To praise th'intent of his mis-guided hand.  
 And sure when all the Patriots in the shade  
 Shall rank, and their full musters there be made,  
 He shall sit next to *Brutus*, and receive  
 Such Bayes as Heath'nish ignorance can give.  
 But then the Christian (poising that) shall say,  
 Though he did good, he did it the wrong way.  
 They oft decline into the worst of ill,  
 That act the Peoples with without Laws will.

## V.

## The Appeal.

**T**Yrant *Cupid!* I'll appeale  
 From thee, to all the publick weale  
 Of gods in Parliament.  
 They all shall know thy mock,  
 How thou madest me love a rock,  
 That knew not to relent.

Didst thou not by thy art,  
 Make me give her an heart,  
 That had none of her own?  
 So she to please thy pride,  
 By me must be supply'd,  
 And I must live with none.

Nay, when I serious was,  
 To beg but one poor grace,  
 I could not that obtain:  
 While he that less did love,  
 When he no suit did move,  
 Did two unasked gain.

Judge all you gods if these  
 Be not deep injuries:  
 Then if you quit this Elf,  
 Set me again but free,  
 And all the world shall see,  
 I'll whip the boy my self.

## VI.

*Elegie on Henry Earl of Oxford.*

WHEN thou didst live and shine, thy Name was then  
 Like a *Prometheus* giving fire to men.  
 Now thy brave Soul advanced is and free,  
 But to write *Oxford* is an *Elegie*  
 Sad as the grave thou ly'st in, whence if we  
 Could raise thy worth, we better might spare thee:  
 But That and Thou are lost, and we have none  
 To keep us now, for our *Palladium's* gone;  
 Gone as a Pearl dropt in the Main; to get  
 Which we may sink, but not recover it.

Why wert thou gone so soon? dull *Holland* why  
 Must thou find war, and we send men to dye?  
 But oh! thou gain'st by't, having none but ill,  
 And such as scarce are good enough to kill  
 That are thy own. Th'halt offered him to Fate,  
 Whose every Limb was worth more than thy State.  
 I know the gods are pleas'd with't, but 'tis we  
 That feel the loss, not they, nor you, nor he.  
 Heaven joyes in his access, and he in that:  
 And you thought so much good might expiate  
 Your blackest sins: not thinking we should be  
 Like low Orbes wanting *Primum Mobile*.

But 'twas thy gain: as when Perfumes are spil'd,  
 The Air is mixt, and with their odor fill'd:  
 So where his breath expir'd, the Earth and Air  
 Are Antidotes 'gainst Cowardice and fear.  
 Thus 'twas when *Sydney* dy'd: and 'tis from hence  
 Thy Clime has had such noble spirits since.

Great Vertues have this Grant, they never dye,  
 But like Time live to kisse Eternity.  
 And now men doubt which Name can cite a tear,  
 Or make a Souldier first, *Sidney* or *Vere*.

Yet in this last that dy'd, I'll tell thee how  
 Thou hast deceiv'd thy self: Know in him thou  
 Hast slain a Tutelar god; and to prove this,  
 Think but the time when *Breda* swallowed is.  
 Oh since he dy'd with thee, why were't not sworn  
 To save his bloud in some memorial Urne,  
 To which men should have come for Valour, just  
 As sick men to the *Spa* for health, in trust  
 There to have been supply'd: But now that he  
 And that is lost, for thee and thine hear me;  
 Let not the place be known, lest when men see  
 His worth, and come to know he dy'd for thee,  
 They curse thee lower than thy staple, Fish;  
 Thy own Beer-drinkers, or the *Spaniards* wish.  
 But if by curious search it must be known,  
 Write by it thus, *Here Belgia was undone*.

## V II.

*On a Jewel given at parting.*

**W**Hen cruel time enforced me  
 Subscribe to a dividing,  
 A Heart all Faith and Loyalty  
 I left you freshly bleeding.

You in requital gave a stone,  
 Not eatie to be broken;  
 An Embleme sure that of your own  
 Hearts hardnes was a token.

O Fate, what Justice is in this,  
 That I a heart must tender:  
 And you so cold in courtesies,  
 As but a stone to render.

Either your stone turn to a heart,  
 That love may find requiting:  
 Or else my heart to stone convert,  
 That may not feel your slighting.

## VIII.

Upon my Fathers Tomb at Babram in Cambridge-shire.

*M. P. Q. S. Memoriae Posterisque Sacrum.*

*Ex*

*Suffolciæ ortus Comitatu*

THOMAS FELLTHAM,

*Vir probus, Generosus, sciens,*

*Ubique colendus.*

*Bonis,*

*Malis,*

*Adjutor, Obstes;*

*Amicisque fidelis.*

*Bene vivens, moriens pie,*

*Filios tres, totidemque Natas,*

*Superstites relinquens,*

II. Martii, Salutis Anno 1631.

*Sed militiae suæ 62.*

*Per natu Filium minorem,*

*Hic,*

*In vitam beatiorum*

*Ad Resurgendum,*

*Positus.*

## IX.

## The Cause.

Think not, *Clarissa*, I love thee  
For thy meer outside, though it be  
A Heaven more clear than that men cloudless see.

Thine Eyes so pure and Chrystalline,  
Once dead are worth no more than mine,  
Nor can do greater wonders with their shine.

No 'tis thy soul, we may mix there,  
Like two Perfumes in the soft air,  
And as chaste Incense play above the sphere.

So shall we on in progress move  
To clearer heights, and by this love  
Grow still Ascensive till we centre *Love*.

There shall men gaze our blest abroad,  
And scarce mistaking voice'r abroad,  
That two souls purely mingled make a God.

For when two souls shall towre so high,  
 Without their flesh their rayes shall flye,  
 Like Emanations from a Deity.

## X.

*The Vow-breach.*

W HEN thy bold eye shall enter here, and see  
 Nought but the Ebon'd night incurtain me,  
 Curse not a womans lightness: Onely say,  
 Here it lies veiled from eternal day.  
 This will be charity: but if thou then  
 Call back remembrance with her light agen,  
 Know thou art cruel: For those rayes to me  
 (Like flashes wherewithal the Damned see  
 Their plagues) become another Hell. And thou  
 Shalt smart for this hereafter, as I now.  
 For my whole Sex, when they shall find their shame  
 Told in my Vow breach by thy fatal name;  
 Their spleen shall all in one eye pointed be,  
 And then like Lightning darterd all on thee.

## X I.

*The Sympathy.*

S Oul of my soul! it cannot be,  
 That you should weep, and I from tears be free.  
 All the vast room between both Poles,  
 Can never dull the sense of souls,  
 Knit in so fast a knot.  
 Oh! can you grieve, and think that I  
 Can feel no smart, because not nigh,  
 Or that I know it not?

Th'are heretick thoughts. Two Lutes are strung,  
 And on a Table tun'd alike for song;  
 Strike one, and that which none did touch,  
 Shall sympathizing sound as much,  
 As that which toucht you see.  
 Think then this world (which Heaven inroules)  
 Is but a Table round, and souls  
 More apprehensive be.

Know they that in their grossest parts,  
 Mix by their hallowed loves intwined hearts,

This privilege boast, that no remove  
 Can e're infringe their sense of love.  
 Judge hence then our estate,  
 Since when we lov'd there was not put  
 Two earthen hearts in one brest, but  
 Two souls Co-animate.

## XII.

*The Reconcilement.*

Come now my fair one, let me love thee new,  
 Since thou art new created. For 'tis true  
 When souls distain'd by loose and wandring fears,  
 Once purge themselves by penitential tears,  
 They gain a second birth, and scorn to flye  
 At any mark but Noblest purity.  
 Then who can tell that e're there was offence,  
 Contrition does as much as Innocence.  
 Black lines in Tablets once expung'd, they are  
 Clear to each eye, and like their first age, fair.  
 When Colours are discharg'd, and after dy'd  
 Fresh by the Artist, can it then be spy'd  
 Where the soil was? So Convert *Magdalen*  
 Excell'd more after her Conversion, then  
 Before she had offended: slips that be  
 'Twixt friends from frailty, are but as you see  
 Sad absence to strong lovers; when they meet,  
 It makes their warm imbraces far more sweet.

Come then, and let us like two streams swell'd high,  
 Meet, and with soft and gentle struglings try,  
 How like their curling waves we mingle may,  
 Till both be made one fload; then who can say  
 Which this way flow'd, which that: For there will be  
 Still water; close united Extasie.  
 That when we next shall but of motion dream,  
 We both shall slide one way, both make one stream.

## XIII.

*A Farewell.*

Wen by sad fate from hence I summon'd am,  
 Call it not Absence, that's too mild a name.  
 Relieve it, dearest Soul, I cannot part,  
 For who can live two Regions from his heart?



Unless as stars direct our humane sense,  
 I live by your more powerful influence.  
 No; say I am dissolv'd: for as a Cloud  
 By the Suns vigour melted is, and strow'd  
 On the Earths face, to be exhal'd again  
 To the same beams that turn'd it into rain.  
 So absent think me but as scatter'd dew,  
 Till re-exhal'd again to Vertue; You.

## XIV.

## FUNEBRE VENETIANUM.

On the Lady Venetia Digby, found dead in her bed,  
 leaning her head on her hand.

RASH Censure stay: nor he, nor she that's gone  
 Must be condemn'd: unless to *Jove* alone  
 Fate's fold'd up: So Lightnings subt'lest flame  
 Melts the cas'd steel, to which, which way it came  
 No piercing eye can see: As well we may  
 Trace yonder fish which way she swam at Sea,  
 Find th' Arrows flight, or by dissection tell  
 Fancies that in that living brain did dwell.  
 Yet she is gone; gone as the Dove which last  
 Toss'd *Noah* sent from his op'd Ark to taste  
 Freedom at large; but never to return,  
 Till next a flood of fire the world shall burn.  
 So prisoned *Peter*, whom fierce *Herod* kept,  
 Th' Angel enlarges, while the dull Guard slept.  
 So while the body in a funeral flame  
 Crumbles to dust, from whence at first it came,  
 In a dark odour sadning brightest day,  
 Th' imagin'd soul, the Eagle, steals away.

Yet there are those, striving to salve their own  
 Deep want of skill, have in a fury thrown  
 Scandal on her, and say she wanted brain.  
 Borchers of Nature! your eternal stain  
 This judgment is. Can you believe that she  
 Whose great perfection was, that she was she,  
 That she who was all Charm, whose frail parts  
 Could captivate by troupes even noblest hearts,  
 And from wise men, with flowing grace conquer  
 More than they had, untill they met with her?  
 Can you believe a Brain, the common tye  
 Of each flat Sex, could ever towre so high,  
 As to sway her, from whose aspect did pass  
 Life, death and happiness to men? This was

So far beyond your bare no more than sense,  
 That you ne'r thought of that Intelligence  
 Which did move her. Yet you may come to rail  
 At the Celestial Orbes when theirs shall fail,  
 'Cause they should so stand still. And this was it  
 Which made death mannerly, and strive to fit  
 Himself with reverence to her; that now  
 He came not like a Tyrant, on whose brow  
 A pompous terrour hung; but in a strain  
 Lovely and calm, as in the *June* serain.  
 That now, who most abhor him can but say,  
 Gently he did imbrace her into clay:  
 And her, as Monument for time to come,  
 Left her own statue, perfect for her tomb.  
 As a rough Satyr, tam'd with love, espies  
 Where his dear Nymph sweetly reposed lies,  
 Softly doth steal a kisse, then shrinks away,  
 Left he awake his souls soul: so we may  
 Think death did here: So the pale amorous Moon  
 On *Latmos* kifs'd sleeping *Endymion*  
 In Musick, wine and slumbers, so he try'd,  
 Courted and won her: That henceforth the Bride,  
 Fresh Youth, and Queens, shall in their bravest trim,  
 The Bridegroom-Sports and Scepters, leave for him.  
 This more shall follow, no Stagyrian brain  
 Shall ever call him terrible again;  
 Nor yet name Death, but when he shall come to't,  
 He shall but only wink, and that shall do't.

## X V.

*An Epitaph on Robert Lord Spencer.*

1. **H**ere much lamented lies four wonders: One  
**H**old Hospitality, in this Age gone.  
*A Spencer!* Free, lov'd for his bounteous mind,
2. He spent his means, yet kept it; Left behind  
 A state increas'd with honour. And the third
3. Was, in him dy'd a good man and a Lord.
4. The last, These lost, yet not the world undone;  
 Since all still hope them living in his Son.

## XVI.

*The Spring in the Rock.*

**H**Arsh Maid ! suppose not this clear Spring  
 Can boyl thus cold by Natures course.  
 No, 'tis a miracle, a thing  
 That may thy hard hearts melting force.  
 Know this cold Spring thou now dost see  
 Was like me once : The Rock like thee.

This Spring was once a Lover true,  
 Turn'd all to Ice by coy disdain ;  
 Till pitying gods his woes that knew,  
 Melted him thus to life again.  
 But love which alwayes racks the will,  
 Restless thus makes him bubble still.

Nor did she scape the gods just doom,  
 She Rock was made and could not stir :  
 So he that living could no room  
 Obtain, by death now dwells in her.  
 Oh take heed then, repent and know  
 They that chang'd her can alter you.

## XVII.

*The Amazement.*

**F**ool, why dost wonder that thou art  
 A statue turn'd, as if a dart  
 Transpierc'd thy breast when thou dost her behold ?  
 When yet before thou seest her face,  
 Thou dost believe with feeling grace,  
 Thou canst the story of thy Love unfold.  
 Alas, bold wits that great appear,  
 And can enchant each Vulgar ear,  
 Blush when their tale to Princes must be told.

See the Roses being blown,  
 Shed their leaves and fall alone,  
 As shamed by a purer red of hers.  
 See the Clouds that cast their snow,  
 Which melts as soon as 'tis below,  
 When but a whiter white of her appears.  
 See the Silk-worm how she weaves  
 Her self to death among her leaves,  
 As broke with envy of her finer hairs.

See the Sun that guides the day,  
 Yet every Evening steals away,  
 And comes next morning blushing at his rise:  
 Nor is it for the sad mishap,  
 That he must leave his *Thetis* lap,  
 But that he is out-shin'd by her fair eyes.  
 If then the Creatures in their pride  
 Withdraw themselves, let wonder slide  
 Each high Aspect the Senses stupifies.

## XVIII.

*An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Farmor.*

**C**Hastely to live, one husband wed, he gone,  
 Gravely to spend a Widowhood alone.  
 Full seventeen tedious years in memory  
 Of that dear worth which dy'd when he did dye:  
 To make life one long act of goodness, gain  
 More love than the worlds malice e're could stain,  
 Then calmly pass with sighs of every friend,  
 Were those brave wayes which her so much commend,  
 That 'tis no strong Line, but a Truth, to fix,  
*Here lies the best Example of her Sex.*

## XIX.

*On a hopeful Youth.*

**S**Tay Passenger, and lend a tear,  
 Youth and Vertue both lie here.  
 Reading this know thou hast seen  
 Vertue tomb'd at but Fifteen.  
 And if after thou shalt see  
 Any young and good as he,  
 Think his vertues are reviving  
 For Examples of thy living.  
 Practise those and then thou may'st  
 Fearless dye where now thou stay'st.

## XX:

An Answer to the Ode of, Come leave the loathed Stage, &c.

Come leave this faucy way  
 Of baiting those that pay  
 Dear for the sight of your declining wit:  
 'Tis known it is not fit,  
 That a false Poet, just contempt once thrown,  
 Should cry up thus his own,  
 I wonder by what Dowre  
 Or Patent you had power  
 From all to rap't a judgment. Let't suffice,  
 Had you been modest, y'had been granted wife.

'Tis known you can do well,  
 And that you do excell  
 As a Translator: But when things require  
 A *genius* and fire,  
 Not kindled heretofore by others pains;  
 As oft y'have wanted brains  
 And art to strike the White,  
 As you have levell'd right:  
 Yet if men vouch not things Apocryphal,  
 You bellow, rave and spatter round your gall.

*Fug, Pierce, Peck, Fly,* and all  
 Your Jests so nominal,  
 Are things so far beneath an able Brain,  
 As they do throw a stain  
 Through all th'unlikely plot, and do displease  
 As deep as *Pericles*,  
 Where yet there is not laid  
 Before a Chamber-maid  
 Discourse so weigh'd, as might have serv'd of old  
 For Schools, when they of Love and Valour told.

Why Rage then? when the show  
 Should Judgment be and Know-  
 ledge, that there are in Plush who scorn to drudge,  
 For Stages yet can judge  
 Not only Poets looser lives but wits,  
 And all their Perquisites.  
 A gift as rich as high  
 Is noble Poesie:  
 Yet though in sport it be for Kings a play,  
 'Tis next Mechanick when it works for pay.

*Alcaeus* Lute had none,  
 Nor loose *Anacreon*  
 E're taught so bold assuming of the Bayes,  
 When they deserv'd no praise,  
 To rail men into approbation  
 Is new is yours alone,  
 And prospers not: For know  
 Fame is as coy as you  
 Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove  
 A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,  
 And this more humorous strain,  
 Where self-conceit and choler of the blood  
 Eclipse what else is good:  
 Then if you please those raptures high to touch,  
 Whereof you boast so much;  
 And but forbear your Crown  
 Till the world puts it on:  
 No doubt from all you may amazement draw,  
 Since braver Theme no *Phæbus* ever saw.

## X X I.

## To Phryne.

**W**Hen thou thy youth shalt view  
 Fum'd out, and hate thy glass for telling true,  
 When thy face shall be seen  
 Like to an *Easter* Apple gathered green:  
 When thy whole body shall  
 Be one foul wrinkle, lame and shrivell'd all,  
 So deep that men therein  
 May find a grave to bury shame and sin:  
 When no claspt youth shall be  
 Pouring thy bones into his lap and thee:  
 When thy own wanton fires  
 Shall leave to bubble up thy loose desires:  
 Then wilt thou sighing lye,  
 Repent and smart, and so by two deaths dye.

## XXII.

To Mr. Dover on his Cotswold Games.

S U M M O N ' d by Fame (brave *Dover*) I can now  
 T E L L what it was old Poets meant to show  
 In the feign'd stories of their *Pegasus*,  
*Muses* and *Mount*, which they have left to us.  
 Nor need we wonder such a flow of years  
 Should roul away, when yet no light appears.  
 Since Prophecies and Fates predictions  
 Come to be known, and are fulfill'd at once.  
 So *Delphos* spake, and in a mystick fold  
 Hid that, at once which acted was and told.  
 What then was typ'd by *Pegasus*, but that  
 Proud Troup of fiery Coursers, muster'd at  
 Thy *Cotswold*? where like rapid spheres they hurld  
 Strain for a salt, the seasoning of the world.  
 Then the sagacious Hound, at losses mute  
 Alone, shews Natures Logick in pursuit.  
 But at thy other meeting, he is blind  
 That cannot *Muses* and their musick find:  
 Shewing that pleasure would be cold and dye,  
 Without converse and noble harmony.  
 The Ladies *Muses* are, there may you chuse  
 A Patroness, each Mistress is a Muse.  
 Nor does *Apollo's* Harp e're sound more high,  
 Than when 'tis vigour'd from a Ladies eye.  
 Now to complete the story, I do see  
 How future times will learn to title thee  
 That *Youth'd Apollo*: So *Mount Helicon*  
 Will *Cotswold* prove, which shall be fam'd alone,  
 And sacred all unto thy happy Name,  
 That long shall dwell in the fair voice of Fame.  
 For great thou must be: and as first, have prize,  
 Or else, as th' *Exit* of the old Prophecies.

## XXIII.

On Sir Rowland Cotton, famous for Letters and other parts.

I S *Cotton* dead? Then we may live to see  
 Wonder and Truth kiss in an Elegie:  
 Nor shall the chaffy Vulgar dare to laugh,  
 Finding no flattery in an Epitaph.

All that here Art could speak would credit have,  
 (Unless it be that he has found a Grave)  
 Not as Lay-Catholicks, which do conclude  
 Sins vertuous, 'cause Superiours do obtrude  
 Penal belief upon them: But as things  
 To which Mankind sad attestation brings,  
 For in what devious corner draws he breath,  
 That hearing shrinks not at brave *Cottons* death?  
 For whose dear sake great Nature seems to grone  
 And throb, as if an Element were gone.  
 At least he was her Index, wherein we  
 Her Quadripartite Treasury might see,  
 Veiwing in brief her Jems: For sure he knew  
 More Tongues than were at *Babels* building new:  
 And in so many Languages could write,  
 That he's learn'd now, that can but name them right.  
 That *Rubrick* Sea of Learning which do's drown  
*Niles* rash Impostors with their puff-up Crown,  
 Fled before him checking her waves, and there  
 To his sharp judgment left her bottom bare.  
 These shew'd his greatness, that he did converse  
 Not with some Nations, but the Universe.  
 So in his life from all extracting Art,  
 They all in his sad loss must bear a part.  
 And though those hands, which had so active been  
 To out-do Nations, drew their vigour in,  
 'Twas not through want of any noble fire,  
 But as great Princes indispos'd retire.  
 Thus the not using feet of so rich price,  
 Shew'd how he grew a bird of Paradise,  
 Scorning the flag of man, till he became  
 Volant above in a Celestial flame;  
 Whose loss we all now mourn. Yet that we might  
 Find fair concordance 'twixt his race and flight,  
 Having presented rich and stately Scenes,  
 He scorn'd an *Exit* by the common means.  
 As *Meses* pray'd he dy'd, *Aaron* and *Hur*  
 Lifting those hands that wearyed could not stir.  
 Or else, when he had warr'd and conquer'd all,  
 That subtle Schools abstruse and craggy call,  
 Triumph'd o're Arts, Vertues, the world and wit,  
 Strength, Natures weaknes, and the clogs in it,  
 His own two Chaplains (to his height now grown)  
 Seem'd to conduct him to receive his Crown.



## XXIV.

*On a Gentlewoman, whose Nose was pitted with  
the Small Pox.*

WHY (foul Disease) in cheek or eye  
Durst not thy small Impressions lye?  
Or why aspir'd'st thou to that place,  
The graceful Promont of her face?  
Alas! we see the Rose and Snow  
In one thou couldst not overthrow:  
And where the other did but please  
To look and shine, they kill'd disease.  
Then as some sulphurous spirit sent  
By the torne Airs distemperment,  
To a rich Palace; finds within  
Some Sainted Maid or *Sheba* Queen;  
And, not of power for her offence,  
Riffles the Chimney going hence.  
So thou too feeble to controul  
The Guest within, her purer soul,  
Hast out of spleen to things of grace,  
Left thy sunk footsteps in the place.  
Yet fear not Maid, since so much fair  
Is left, that these can those impair.  
Face-scars do not disgrace, but shew  
Valour well freed from a bold foe.  
Like *Jacobs* lameness, this shall be  
Honour and Palme to Time and Thee.

## XXV.

*Elegie on Mr. Fra. Leigh, who dyed of the Plague,  
May-day, 1637.*

WHAT means this solemn damp quite through the *Strand*  
To *Westminster*? Oh! see how sad they stand!  
Sorrow invadeth all: as when a Prince  
Lov'd, is in pomp of funeral waited hence.  
The Town is sated, and the *Temples* mourn,  
As having lost what never can return.  
The greedy Lawyer, and his proud pert Clark,  
Lets fall his pleading and his pen, to mark  
What 'tis amazes the litigious Hall.  
When lo! the fatal murmur reaches all;  
And through the shuffling thron'g the news is spread  
In a faint whisper, Hopeful *Leigh* is dead!

Dead of the Plague! dead in his early Youth!  
 Leaving quite widowed Handsomness and Truth.  
 His shape was womans envy, and her stain;  
 His mind all sweet, his Conversation gain  
 To all, to whom he did the honour grant  
 T' enjoy those parts, which Nobles boast, yet want.  
 If he had errors, they were such as ne'r  
 Could grow to faults, but the next riper year  
 Would clean have chac'd away. For as from fire  
 At the first kindling some smoak will aspire;  
 So youth must be allow'd his vapours, which  
 Maturity and time will turn to rich  
 And brightning flames, whereby the world may prove,  
 Though Man derive from Earth, he mounts to *Jove*.  
 Scorning his soul should any other food  
 Pursue, but that which is supremely good.  
 Thus he assur'd, yet these in him with grief  
 We find cut off by fate without relief.  
 Nor was this all: the Plague which humbly fed,  
 And only th'unfann'd Vulgar harrassed;  
 Perhaps in pity, for to them a Grave  
 Is far more blest than that poor life they have,  
 Now is exalted grown, and shews more grim,  
 Boding a stroke at Gentry thorough him:  
 And though already thousands be extinct,  
 Yet they shall be recorded but as linkt  
 In one dull mass together: In whose fall  
 There shall no Plague be nam'd: but they that shall  
 Mention this time, their Annal thus shall run,  
 This year the first of *May* the Plague begun.  
 And for his sake all our Successors shall  
 This day *the second evil May-day* call.

XXVI.  
SONG.

**G**O, cruel Maid, restore again  
 Thy snow and rubied lip,  
 Thy orb'd Suns, thy skye of Vein,  
 Thy blush and jewell'd Tip.  
 I dare be sworn no Power Divine  
 E're meant them for that heart of thine.

I know, when th'Influence of the Pole  
 Fram'd thy cold heart of Ice,  
 Thou stol'st these from some kinder soul,  
 To blind the peoples eyes:

It could not be else thou shouldst thus  
Slight one whose love's Idolatrous.

The Chrystal Heaven that spheres about,  
Though it be fair to see;  
Unless it sends his moist Pearls out,  
The world would ruin'd be:  
So beauty mixt with coy disdain,  
Is but Heaven mark'd with murders stain.

What though thou maist with thine eyes-wink  
Check the presuming Sun;  
They are but Tyrants that can think  
Thave all that may be done.  
Gods, Kings and Mistresses, should they  
Do all they might, this All would all decay.

## XXVII.

*Gunemastix.*

Commend a Womas mercy? 'Tis to say  
Tygers are kind, to mis-call night for day.  
To say there's vertue in a Witches will,  
Is truer far: their mercy's but to kill:  
Nay, if they did that soon enough, I'de swear  
They creatures all compact of pity were.  
But they delight in lingring cruelty,  
To see men fry in flames, and piece-meal dye.

Oh they are things, that Nature (vext with men)  
Ordain'd for vengeance! and to plague them, then  
When she her self blusht at those cruel things  
She meant in them to practise. Like those Kings  
That smiling to carouse in bloud, appoint  
Inferior Executioners, to dis-joynt  
Men doom'd for murder; while themselves relent  
To be but seers of the punishment.  
So Nature turning Tyrant, woman made  
Mens spirits scourge; instructing her to trade  
In racking of their souls, to flame their hearts,  
And to dissect them in a thousand parts.

Their looks indeed speak pity, but they are  
Like Fowlers straps, pleasing but to insnare;  
That men being thrall'd once in their custody,  
They may delight to see how sad they dye;  
Cast thy self prostrate at their mercy gate,  
There sue for pity: Ah, 'tis to throw thy fate

And liberty to Pirats: 'tis to give  
 Life unto those that will not let thee live.  
 'Tis to commit the blessings to the wave  
 Of rugged Seas, in hope that That will save.  
 Oh! have but so much Faith as to believe,  
 They are the most obdurate things that live!

Tell them what plagues, what tortures and what wo,  
 What hell exceeding pains you undergo  
 For them: it is all one as if you told  
 A tale to Flint, Images, or Marble cold.  
 Their songs, their smiles, their glancings, seemings glad,  
 Are all but deaths in several Liveries clad.  
 If e're they seem to pity, 'tis to know  
 Your souls close secrets, then to laugh at you.  
 Or else like Butchers, let their favours fall  
 To fat you for their slaughter and the Stall.  
 Or like the *Flemming*, that the *Turk* dispatches,  
 Fills him with *Cates*, to fling him over hatches.

Live among women! ah, thou more safely may'st  
 Sleep in a bed with Snakes, with Scorpions jest:  
 They sting the body, and it dyes; but these  
 Infest the soul with such a sad disease,  
 Whose plague lives everlastingly, and gives  
 Nor rest, nor intermission, while thou liv'st.  
 Their eyes false glasses are; that while the soul  
 Wings her fair course up to the starry Pole,  
 They (like a Lark with daring) pull it down,  
 And then for ever thrall it to their frown.  
 Their tongues are *Syrens* notes, which still do train  
 Th'hearers to death, which before they find, they gain.  
 Their faces are th'extracted beauties of  
 The world in one, which Nature made in scoff  
 Of all else Excellencies: but therein  
 She hid more treason than the world had sin.  
 For well she knew those ills that would betide them,  
 Would shew too foul, without a Veil to hide them.  
 So that man might be lur'd, and not descry  
 In Angels shape, the clad black misery.

Envious Nature! since thou needs wouldst make  
 Torture for man, thou might'st have given a shap  
 That should have shew'd it like an enemy: so  
 Before he felt, he might have seen his wo:  
 And not have trod pits strew'd with forged green,  
 Whereby as men take beasts, so they take him.  
 Before she was created, this world was  
 Still as the *Caspian* Sea, quiet, a glass

Of firm contentment ; wherein man might be  
 Frolick some years, and not curse Destiny.  
 But being made, the first act she did try  
 Seduc'd Mankind, inlitted policy.  
 Taught him a way (which then he did not know)  
 To carry murther in a smiling brow.  
 Hence Fishers learn'd to angle, Huntsmen here  
 To pitch their Toyls, hence Fowlers to insnare  
 With cozening lures, hence Lawyers to egg on,  
 And undo Clients with perswasion.  
 Flatterers to kill : hence, Tradesmen to deceive,  
 Physicians hence to gild the Pils they give.  
 That now the world seems but one shop to be  
 Of Stratagem, of Fraud and Roguery.

She's mischiefs powder-plot ! that at one blow  
 Gave Man and all the world an Overthrow.  
 So primitively ill, that she ne'r cou'd  
 Yet tell the sense of honesty or good.  
 And therefore at the first was forc'd to creep  
 Into the world while man was dead asleep :  
 Then in her young Creation wrought such smart,  
 As tore the Rib out that lay next his heart :  
 For had he wak'd, and had but half his sense,  
 He sooner would have cop'd with Pestilence,  
 Then joy'n'd with her : who so of joy bereft him,  
 That ere night came, she for the Devil left him.  
 And if it had not been to damn him too,  
 Sh'had ne'r return'd, she lik'd his company so.  
 The Serpent sure that tempted her could be  
 But a meer Type of one more subtile, she  
 Or else her own ill disposition  
 The Serpent was, by which sh'was set upon.  
 Hast thou a friend thou wishest free from scorn,  
 From Hell within him ? wish when he was born  
 A sea-deep grave his mother did interre,  
 And that the world of women dy'd with her.  
 So if he never knew what woman was,  
 He may in mirth and quiet his time pass.  
 But he that after a worlds joy doth come  
 But to spell Woman, is undone ! undone !  
 Her name is *Exorcisme*, and the most fair  
 Inchantresses the worst of witches are.  
 Else how could they insatuate the souls  
 Of wisest men, and soonest such ? when fools,  
 Not having noble room enough to hold  
 Unbounded Love, are free by being cold.

Oh you Celestial Powers! why did you lend  
 Accursed man a soul, to be impenn'd  
 In womens breasts; who use it with despite,  
 When damning of their own can but requite?  
 Yet that they may appear in some good strain,  
 In pities name they'll wrap up their disdain,  
 So murder you with tears and kindness; when  
 They only weep that you are not the Man.  
 And will you call this pity, when it is  
 Spirit of torture, soul of miseries?  
 Who's plagu'd thus, boldly may dare Nature to  
 Find such another plague, man so t'undo.  
 For they that love, and do not meet with it,  
 Are gnawn with burning Furies which do fit  
 Whipping their anguisht souls in them, while they  
 Are mad to dye, and cannot find the way.  
 Passion and Fury pulls that from my pen  
 I never thought of: For they are to men  
 (When they are loving) things so precious,  
 That man out of their sight is ruinous.  
 Whatever large Philosophy could find  
 Of Vertue, had *Idea* from their mind.  
 Whatever Gems, Stars, Flowers or Metals show  
 Of Beauty, does advanc't in Women flow.  
 A Temple for the Deity so fit,  
 As Gods great Son left Heaven to dwell in it.  
 From whence (when man was forfeit to the Law)  
 He chose life and immortal flesh to draw.  
 Nor can the world, with all that is below,  
 A second shape so brave as Woman show.  
 And I have heard, when Heaven and Nature did  
 Study what blessings to pour on mans head,  
 It was agreed (his ruines to repair)  
 He should enjoy a Woman good, kind, fair.  
 So if they tax thee for thy pens amiss,  
 Tell'em thou mean'st they should read only this,  
 Though all but she, that this converted hath,  
 Are ten degrees below a Poets wrath.

## XXVIII.

*To the Painter taking the Picture of the Lady  
 Penelope Countess of Peterburgh.*

**F**Orbear! This face, if taken true,  
 Ruines thine Art: For when men view  
 So new a model of a Face,  
 So chaste, so sweet, 'twill quite disgrace

All thy old Rules : but if thy will  
 Presume to limb new laws for skill,  
 Upon thy Pallat (fram'd by Art  
 O'th' splinter of some conquer'd heart)  
 Temper the Elements, be sure  
 They be all four most calm and pure :  
 From these perhaps thou may'st descry  
 Her ev'n complexions harmony.  
 For either Cheek, when you begin,  
 Draw me a smiling Cherubin.  
 For lips thou may'st the *Gemini* track  
 Of some high Holy-day *Zodiack* :  
 For Brow and eyes thou shalt display  
 The Ev'n and Morn, Creations day :  
 It must be such a dawn and shade  
 As that day cast, wherein was made  
 The Sun before mans damning Fall  
 Threw a fogg'd guilt upon this All.  
 Over this Figure raise me high  
 Figures for stars i'th' convex'd skye ;  
 But give no colour, they will rise  
 Bright from her efficacious eyes.  
 Last, draw thy self and Pencil thrown  
 Beneath her feet : For 'twill be known  
 She's mistress of far braver Arts,  
 Thou Faces tak'st, but she takes Hearts.

## X X I X.

*Upon a breach of Promise.*

## S O N G.

I Am confirm'd in my belief,  
 No Woman hath a soul :  
 They but delude, that is the chief  
 To which their Fancies roull.

Else how could bright *Aurelia* fail,  
 When she her faith had given ;  
 Since Vows that others ears assail,  
 Recorded are in heaven.

But as the Alch'mists flattering fires  
 Swell up his hopes of prize ;  
 Till the crackt Spirit quite expires,  
 And with his Fortune dies.

So though they seem to cheer, and speak  
 Those things we most implore,  
 They do but flame us up to break,  
 Then never mind us more.

X X X .

*To this written by a Gentlewoman,  
 the Answer underneath was given.*

**B**ELIEVE not him whom Love hath left so wise,  
 As to have power his own tale to tell;  
 For Childrens griefs do yield the loudest cries,  
 And cold desires may be expressed well.  
 In well told Love most often falshood lyes.  
 But pity him that only sighs and Dyes.

*His Answer.*

Yet trust him that a sad tale tells,  
 With sighs and tears in's eyes:  
 For Love with torture often dwells,  
 And can make Ideots wise:  
 Racks make the strongest roar, Love sticks no dart  
 But tips the tongue as well as wounds the heart.

Who loves, and dyes, and makes no show,  
 Hath heart and passion weak;  
 Since passions that are deep, we know,  
 Can make the dumb to speak.  
 Then never pity him whom death can cure,  
 But pity him that lives and must endure.

X X X I.

S O N G.

**C**upid and Venus! who are these?  
 A Boy and common Tit,  
 Two lyes that Poets made in ease,  
 Or in some drunken fit.  
 Away, away, for I can prove  
 That *Vulcan* only is the god of Love,

He throws his fire in our veins,  
 The Bastards shafts he headeth;  
*Mars* and Loves Mother caught in chains,  
 He as his Prisoner leadeth.

And



And now I know the light that flies,  
Is his bright Flame calm'd by *Clarissa's* eyes.

His locks and bolts can keep us out,  
And to our blisse convey us;  
He can secure us round about,  
And then he can betray us.  
He keeps me from my happiness, and he  
Does prove great *Cupid* when he lends his key.

## XXXII.

*This ensuing Copy the late Printer hath been pleased to  
honour, by mistaking it among those of the most ingenious  
and too early lost, Sir John Suckling.*

WHEN, Dearest, I but think on thee,  
Me thinks all things that lovely be  
Are present, and my soul delighted:  
For beauties that from worth arise,  
Are like the grace of Deities,  
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day,  
With all his spreading lights away,  
Till nights black wings do overtake me:  
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,  
As sudden lights do sleeping men,  
So they by their bright rayes awake me.

Thus absence dyes, and dying proves  
No absence can consist with Loves,  
That do partake of fair perfection:  
Since in the darkest night they may  
By their quick motion find a way  
To see each other by reflection.

The waving Sea can with such flood,  
Bath some high Palace that hath stood  
Far from the Main up in the River:  
Oh think not then but love can do  
As much, for that's an Ocean too,  
That flows not every day, but ever.

XXXIII.

S O N G.

**N**ow ( as I live ) I love thee much,  
 And fain would love thee more,  
 Did I but know thy temper such,  
 As could give o're.

But to ingage thy Virgin-heart,  
 Then leave it in distrefs,  
 Were to betray thy brave defert,  
 And make it lefs.

Were all the Eastern Treasures mine,  
 I'de pour them at thy feet :  
 But to invite a Prince to dine  
 With air, 's not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone,  
 Then if my fate prove coy,  
 I can difpence with grief my own,  
 While thou haft joy.

But if through my too niggard Fate  
 Thou fhouldft unhappy prove,  
 I fhould grow mad and desperate  
 Through grief and love.

Since then though more I cannot love  
 Without thy injury ;  
 As Saints that to an Altar move,  
 My thoughts fhall be.

And think not that the flame is lefs,  
 For 'tis upon this fcore,  
 Were't not a love beyond excefs,  
 It might be more.

XXXIV.

*Upon a rare Voice.*

**W**hen I but hear her fing, I fare  
 Like one that raifed, holds his ear  
 To fome bright ftar in the fupremeft Round ;

Through

Through which, besides the light that's seen,  
There may be heard, from Heaven within,  
The Rests of Anthems, that the Angels found.

## XXXV.

*Considerations of one design'd for a Nunnery.*

*'Tis to be thought upon,*

Whether i'th'bud and prime of blooming Youth  
(When each small *fyre* of the Soul thoots forth,  
Warm'd by that Vernal Sun, which then invites it)  
I shall my self, and future life give up,  
Immur'd, a sacrifice to Avarice  
And Opinion: For if it be not such,  
What can my being thus a cold Recluse  
Be to th'advantage of my Parents souls?  
My Charity shall be my own, not theirs;  
Nor can my Vigils or abstemious frost,  
Or cool or expiate, the smallest fume  
Of their intemperate heat; but it will on,  
Not minding me, or my pale Orisons.  
Nay, had they mued up thus themselves, I had  
No being had at all, to argue this.  
Why then being come into the world by Providence,  
May not I take that turn the gods have given me,  
Without (as soon as entred, like a thing  
Imperfect made) to be turn'd out again,  
As quite unworthy those great bounteous favors,  
Heaven and free Nature had design'd me to?

*Oh but the benefits,*

To avoid the thraldom of imperious Love,  
The hazards of contempt, and calumny,  
The heats and Hecticks both of Fear, and Love,  
The qualms, and throws of Married life, the frets  
And cumbers, humming 'bout the Heards of families:  
To ride secure out of the reach of Fortune,  
O're looking all those rouling tides of Fate,  
Which worldlings still are hurried with; and then  
To be wrapt up in Innocence, a Privado  
Dear, and familiar to the Deity,  
Is surely a condition to be catcht at,  
With all th'expansions both of mind, and body!  
But then again to weigh the Cancelling  
Of what I'm born to, tugging all my life

Against

Against the Tyde; still streining up the hill:  
 The Plains and pleasant Vallies ever hidden.  
 What is it less then the bold undertaking  
 Of a perpetual war with Nature? which how well  
 I can come off with, is to me unknown.  
 Though, being in, I must go on, whatever  
 Stops I meet: Vows lock us up for ever,  
 Without their leaving of a key to loose us.  
 Must I not then, in spight of all Reluctance,  
 Wade on, however the deep Current drives me?  
 But does not Nature in her general course,  
 Design all Creatures to their fixed end?  
 Did the wise God of Nature give me Sex  
 Only to cast it off? were all our flames  
 Rais'd, to be kept but in perpetual smother?  
 Must we have fire still glowing under us,  
 Only that we with constant Lading may  
 Keep our selves cool, and check our boyling fervor?  
 Our Passions, our Affections and Desires,  
 We are injoynd to regulate, not deposite quite.  
 Why were their Objects lent us, set before  
 Our open eyes, and we forbid to view them?  
 Our joyes, our hopes, the feathers of the soul,  
 Were never meant us to become our torment.  
 I cannot think so meanly of the Deity,  
 That it should fill our sails with pregnant gales,  
 And yet forbid ustouch those pleasing Coasts,  
 That thereby we are driven to. Vile disguise  
 Is Impotency's child, and noble Nature scorns,  
 (Looking streight on) but once to glance aside  
 In all the Elements. What one creature is there  
 That is not acted by the flames of Love?  
 The Mole, that wears no window for the Sun,  
 Finds yet a light that leads to genial Love.  
 Those birds, that yearly sleep a Winters death,  
 Each spring to mighty Love refuscitate.  
 The fish that freezeth under floors of Ice,  
 In his set season thaws and Kippers love.  
 Who taught cold worms from their dark holes to meet,  
 And in an amorous close to glue themselves  
 Till Natures work be done? If Love be fire,  
 As 'tis the blaze of life, it then must have  
 Fuel to feed on. All spiritual is  
 Too fine for flesh to live by; and too grosse  
 Is food corporeal all: As man is mixt,  
 So his affections object must. Love temper'd right

Is chatte as cold Virginity. And since  
 He merits more, that means unbound to pay,  
 Than he that is ty'd up to strict Conditions:  
 I'll rather chuse to keep my self in that  
 Estate my wise Creator did appoint me,  
 Then to mistrust his Grace, and out of fear  
 Lock up in forced chains my free-born Soul.

## XXXVI.

In *Gulielmi Laud*, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis,  
 Decollationem, Jan. 10. 1643.

*Suapesce Viator! & Miranda Fati lege,  
 Ex plebeia stirpe, quem ad summum provexit Caesar  
 Conservare nequit.*

*Subditorum usurpata Potestas,  
 Justa Regum, major nunc irrepta est.  
 Insons autem, ergo & Intrepidus cecidit.  
 Ac postquam Scororum Illecebra, diu factus,  
 Sine Lege,*

*Legis Libamen exciderit;  
 Ordinatione inopinata & temporaria,  
 Vita ( nunquam redimenda )  
 In perpetuum dempta est.  
 Magna Ausus improspere,  
 Parabat Odium.*

*Quod noxium, dum incapitalem pronunciat,  
 Precanum tamen Capite truncatum voluit:  
 Et per quadriennium, cum causa egrè investigata,  
 Rabies Civium, Livor Populi,  
 Comitiorum arbitraria libido ( suffulta gladio )  
 Tandem propalarunt.*

*Tanta mundanorum omnium spheristeria,  
 Ut dum Antistes patitur,  
 Antistes & supplicii extat.*

*Quocum Majestas Principum, Procerum Tutela,  
 Ecclesie Patrimonium,  
 Libertas Subjecti,*

*Et Britannici orbis immunitas,  
 Simul pro tempore Tumulantur.*

*Abi Viator, Luge; ut mortem conculcares,  
 Vivo bene.*

## XXXVII.

On Thomas Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper  
of the Great Seal of England, who dyed  
Decemb. 1640.

WE need not search for penitent sinners tears,  
For Blacks – the widow or wrong'd Orphan wears,  
For sighs from Kings deposed, or for grief  
From shipwreckt Merchants, banisht all relief.  
Nor need we here Laments t'embalm this Herse,  
That flattering Poets strain from bleeding Verse.  
Here petty streams not only Currents pay,  
But all the Ocean floods each dryest way.  
'Tis not an Angle, Province, that or this  
That weeps: The general Kingdom Mourner is.  
Nor is't a Plank or prop that's lost by Fate,  
But 'tis a Capital Column of the State,  
Which here so summons grief, that all men good  
Approach, and bring sad Tribute to the flood:  
That now this Isle not only seems to be  
Inviron'd round with waves, but waves to be.  
Our *London* is turn'd *Venice*, and our gay  
Pallaces peer, as plac'd in a salt Bay.  
Where Tydes of sorrow make us think we meet  
Not men on Land, but Rowers in the street.  
And when we hence a stage or two shall pass,  
We shall see clearer what our last Scene was.  
Who is't hereafter that shall dare to draw  
A Line to part Prerogative and Law?  
And shew from each – Man may, by fair Acquist,  
Be both a Patriot and a Royalist.  
Who can dispatch so much so well, so free  
From Fear, from Favour, stain or Bribery?  
Who shall discover now those flourish't sleights,  
The Lawyers offer for pretended rights?  
When all their Pleadings, Oratory, Law,  
Is but the Judge to judge amiss, to draw.  
Who shall at first relation hear, and spy  
The knot? and that not cut but well untye?  
Who shall like *Virgo* in the Zodiack (fit)  
Between bold *Leo* and just *Libra* sit,  
Stern Justice to pronounce? which they that lose  
Must praise, because they have not power to chuse,  
Unless they forfeit Conscience first: and then  
'Tis not in gods to give content to men.

Who

Who shall spring up his heir of Brain? so keen,  
 So solid and so strong, as had he been  
 The living Volume of the Law, he cou'd  
 Not have done more, or more diffusive good.

Th'unfriended's Patron, the oppress'd's shield;  
 The Fort of Truth, untaught by charms to yield:  
 That knew his right of Place, and durst 'gainst all  
 Maintain't; whilst none durst it in question call.  
 The Subjects Anchor; yet in's just intent  
 His Royal Princes noblest instrument.

Strong proof 'gainst all corruption; and 'gainst all  
 Malice could vent from her invenom'd Gall  
 He was triumphant still: not the least stain  
 But did glide off, as from oyl'd Satten rain.

Advanc'd on Judgments Throne, he did not rise  
 T'ore-look himself, or others to despise.  
 For well he knew, ev'n Kings are not exempt,  
 But if they sow Disdain, they reap Contempt.  
 His were not Courts alone, but Readings; there  
 The Bar was throng'd rather to learn than hear.  
 Nor were men check'd or jested from their right,  
 Council he did but rectifie, not bite.  
 Not empty, swell'd with State; as if his word  
 Could less with reason awe, than with My Lord.  
 No payments with Court-frowns; or such sowre looks  
 As could blot debts from some poor Tradefmens books.  
 No itch, nor yet contempt of Fame; which flies  
 Yet most to those who merit more, than prize.  
 Not cholerick out of greatness: Such i'th' skye  
 Of Honour, drawn up by the Suns heat high,  
 Hang fir'd and sparkle, threat some dire event  
 To fright the world with; but their slime once spent,  
 They then, not in vast Seas or Royal *Thames*,  
 But in some puddle quench their Bearded Flames.

In midst of Tempests calm! He had command  
 In passions strain'd Career to make a stand.  
 So Armies bravely disciplin'd, exalt  
 In winged Marches, and then make an Alt.  
 Not hurried into rage by weakness; Wit  
 And Judgment never with wild Fury fit.  
 The Sun in's temperate Zone does gently turn  
 The Spring: In Torrid, does not warm but burn.  
 True wisdoms God is never found in noise;  
 But that God was found in the cool soft voice.

A Life in all so blemishless, that we  
*Enoch's* return may sooner hope, than he

Should be outshin'd by any. *More's* learned wit,  
 Nor *Bacon's* miracl'd Fancy e're can fit  
 Loftier in Fames high Tower, than what we see  
 Flows from his lasting Names integrity.  
 Nor is this Fancy, catcht report, or guess,  
 For all have seen what all these lines profess.  
 So though the Poet be left out, yet I  
 From Truth and Him may reach Eternity.

These shadows were ; he that would do him right,  
 Must History, and not a Poem write.  
 He must draw *Cato, Solon, Cicero,*  
 Even all the Sages, and our own Laws too.  
 For in that History he must devise  
 To paint out all Philosophy calls wise.  
 He must describe the gods *Olympus,* where  
 Honours best Exercises acted were.  
 Whose Base was firm and fruitful, but we find  
 His calm top dwelt above or Clouds or Wind.  
 He must limb spirits never tir'd ; such parts  
 As had of equal rule all the best Arts.  
 He must two wonders tell ; in him (both eas'd)  
 The Prince and People fifteen years well pleas'd.  
 The other ; All his wayes so ballanc'd were,  
 As no base wit in Libel durst appear.  
 Then he must dye, to make the world confess  
 A wise man only is then one God less.  
 Last, let there be a generous Odor fann'd  
 By soft perfum'd winds through all the Land :  
 Then like rich essence in the locks of Fame  
 If't stick and last for ever, that's his Name.

## XXXVIII.

*Upon Abolishing the Feast of the Nativity of our  
 blessed Saviour, Anno 1643.*

SHall Bloud and Ruine find a day  
 To feast and play ?  
 Shall we go on in rage, and still  
 Rejoyce when Brothers Brothers kill ?  
 Shall we each year the growing State  
 Of our great Senate celebrate ?  
 Shall annual Rights and heightned mirth  
 Frolick each petty Princes Birth ?  
 And shall the Lord of Life's blest day  
 Be thrown away ?



Dear Day! thy memory to me  
 Shall precious be.  
 Since God at first his stamp did set,  
 And man till now continued it,  
 I'll shew my joy and thanks: Suppose  
 That very day no Mortal knows,  
 Yet since just power does one command,  
 That one to me as well shall stand,  
 As leaving *Egypt*; which in one,  
 Yet was not done.

No day since the Creation yet  
 Was grac'd like it:  
 Crouded with miracles it came  
 Into the world: the Heavens proclaim  
 By new created light, the Thing;  
 While th'Hosts of God descend and sing,  
 The joy to Shepherds th'Angel brings,  
 And a bright Star does summon Kings.  
 To all mankind glad tydings flies,  
 To th'weak and wife.

And where the Prince does not forbid,  
 The Subject's ty'd  
 To obey him in his Vice-Roy: So  
 Where God my Father sayes not No,  
 There my blest Mother, his chaste Spouse,  
 The Church, as Mistrefs, rules the House.  
 No Steward of a private Farme  
 Shall there my just Obedience charme,  
*Fews* may reject the day, but I  
 Will Christian dye.

## XXXIX.

On *Mr. Mynshull.*

**M**istake not this, 'tis not his Monument;  
 That worth is poor can in a Tomb be pent.  
 Imagine Man unfauln! constant to Truth:  
 Thereby you may collect what was his Youth.  
 Propose the Schools in practice, marry the Arts  
 To sweetness, till they prove a charm for hearts:  
 Erect a Centre, where the fervent Love  
 Of Lord and Labourer together move

And

And meet : till there be made by it agen  
 Atonement 'twixt the worlds frail gods and men.  
 Think that brave Name which scorns to have an end,  
 Th'unfound *Idea* of a perfect friend.  
 Let him live lov'd as Women, th'Spring or Health  
 By Fever'd men, or as by th'Usurer wealth.  
 And when he dyes, let all that Interest have  
 In goodness, pay sad Tribute to his grave.  
 When thou hast scann'd all this, thou then may'st see  
 What 'tis these poor Materials would tell thee.  
 For 'tis the Trophy of those Breasts that grieve,  
 That *Mynshull* being all this, does not still live.

## X L.

## A N E P I T A P H

To the Eternal Memory of CHARLES the First,  
 King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c.  
*Inhumanely murdered by a perfidious Party of  
 His prevalent Subjects, Jan. 30. 1648.*

WHEN He had shewn the world, that He was King  
 Of all those Vertues that can Honour bring ;  
 And by His Princely Graces made it known,  
 That Rule was so inherently His Own,  
 That His great Parts might justly Him prefer  
 Not to two Isles, but the worlds Emperor.  
 When His large Soul in sufferings had out-shin'd  
 All *Jobs* vast Patience : and in His clear Mind  
 Had rivall'd *Solomons* Wisdom, but out gone  
 His Temperance, in his most tempting Throne.  
 When by a Noble Christian Fortitude,  
 He had serenely triumph'd o're all rude  
 And barbarous Indignities that men  
 (Inspir'd from Hell) could act by hand or pen.  
 When He to save the Church had shed His blood,  
 And dy'd for being (only) Wise and Good :  
 When His three Kingdoms in a well-weigh'd sence  
 He'd rather lose, than a good Conscience :  
 As knowing, 'twas a far more glorious thing  
 To dye a *MARTYR*, than to live a *KING*.  
 When He had copy'd out in every Line,  
 Our Saviours Passion (bating the Divine)  
 Nay, even His Prayers and Gospel, if we look  
 Impartially upon His peerless Book ;

A Book so rarely good, we read in one  
 The Psalms and Proverbs, *David-Solomon* ;  
 With all that high-born Charity, which shines  
 Quite through the great Apostles sacred lines :  
 That, spight of rage, next future Ages shall  
 Hold it (with Reverence stamp'd) Canonical.  
 When *Herod, Judas, Pilate*, and the *Fews*,  
*Scots, Cromwell, Bradshaw*, and the shag-haired *Mews*  
 Had quite out-acted, and by their damn'd Cry  
 Of injur'd Justice, lessened Crucifie :  
 When He had prov'd, that since the world began ;  
 So many Tears were never shed for Man :  
 Since so below'd he fell, that with pure grief  
 His Subjects dy'd, 'cause he was rest of Life :  
 When to convince the Heretick worlds base thought,  
 His Royal Bloud true miracles had wrought :  
 When it appear'd, He to this world was sent,  
 The Glory of *KINGS*, but Shame of *PARLIAMENT* :  
 The stain of th' *English* that can never dye ;  
 The Protestants perpetual Infamy :  
 When He had rose thus, Truths great Sacrifice,  
 Here *CHARLES the First*, and *CHRIST the second lyes*.

## XLI.

*On the Lady E. M.*

**H**Er Prudence, Wit and Memory being told,  
 Death seiz'd her streight ; mistook her to be old.  
 A sheet of *Bacon's* catch'd at more, we know,  
 Than all sad *Fox*, long *Holinshead* or *Stow*.  
 She was but Eight ; yet judgment had such store,  
 Upon a just Compute she dy'd Threescore.  
 Ladies, take heed how to be wise you try,  
 For 'tis resolv'd, who will be wise must dye.

F I N I S.

quest.

Ans:

Say if your studies can obey  
Or what new methods can you find  
That men made up of oaths & lies  
... not be phas'd by woman kind

A braver assistance yet know  
Whylst false conquests all disdain  
The longer you delay the town  
The greater honour still you gain

In times the task, to have both probe  
... that our power & eye must do  
Whylst the more we do declare our  
... yet too dangerous to woo

Nor ever wast Esteem'd disgrace  
When there's no favour in the state  
Altho you'l not betray the place  
On honourable terms to ye state

If we surrender soon our hearts  
To those vain conquests, your disdain  
... at all our female arts  
... that never should be join'd

That weak within you need not  
To those who brag of his pursuit  
Nor are within our forces to  
But you cheat us, & we cheat

How wondrous then is virgin youth  
Which no then part, can safely try  
... soon allow'd speaking truth  
... yet forbid to lie

from questions by enquiring  
propose your wit must set you  
you need not tell us all the truth  
yours on your oaths, no more than

Since love depends not on our will  
But is most fit to us unconfin'd  
How far from France be it  
When a rain falls upon the mind.

Ans:  
Love is at first at our command  
But Francis does the judgment find  
Which if in time we don't untie  
Englobes the body and the mind

If a first love woe thus may tame  
A second we may safely rule  
Inconstant, there's too much a  
For on that's either knave or fo

Our parents crime their children still destroys  
Was in a long wish on dear forbidden joys  
As the Varietie calls the lust  
A lawless custom, give the hell-born lust  
By Hol's love It must not be deny'd  
No where on earth, harming like a betwixt bride  
It is a spark who rambles up and down  
Through the stoves of our ungracious town  
... yet lie would at least a forsoot probe  
And try the excuris of virtuous Love.

A BRIEF  
CHARACTER  
OF THE  
Low-Countries  
UNDER THE  
STATES.

*Written long since.*

Being three Weeks Observation of the Vices  
and Virtues of the  
*INHABITANTS.*

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*— Non Seria semper.*

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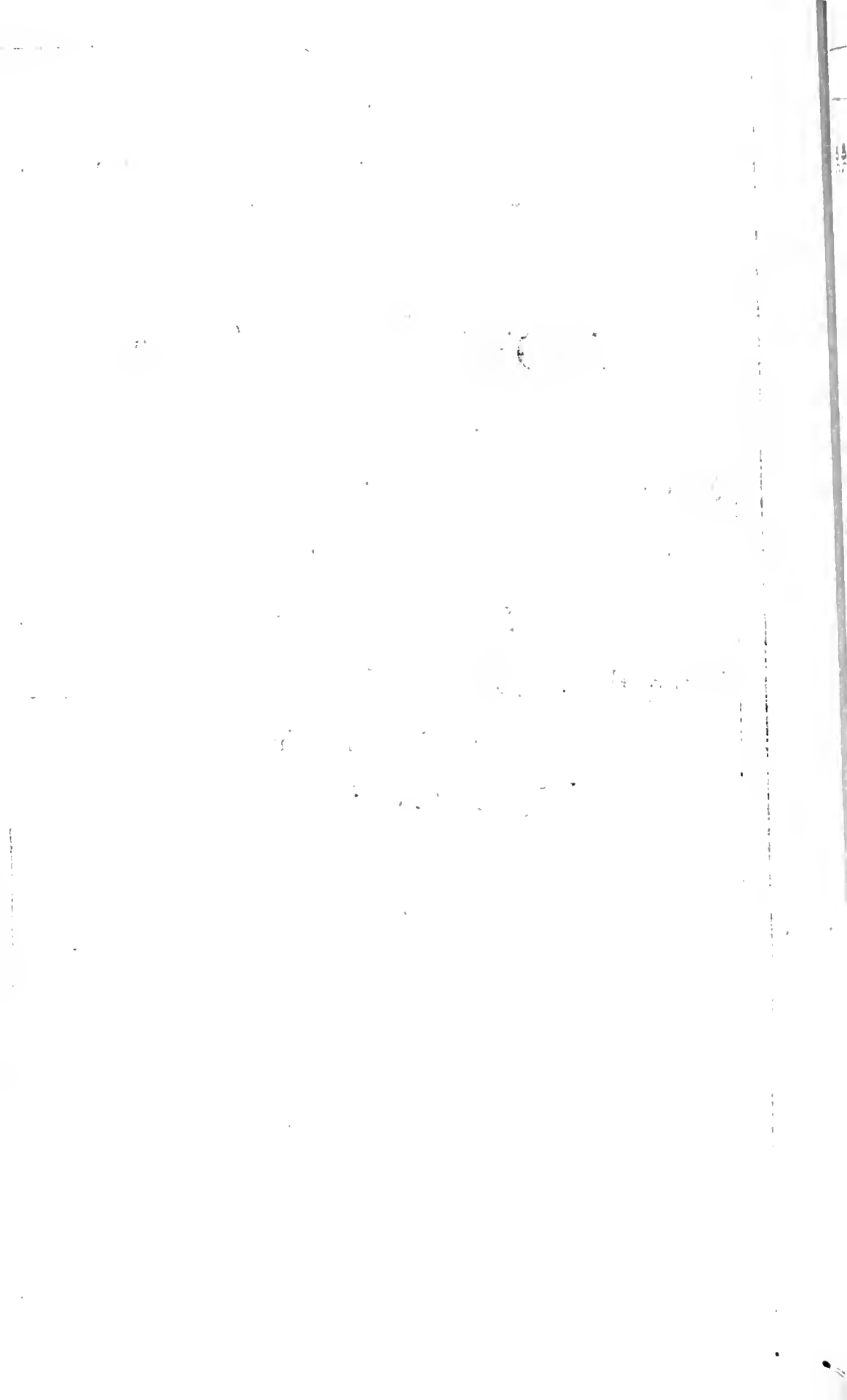


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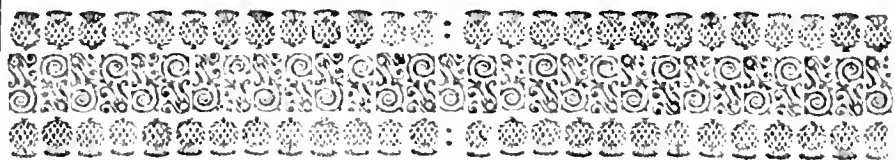


THE  
P R I N T E R  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

 S I live, Gentlemen, I am amaz'd how any Piece could be made such mind-meat as this hath been by a twice-printed Copy, which I find flying abroad to abuse the Author, who long since travelling for companies-sake with a Friend into the Low-Countries, would needs for his own recreation write this Essay of them as he then found them: I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it publick, as he was from any private spleen to the Nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to print it, but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his puerilia, and (as he said) a Piece too light for a prudential man to publish: The truth is, it was meerly occasional in his Youth, and the time so little that he had for observation (his stay there not being above three Weeks) that it could not well be expected he should say more; and though the former part be jeculary

*and sportive, yet the seriousness of the later part renders the Character no way injurious to the people. And now finding some ruffled feathers only presented for the whole bird, and having a perfect Copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the Author, as to give it you (in vindication of him) so as I am confident it was dressed by his own Pen. And after I have begged his pardon for exposing it without his warrant, I shall leave you to judge by comparing this and the former Impressions, whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.*





*Three Weeks Observations*  
OF THE  
**LOW-COUNTRIES:**  
ESPECIALLY  
*H O L L A N D.*

**T**hey are a general Sea land: the great Bog of *Europe*. There is not such another Marsh in the world, that's flat. They are an universal Quagmire; Epitomiz'd, *A green Cheese in pickle*. There is in them an *Aequilibrium* of mud and water. A strong Earth quake would shake them to a *Chaos*, from which the successive force of the Sun, rather than Creation, hath a little amended them. They are the Ingredients of a Black-pudding, and want only stirring together: Marry, 'tis best making on't in a dry Summer, else you will have more blood than grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to spread under it *Zona Torrida*, and so dry it for Turfs.

Sayes one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other Regions; If they dye in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their Neighbors. And for this cause perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their centre. Besides, their Riches shew them to be of *Pluto's* Region, and you all know what part that was which the Poets did of old assign him. Here is *Styx*, *Acheron*, *Coxytus*, and the rest of those muddy Streams, that have made matter for the Fables. Almost every one is a *Charon* here, and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To confirme all, let but some of our Separatists be asked, and they shall swear that the *Elizian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Country for a despairing Lover, for every corner affords him Willow to make a Garland of; but if Justice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may in spite of the Sentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his spirits than suffocate

focate them, so rather chuse to feed Lobsters than Crows; 'tis but leaping from his window and he lights in a River or Sea; for most of their dwellings stand like Privies in Mored houses, hanging still over the water. If none of these cure him, keep him but a Winter in a house without a Stove, and that shall cool him.

The Soyl is all fat, though wanting the colour to shew it so; for indeed it is the Buttock of the world, full of veins and blood, but no bones in't. Had Saint *Steven* been condemn'd to suffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unless it be in their paved Cities, Gold is a great deal more plentiful than stones; except it be living ones, and then for their heaviness you may take in almost all the Nation.

'Tis a singular place to fat Monkees in; there are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moist, abound with these. No Creatures; for sure they were bred, nor made: Were they but as venomous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard Marrydom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the *Hesperides* were here, and these the Dragons that did guard them.

You may travail the Countrey though you have not a Guide; for you cannot baulk your Rode without the hazard of drowning: there is not there any use of an Harbinger: wheresoever men go, the way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their walls, *Rome* would be esteemed a bauble: Twenty miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be hurried on one of them, where if your Fore-man be sober, you may travail in safety, otherwise you must have stronger Faith than *Peter* had, else you sink immediately. A starting horse endangers you to two deaths at once, breaking of your neck, and drowning.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your Waggon shall shake as it were Ague-strucken. Duke *D'Alva's* taxing of the tenth penny frighted it into a Palshey, which all the *Mountebanks* they have bred since could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of swimming earth, or a flag somewhat thicker than ordinary; if the strings crack your course is shortned, you can neither hope for Heaven nor fear Hell, you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Marry, if your Faith flow Purgatory-height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanse you from the Mud shall soyl you.

'Tis a Green sod in water, where if the *German Eagle* dares to bathe himself, he's glad again to perch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that seem wonders: 'Tis ordinary to see them fish for fire in water, which they catch in Nets and transport to Land in their Boats, where they spread it more smoothly than a Mercy doth his Velvet, when he would hook in an heir upon his coming to age. Thus lying in a field you would think you saw a Cattle of green Cheefe spread over with black Butter.

If *Aznabe* Hellsmouth or Fore-gate, sure here is found the *Pe-ster*. 'Tis the *Port-Esquiline* of the world, where the full earth doth vent her crude black gore, which the Inhabitants scrape away for fuel, as men with Spoons do excrements from *Civit-cats*.

Their ordinary Pack-horses are all of wood, carry their Bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A strong Tyde and a stiff Gale are the spurs that make them speedy: when they travail they touch no ground, and when they stand still they ride, and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way.

There is a Province among them, where every woman carries a Cony in a *Lamb-skin*. 'Tis a custom, and not one that travels ever leaves it behind her. Now guess if you can, what beast that is, which is clad in a Fur both of hair and wool.

They dress their meat in *aqua Cælesti*, for it springs not as ours from the Earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Israelites*, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it stinks, and then they pump it out again for use: So when you wash your face with one hand, you had need hold your nose with the other; for though it be not cordial, 'tis certainly a strong water.

The Elements are here at variance, the subtile overswaying the grosser; the Fire consumes the Earth, and the Air the Water: they burn Turfs, and drein their grounds with Wind-mills; as if the Cholick were a remedy for the Stone; and they would prove against Philosophy the worlds Conflagration to be natural, even shewing thereby that the very Element of Earth is combustibile.

The Land that they have, they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard; they have a method in Mowing: 'tis so intervein'd with water and rivers, that it is impossible to make a Common among them. Even the *Brownists* are here at a stand, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will finde. Our Justices would be much at ease, although our *English* Poor were still among them; for whatsoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure had the wise men of *Gotham* lived here, they would have studied some other death for their *Cuckoe*.

Their Ditches they frame as they list, and distinguish them into nooks, as my Lord Mayors Cook doth his Custards. Cleanse them they do often; but 'tis as Physicians give their Potions, more to catch the fish than cast the mud out.

Though their Countrey be part of a main Land, yet every house almost stands in an Island: and that, though a Boor dwell in it, looks as smug as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her Colours, and laid by her Irons. A gallant Masquing Suit fits not more complete than a Coat of Thatch, though of many years wearing.

If it stand dry, 'tis imbraced by Vines, as if it were against the nature of a Dutch-man not to have *Bacchus* his Neighbour. If you find it lower seated, 'tis only a close Arbor in a plump of *Willows* and *Alders*;

*Alders*; pleasant enough while the Dog-dayes last, but those past once, you must practise wading, or be prisoner till the next Spring. Only a hard frost with the help of a Sledge may release you.

The Bridge to this is an outlandish Plank, with a box of stones to poise it withal, which with the least help turns round, like the Executioner when he whips off a head. That when the Master is over, stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'Tis sure his fear that renders him suspicious: That he may therefore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his Window made over his door. But it may be that is to shew you his Pedigree, for though his Ancestors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in spite of Heraldry) shall bear their Archievement with a Helmet for a Baron at least: Marry, the Field perhaps shall be charged with three Basquets, to shew what Trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald, and he that has but wit enough to invent a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the house, the first thing you encounter is a Looking-glass: No question but a true Embleme of politick hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own figure, 'tis yet no longer than while you are there before it: when you are gone once, it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you e're were there.

The next are the Vessels of the house, marshalled about the room like Watchmen: All as neat as if you were in a Citizens wives Cabinet; for unless it be themselves, they let none of Gods creatures lose any thing of their native beauty.

Their houses, especially in their Cities are the best eye beauties of their Countrey: for cost and sight they far exceed our *English*, but they want their magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their out-side, not in Hangings but Pictures, which even the poorest are there furnisht with: Not a Cobler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another *Bartholomew Fair* in *Europe*.

Their Artists for these are as rare as thought, for they can paint you a fat Hen in her feathers; and if you want the Language, you may learn a great deal of *Dutch* by their Signs, for what they are they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honesty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets: and those that live loosely need not fear one punishment which often vexes such with us; they may be sure, though they be discovered, they shall not be carted.

All their Merchandise they draw through the streets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their rooms are but several sand-boxes: if so, you must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the Map brought.

Their beds are no other than land-cabines, high enough to need a ladder

ladder or stairs. Up once, you are walled in with Wainscot, and that is good discretion to avoid the trouble of making your Will every night, for once falling out else would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you shall leave your friends, that you dy'd in clean linnen.

Whatsoever their estates be, their houses must be fair. Therefore from *Amsterdam* they have banisht Sea-cole, lest it soil their buildings, of which the statelier sort are sometimes sententious, and in the front carry some conceit of the Owner. As to give you a taste in these

*ChristVs ADIVtor MeVs;  
Hoc abdicato Perenne Quero;  
HIC MeDlo iVIVs iVr.*

Every door seems studded with Diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there were not a quality incident to Iron. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls. Go to one, you shall find the Andirons shut up in net-work. At a second, the Warming-pan muffled in Italian Cut-work. At a third, the Sconce clad in Cambrick, and like a Crown advanced in the middle of the house, for the woman there is the head of the husband, so takes the horn to her own charge, which she sometimes multiplies, and bestows the increase on her Man.

'Tis true, they are not so ready at this play as the *English*, for neither are they so generally bred to't, nor are their men such linnen-lifters. Idleness and Courtship has not banish't honesty. They speak more, and do less; yet doth their blood boyl high and their veins are full, which argues strongly that when they will they may take up the custome of entertaining strangers: And having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard they trade more for love than money, but 'tis of the sport, not the man, and therefore when they like the pastime they will reward the Gamester; otherwise their gross feed and clownish breeding hath spoiled them for being nobly minded. And if you once in publick discover her private favours, or pretend to more than is civil, she falls off like Fairy wealth disclosed, and turns like Beer with lightning to a sowreness, which neither Art nor labour can ever make sweet again.

But this I must give you on report only; experience herein hath neither made me fool nor wise.

The people are generally Boorish, yet none but **may** be bred to a States man, they having all this gift, not to be so nice-conscienced, but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Countrey is the god they worship, war is their Heaven, peace is their Hell, and the *Spaniard* is the Devil they hate. Custom is their Law, and their will, reason.

You may sooner convert a *Jew*, than make an ordinary *Dutch-man* yield

yield to Arguments that cross him : An old Baud is easilier turned *Puritan*, than a Waggoner perswaded not to bait thrice in nine miles: And when he doth, his horses must not stir, but have their Manger brought them into the way, where in a top-sweat they eat their grass, and drink their water, and presently after hurry away ; for they ever drive as if they were all the sons of *Nimshi*, and were furiously either pursuing an enemy, or flying him.

His spirits are generated from the *English Beer*, and that makes him head-strong : His body is built of Pickled-Herring, and they render him testy : These with a little Butter, Onyons and *Holland-Cheese*, are the Ingredients of an ordinary *Dutch-man* ; which a Voyage to the *East-Indies*, with the heat of the *Equinoctial*, consolidates.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground, and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his Masque and Gloves, or with him to hide his face, that he may appear more lovely. For that, and his hands are *Egypt*, however his body be *Europe*. He hath exposed them so much to the Sun and Water, as he is now his own disguise, and without a Vizor may serve in any *Anti-Masque* you put him in.

For their condition they are Churlish as their breeder *Neptune* ; and without doubt very ancient, for they were bred before Manners were in fashion. Yet all they have not, they account superfluity, which they say mendeth some, and marreth many.

They should make good Justices, for they respect neither persons nor apparel : A Boor in his liquor'd Slop, shall have as much good usage as a Courtier in his bravery; nay more, for he that is but Courtly or gentile, is among them like a *Merlin* after *Michaelmas* in the field with *Crows*. They wonder at and envy, but worship no such Images. Marry, with a Silver hook you shall catch these Gudgeons presently : the love of gain being to them as natural as water to a Goose, or Carrion to any Kite that flies.

They are seldome deceived, for they trust no body ; so by consequence are better to hold a Fort than win it ; yet they can do both. Trust them you must if you travel ; for to ask a Bill of particulars, is to putre in a Wasps nest : you must pay what they ask, as sure as if it were the assessment of a Subsidy.

Complement is an idleness they were never train'd up in, and 'tis their happiness that Court-vanities have not stole away their minds from business.

Their being Sailors and Souldiers have marred two parts already, if they bathe once in Court oyle they are painted Trap-doors. And shall then let the *Jews* build a City where *Harlem Mere* is, and after cozen 'em on't.

They shall abuse a stranger for nothing, and after a few base terms scotch one another to a *Carbonado* ; or as they do their *Roches* when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty, yet when they have them, they abuse both; but if you tell them so, you awake their fury, and you may sooner calm the Sea than conjure that into compass again. Their anger hath no eyes, and their judgment doth not flow so much from reason as passion and partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquaticles*, and therefore the *Spaniard* calls them Water-dogs. To this though you need not condescend, yet withall you may think they can catch you a Duck as soon. *Seagulls* do not swim more readily, nor *More-hens* from their nest run sooner to the water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if *Elizeus* his Axe were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but those that do for them, and when they leave off they neglect them. They have no friends but their Kindred, which at every Wedding, feast among themselves like Tribes.

All that help them not they hold Popish, and take it for an argument of much honesty, to rail bitterly against the King of *Spain*. And certainly this is the badge of an ill nature, when they have once cast off the yoke, to be most virulent against those to whom of right they owe respect and service. Grateful dispositions, though by their Lords they be exempt from service, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident, that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, they would have loved the Nation better: But now out of dying duties ashes all the blazes of hostility and flame. And 'tis sufficient to continue their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the Subjects of that most Catholick Crown.

Their shipping is the Babel which they boast on for the glory of their Nation: 'tis indeed a wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope they will never be so mighty by Land, lest they shew us how doggedly they can insult where they get the mastery.

'Tis their own Chronicle business, which can tell you, that at the Siege of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spanish*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by Assault; the Defendants were put to the Sword, where one of the *Dutch* in the fury of the slaughter ript up the Captains body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet living heart, panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it still warm with blood into gobbets, which he spitted over the Battlements in defiance to the rest of the Army.

Oh Tigers breed! the *Scythian* Bear could ne're have been more savage: To be necessitated into cruelty, is a misfortune to the strongly tempted to it; but to let spleen rave and mad it in relentless blood, shews nature steep'd i'th livid gall of passion, and beyond all brutishness displays the un-noble tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the whip of *Spain*, or the Arme wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bred them so active for the

land as some others; but at Sea they are water-devils, to attempt things incredible.

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all than save some, while others perish: but single they will flag and fear like birds in a bush, when the *Sparrow-Hawks* bells are heard.

A *Turkish* Man-of-war is as dreadful to them as a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their best remedy is to steal away: But if they fall to blows, they want the valiant stoutness of the *English*, who will rather expire bravely in a bold resistance, than yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an Enemy. And this shews they have not yet learned even Pagan Philosophy, which ever preferred an honourable death before a life thrall'd to perpetual slavery.

Their Ships lye like high Woods in Winter; and if you view them on the North side you frize without hope, for they ride so thick, that you can through them see no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as Beggars with us: they can drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, and be lowlie alike; but examining their use, a mess of their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boisterous rudeness can work, and live, and toyl, whereas ours will rather laze themselves to poverty; and like Cabages left out in Winter, rot away in the loathsomness of a nauseous sloth.

Almost all among them are Seamen born, and like Frogs can live both on land and water. Not a Countrey Vriester but can handle an Oar, steer a Boat, raise a Mast, and bear you out in the roughest straits you come in. The Ship she avouches much better for sleep than a bed. Being full of humours that is her Cradle which lulls and rocks her to a dull phlegmatickness, most of them looking like a full grown Oyster boil'd. Slime, humid air, water and wet dyet, have so bagg'd their cheeks, that some would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countreys government is a *Democracy*, and there had need be many to rule such a Rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earnest: the very name carries servitude in it, and they hate it more than a *Jew* doth Images, a woman old age, or a Non-conformist a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Countrey to Families. They are chosen all as our Kings chuse Sheriffs for the Counties; not for their sin of wit, but for the wealth they have to bear it out withall; which they so over-affect, that *Myn Here* shall walk the streets as Usurers go to Baudy-houses all alone and melancholy: And if they may be had cheap, he will daub his faced Cloke with two penny-worth of Pickled herrings, which himself shall carry home in a string. A common voice hath given him preeminence, and he loses it by living as he did when he was a Boor. But if you pardon what is past, they are about thinking it time to learn more civility.

Their



Their Justice is strict if it cross not policy: but rather than hinder Traffique, tolerates any thing.

There is not under heaven such a Den of several Serpents as *Amsterdam* is, you may be what Devil you will, so you push not the State with your horns.

'Tis an University of all Religions, which grow here confusedly (like stocks in a Nursery) without either order or pruning. If you be unsetled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow of two that would be a Church by themselves.

'Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toys, their Ribbands, and Phanatick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Romists* stick upon them; for (say they) as the *Chameleon* changes into all colours but white, so they admit of all Religions but the true: For the *Papist* only may not exercise his in publick; yet his restraint they plead is not in hatred but justice, because the *Spaniard* abridges the *Protestant*: and they had rather shew a little spleen, than not cry quit with their enemy. His act is their warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason, rather than the *Dunkirks* they take shall not dye, *Amsterdam* having none of their own, shall borrow a Hangman from *Harlem*.

Now albeit the *Papists* do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless Toleration, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem than Heaven it self; and had rather cross upon God than it. For whosoever disturbs the Civil Government is lyable to punishment; but the Decrees of Heaven and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break uncheck'd, by professing what false Religion he please. So *Consulary Rome* of old brought all the stragling gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded Superstition paid an Adoration to them.

In their Families they all are equals, and you have no way to know the Master and Mistres, but by taking them in bed together: It may be those are they; otherwise *Malky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and sit as well as her Mistres.

Had *Logicians* lived here first, Father and Son had never passed so long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonstration of Duty or Authority can distinguish them, as if they were created together, and not born successively. And as for your Mother, bidding her goodnight, and kissing her, is punctual blessing.

Your man shall be saucy, and you must not strike; if you do, he shall complain to the *Schout*, and herhaps have recompence. 'Tis a dainty place to please boyes in: for your Father shall bargain with your School-master not to whip you: if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife, and have Law for it.

Their apparel is civil enough, and good enough, but very uncomely; and hath usually more stuff than shape. Only their *Huykes* are

are commodious in winter: but 'tis to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their *Ear-wyres* have so nipt in their Cheeks, that you would think some Fayry to do them a mischief, had pincht them behind with Tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead than face.

They love the *English Gentry* well; and when Souldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are *Emulous* in chusing of their guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his *Hofests*.

Men and Women are there *starched so blew*, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *Winter* walking up to the neck in a Barrel of *Indigo*: And therefore they rail at *England* for spending no more *Blewing*.

Your man among them is else clad tolerably, unless he inclines to the Sea-fashion: and then are his breeches yawning at the knees, as if they were about to swallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going naked, for of a whole woman you can see but half a face. As for her hand, that shews her a sore Labourer; which you shall ever find as it were in recompence loaden with Rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower, She's a Monkey chain'd about the middle, and had rather want it in dyet, than not have silver-links to hang her keyes in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great Bellies, but they make them shew so unhandsome that men do not care for getting them. Marry this you shall find to their commendation, their smocks are ever whiter than their skin.

Where the Woman lyes in, the Ringle of the door does penance, and is lapped about with linnen; either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the child; or else that for a moneth the Ring is not to be run at. But if the childe be dead, there is thrust out a Nosegay tyed to a sticks end; Perhaps for an emblem of the life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that though these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing, but I assure you with them, is a great deal more following the fashion, which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity of their Faith; they will keep it because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old fault, though they discover errors in it, than in an easie change to meet a certain remedy.

For their dyet, they eat much and spend little: When they set out a Fleet to the *Indies*, it shall live three moneths on the Offals, which we hear fear would surfeit our Swine; yet they feed on't, and are still the same *Dutch-men*.

In their houses, Roots and Stock-fish are staple commodities: If they

they make a feast, and add flesh, they have art to keep it hot more days than a Pigs head in *Pye-corner*. Salt meats and fowre Crem they hold him a fool that loves not, only the last they correct with Sugar, and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it fowre that they may sweeten it again; as if a woman were not half so pleasing being easily won, as after a scolding fit she comes by man to be calmed again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them Cooks as good as e're *Lucullus* his later Kitchen had, which is some recompence for their wilfulness, for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a feast they come readily, but being set once you must have patience: they are longer eating meat than we preparing it. If it be to supper, you conclude timely, when you get away by day-break. They drink down the Evening-star, and drink up the Morning-star. At those times it goes hard with a stranger, all in courtesie will be drinking to him, and all that do so he must pledge; till he doth, the fill'd Cups circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied: for though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate of the summe. They sit not there as we in *England*, men together, and women first; but ever intermingled with a man between: and instead of March-panes and such Juncates, 'tis good manners (if any be there) to carry away a piece of Apple-pie in your pocket.

The time they there spend, is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating most: For the truth is, the completest drinker in *Europe* is your English Gallant: There is no such consumer of liquor as the quaffing off of his Healths. Time was, the *Dutch* had the better of it, but of late he hath lost it by prating too long over his pot: He sips, and laughs, and tells his tale, and in a Tavern is more prodigal of his Time than his Wine: He drinks as if he were short-winded, and as it were eats his drink by morsels, rather besieging his brains than assaulting them. But the *Englishman* charges home on the sudden swallows it whole, and like a hasty Tyde, fills and flows himself, till the mad brain swims and tosses on the hasty fume. As if his Liver were burning out his stomach, and he striving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk sooner, and the other longer; as if striving to recover the wager, the *Dutchman* would still be the perfectest Soaker.

*In this Progress you have seen some of their Vices, now view a fairer Object.*

Solomon tells of four things that are small and full of wisdom, the Pismire, the Grasshopper, the Coney, and the Spider.

**F**OR *Providence* they are the *Pismires* of the world, and having nothing but what grass affords them, are yet, for almost all provisions, the Store house of whole *Christendome*. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? they making by their industry all the fruits of the vast Earth their own. What Land can boast a privilege that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ship, yet how many Nations do they furnish? The remoter angels of the world do by their pains deliver them their sweets; and being of themselves in want, their diligence hath made them both *Indies* nearer home.

They are frugal to the saving of Egge-shells, and maintain it for a Maxim, that a thing lasts longer mended than new.

Their Cities are their Mole-hills; their *Schutes* and *Fly-boats* creep and return with their store for Winter. Every one is busie, and carries his grain; as if every City were a several *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a Drone to inhabit; for idle persons must find some other mansion. And lest necessity bereave men of means to set them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without use) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a season when the *Pismires* flye; and so each Summer they likewise swarm abroad with their Armies.

The *Ant*, sayes one, is a wise creature, but a shrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard. And truly so are they; for they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much: And wheresoever they light in a pleasant or rich soyl, like suckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that Tree which gives them shade and protection; so their wisdom is not indeed Heroick or Numinal, as courting an universal good, but rather narrow and restrictive, as being a wisdom but for themselves. Which, to speak plainly, is descending into Craft; and is but the sinister part of that which is really Noble and Coelestial.

Nay in all they hold so true a proportion with the *Emmet*, as you shall not find they want so much as the King.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the *Spanish* tumbler plaies about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible Berries. Where have you under Heaven, such impregnable Fortifications? Where Art beautifies Nature, and Nature makes Art invincible; Herein indeed they differ; The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of *Moses*, They raise them in the bosom of the waves: where within these

these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathless Ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the fertile earth, which at night is carryed home to the fairest Mansions in *Holland*.

Every Town hath his Garrison; and the keys of the Gates in the night time are not trusted but in the State-house. From these holds they bolt abroad for provisions, and then return to their fastnesses replenished.

For war they are Grasse-hoppers, and without a King, go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themselves at their own home, but have braved the *Spaniard* at his. In *Anno 1599*. under the command of *Vander Does*, was the Grand Canary taken. The chief City sackt; the King of *Spain's* Ensigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency set up in their room. In the year 1600 the battel of *Newport* was a gallant piece, when with the loss of a thousand or little more, they slew 7000 of their enemies, took above 100 Ensigns, the Admiral of *Arragon* a prisoner. The very furniture of the Arch-Duke's own Chamber, and Cabinet, yea the signet that belonged to his hand.

In 1607. they assailed the *Armado* of *Spain* in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under covert of the Castle and Towns Ordnance, and with the losse of 150. slew above 2000. and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever scarce been done. The *Indian Mastiff* never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his blood than they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of Martial Discipline. 'Tis the Christian worlds *Academy* for Arms; whither all the neighbour-Nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unresistable a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practise of Arms; And they learn to be souldiers sooner than men. Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the Train'd-Bands marching through their Cities.

For industry, they are *Spiders*. and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the *Roman* Emperor; And by the *Romans* themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greatest of the Universe. What Nation is it where they have not insinuated? Nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinsick veins on't?

Even among us, they shame us with their industry, which makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the worlds Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover, and chase back *Neptune* to his own old Banks.

All that they do is by such labour as it seems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by such a slender sustentation of life, that one would think their own weight should be enough to crack it.

Want of idleness keeps them from want. And 'tis their Diligence makes them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaseth the Harvest. A plentiful Sun augmenteth the Store; and seasonable showres drop fatness on the Crop we reap: But no Rain fructifies more than the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them you were in old *Israel*, for you find not a beggar among them. Nor are they mindful of their own alone; but strangers also partake of their Care and Bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their Convoy. If they stay, they have work provided. If unable, they find an Hospital. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of flies. And lest you loose an afternoon by fruitless mourning, by two of the clock all Burials must end. Wherein to prevent the wast of ground, they pile Coffin upon Coffin till the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a truth and constancy: for they are as fruits from Trees, the same every year that they are at first, Not Apples one year and Crabs the next: and so for ever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word, they will gain rather than exact, and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuse the wise, and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities, proclaim to the world that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The Deprivation of Manners they punish with Contempt, but the defects of nature they favour with Charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a place so curious, that a Lord might live in it; Their *Hospital* might lodge a Lady: So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even Poverty and Madnes do both inhabit handsomely. And though Vice makes every thing turn fordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would shew that though obedience fail, yet Government must be still it self, and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their *Bridewel* will think it may receive a Gentleman though a Gallant. And so their prison a wealthy Citizen. But for a poor man it is his best policy to be laid there, for he that cast him in must maintain him.

Their language, though it differ from the higher *Germany*, yet hath it the same ground, and is as old as *Babel*. And albeit harsh; yet so lofty and full a Tongue, as made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it for the speech of *Adam* in his Paradise. And surely if there were not other reasons against it, the significancy of the Antient *Ten:onick* might carry it from the primest Dialect. *Steven* of *Bruges* reckons up 2170. Monasillables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue that for the general profession is extended further than any that I know. Through both the *Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, and sometimes *France*, *England*, *Spain*.

*Spain*. And still among us all our old words are *Dutch*, with yet so little change, that certainly it is in a manner the same that it was 2000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbour-Nations.

The *Germans* are a people that more than all the world I think may boast sincerity, as being for some thousand of years a pure and unmixed people. And surely I see not but their conduction by *Tnisco* from the building of *Babel*, may pass as unconfuted Story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations. In *Italy* were the *Lombards*; In *Spain* the *Goths* and *Vandals*; In *France* the *Franks* or *Franconians*; In *England* the *Saxons*: having in all these left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as *Tacitus* hath left still extant of them, and written above 1500 years ago, *Deliberant dum fingere nesciunt: Constituunt dum errare non possunt*. They deliberate when they cannot dissemble: and resolve when they cannot erre.

Two hundred and ten years he reckons the *Romans* were in conquering them. In which space on either side were the losses sad and fatal. So as neither the *Samnites*, the *Carthaginians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gauls*, no nor the *Parthians* ever troubled them like the *Germans*. They slew and took prisoners several Commanders of the highest rank, as *Carbo*, *Cassius*, *S. Caurus Aurelius*, *Cervilius Cepio*, and *M. Manlius*. They defeated five *Consulary Armies*, and *Varus* with three Legions, yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphanti magis quam victi sunt*. They were rather Triumphed over than conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own Language is an argument unanswerable. The change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *England*.

And this he speaks of the Nation in general: nor was the opinion of the *Romans* less worthy in particular concerning these lower Provinces, which made them for their valour and warlike minds, style them by the name of *Gallia Belgica*, and especially of the *Batavians*, which were the *Hollanders* and part of the *Guelders*. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where speaking of the several people of *Germany* he says, *Omnium harum gentium virtute præcipui Batavi: Nam nec tributis contemnuntur, nec publicanus atterit: exempti oneribus & collationibus, & tantum in usum præliorum sepositi, velut vela atq; arma bellis reservantur*. Of all these Nations the principal in valiant vertue are the *Batavians*: for neither are they become despicable by paying of Tribute, nor oppressed too much by the Farmer of publick Revenues, but free from Taxes and Contributions of servility, they are specially set apart for the fight, as Armor and Weapons only reserved for war.

All this, even at this day they seem to make good: For of all the world they are the people that thrive and grow rich by war, like the

*Porcupine*, that playes in the storm, but at other times keeps sober under the water.

War, which is the worlds ruine, and ravins upon the beauty of all is to them prosperity and Ditation. And surely the reason of this is their strength in shipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns, and the Countrey, by reason of its lowness and Irrigation, becoming unpassable for an Army when the Winter but approaches. Otherwise it is hardly possible, that so small a parcel of Mankind should brave the most potent Monarch in Christendom, who in his own hands holds the Mines of the wars sinews, Money; and hath now got a command so wide, that out of his Dominions the Sun can neither rise nor set.

The whole seventeen Provinces are not above a thousand *English* miles in circuit, and in the Stateshands there is not seven of those: yet have they in the field sometimes 60000. Souldiers, besides those which they alwayes keep in Garrison, which cannot be but a considerable number, near 30000. more. There being in the whole Countries above two hundred wall'd Towns and Cities; so that if they have people for the war, one would wonder where they should get money to pay them, they being when they have an Army in the field, at a thousand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Excise is an unwaisted Mine, which with the infiniteness of their Traffique, and their untired industry, is by every part of the world in something or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them but two sorts of Fish only, *Herrings* and *Cod*, sixty thousand pounds *per annum*, for which they goe out sometimes seven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ships, they are able to set out double the number.

Their Merchandise amounted in *Guicciardines* time to fourteen Millions *per Annum*. Whereas *England*, which is in compass almost as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not above six Millions yearly: so sedulous are these Bees to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, so the women are busie on Land in weaving of Nets, and helping to add to the heap. And though a husbands long absence might tempt them to lascivious wayes: yet they hate adultery, and are resolute in Matrimonial chastity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that nation, that hath been tax'd with loosness. And questionless, 'tis their ever being busie makes them not have leisure for lust.

'Tis idleness that is *Cupids* Nurse; but business breaks his Bow, and makes his Arrows useles.

They are both Merchants and Farmers. And there Act parts: which men can but discharge with us. As if they would shew that the Soul in all is masculine, and not varied into weaker sex as are the bodies that they wear about them.



Whether this be from the nature of their Country, in which if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of the people by a Superiour Providence ad-apted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custom in their way of breeding; from any Transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own vertues do more compact and fortifie I will not determine. But certainly in general they are the most painful and diligent people on earth: And of all other the most truly of *Vespasians* opinion, to think, that *Ex re qualibet bonus odor lacri*; Be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort Gods, for they set bounds to the Sea, and when they list let it pass them. Even their dwelling is a miracle; They live lower than the fishes in the very lap of the floods, and incircled in their watry Arms. They are the *Israelites* passing through the Red-Sea. The waters wall them in, and if they set ope their sluces shall drown up their enemies.

They have strugled long with *Spains Pharaoh*, and they have at length inforced him to let them go. They are a *Gideons Army* upon the march again. They are the *Indian Rat*, gnawing the bowels of the *Spanish Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them. They are a Serpent wreathed about the legs of that *Elephant*. They are the little sword-fish pricking the belly of the *Whale*. They are the wane of that Empire, which increas'd in *Isabella*, and in *Charls* the fifth was at full.

They are a glass wherein Kings may see, that though they be Sovereigns over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon Gods part, and will be Kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punished with loss of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion too fiercely urg'd, is to stretch a string till it not only jars but cracks, and in the breaking whips (perhaps) the streiners eye out.

That an extreme Taxation is to take away the honey while the Bees keeps the Hive; whereas he that would take that, should first either burn them or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government, are the greatest Traitors to their own Estates. That a desire of being too absolute, is to walk upon Pinacles and the tops of *Pyramids*, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the sharpness of that they tread on may run into their foot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but tickle Subjects, is to press a Thorn till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more desperate Rebel than a Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate Princes sit faster in their Regalities, than such as being but men, would yet have their power over their Subjects, as  
the

the gods, unlimited. That Oppression is an Iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar some States of Ancient Priviledges, is for a Falcon to undertake to beat a flock of wild Geese out of the Fens. That to go about to compel a sullen reason to submit to a wilful peremptoriness, is so long to beat a chain'd Mastiff into his Kennel, till at last he turns and flies at your throat. That unjust policy is to shoot as they did at *ostend*, into the mouth of a charged Cannon, to have two Bullets returned for one. That he doth but endanger himself, that riding with too weak a bit provokes a headstrong horse with a spur. That 'tis safer to meet a valiant man weaponless, than almost a Coward in Armor. That even a weak cause with a strong Castle, will boyl salt blood to a rebellious Itch. That 'tis better keeping a crasse body in an equal temper, than to anger humours by too sharp a Physick.

That admonitions from a dying man are too serious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a Cobler of *Plushing* was one of the greatest enemies that the King of *Spain* ever had.

To conclude, the Countrey it self is a moted Castle, keeping a Garnish of the richest Jewels of the world in't, the Queen of *Bohemia* and her Princely Children.

The people in it are Jews of the New Testament, that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Gospel: and this they rather profess than practise. Together, a man of war riding at Anchor in the Downs of *Germany*.

For forreign Princes to help them, is wise self-policy: when they have made them able to defend themselves against *Spain*, they are at the Pale; if they enable them to offend others, they go beyond it. For questionless were this thorn out of the *Spaniards* side, he might be feared too soon to grasp his long intended Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but possessed Lord of the Low-Countries, or had the States but the wealth and power of *Spain*, the rest of *Europe* might be like people at Sea in a ship on fire; that could only chuse whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their Neighbours: So *Rome* when busied in her civil broils, the *Parthians* lived at rest; but those concluded once by *Cesar*, next are they design'd for conquest.

If any man wonder at these Contraries, let him look in his own Body for so many several humours, in his own Brain for as many different fancies, in his own Heart for as various passions; and from all these he may learn, That

*There is not in all the World such another Beast as M A N.*

**F I N I S.**



# LETTERS.

## I.

*A Letter to his Friend, perswading him to a Wife.*

**Y**OUR Letter with much joy, your News without sorrow I received. For, as I think, he wants good nature that is not glad to hear from his friends; so I hold him over tender, that for a stranger, or one that was no friend, can be passionate. Some men have more brains than they can be quiet with; and the death of such, if not a triumph, yet is a repose to themselves, and who were their acquaintance: And therefore though I know not how to rejoyce at the death of any, yet I would not be guilty of raising the little man from a peaceable grave, to the troublesome life he led here in the world. And now if I were sure it might not offend, I would tell you what a fair opportunity you are presented with, of doing a work (in my opinion) meritorious: However I am confident it would be grateful to your own heart, for that I am sure every vertuous and brave action leaves such an odour in the mind, as ever after, like a rich perfume, breaths sweetness and contentment to the thoughts of the Author.

And this is, if you make my Excellent Cousin your Wife; how good a one she will prove I need not tell; your own experience of her sweetness of Conversation cannot but tell you: if I should praise her extremely, her merit would make all that I should speak a Truth; Since those that desire to be good in the height, though they may be praised, cannot be flattered; for whatever good you speak of them, they have, albeit not in action, yet in intention doubtless. A Disposition there is, whose affability may sweeten life, and banish vexation. Ingenuity, that even to a man well parted, may make her capable of being a wife a friend; without which for my part, I should hold marriage a yoke and pressure; and if at all a Sacrament, even a Sacrament of dislike and sadness. I like not a wife for the night alone; they are dark pieces that cannot please by day-light: She is provision but for the worser part of our life, if she cannot

cannot but offend awake out of bed. Of a wife should a man make his choice as he would do of his Armour; if too thick and heavy, it loads and wearies ere his march be done, begets complaint, and help his Foes to conquer: if too light and thin, it may be a little pleasant, but not safe; 'twill trouble and betray him. So when a man takes a wife, if she be dull and sottish, she may indeed keep the house, but she is to her husband coming home but like a Passion picture, presenting ever sadness and melancholy. If she be light and petulant, she is then the dishonour of him that chose her, apt with every puff to be blown off; and perhaps may (like a Pleasure-Boat) serve in shallows for a Summer voyage, but in Winter, or when storms arise in Deeps, she is then of no other use, but only to endanger him to the hazard of wreck.

If God had not made Woman with a mind to sute with *Adam's*, any of the Beasts he made would as well have served for Quench as she. It is more pleasure, that a man may with a sure affiance, pour out his retired thoughts in a faithful and wise wives bosom, than by only a skin-deep beauty have the vanishing Itches of a Frailty find ally. Nor will I ever believe, but 'tis more happiness to lye with a beautiful soul than a beautiful body.

But here if you go on you have both; for he that will not allow her person handsome, must either want eyes, or else hath liv'd among the *Moors*, where for beauty, deformity is mistaken.

Her years are such as cannot be found fault withall, from which you may expect rather comfort than distaste: and when you shall approach to *Dauids* Seventy, like another *Shunamite* she may adde new warmth to the then decays of Nature.

All you can except against is matter of Estate, which to you that have so fair a one, is none at all. He that (having sufficient) weddeth for wealth, is rather covetous than wise; neither (where there is no want) can money be a cause considerable for breach. Fitness and a competency is beyond abundance alone. When *Adam* had the world, God did not give him another with *Eve*, it was sufficient that He had for both. If it be but in managing of your house, and like a faithful Steward looking to your Family and affairs, it will more than recompence the charge that she can bring you. Then wherefore ever your occasions lead you, you may be sure of fidelity at home; and by taking delight to be at home, find a profit, which perhaps by absence now you loose. Let me give you a story of a Father, that on his death-bed told his Sons, That though he had no wealth to leave them for the present, yet there lay buried in his Vineyard a great Treasure, where if they digg'd they should be sure to find it. When he was dead they fell to work, but found none; yet by their digging, the Vines that year became so fruitful, as the increase to them did prove a mass of riches. The Application is, that though you find no present Fortune, yet fair intentions and your diligences joyn'd, may become a wealth above your expectation. Besides, whereas

whereas now you want an Heir to your wealth, it may please God by this match to give you children, that may rejoyce in the good you shall leave, and to your honour perpetuate your name to all posterity. But he that wilfully makes himself fruitless, falls like a dry Tree, which for want of fruit, the Gospel does adjudge to fire: whereas in *Deut.* 20. 19. even in war, the Trees that did bear fruit were forbidden to be destroyed.

Tell me, if it be not a Content of the highest nature, when you shall have been abroad, either wearied with business, or delighted with News, you may to a vertuous wife tell your discontents, and have them lessened; but your joyes, and have them more increased? For Grief disclos'd divides, but Joy imparted multiplies. When as he that has a house, and not a wife to govern it, comes to his Home but as a Traveller to his Inne, being brought thither by necessity, and carried off for want of company that may be suitable. For neighbours do not dwell there; and Servants, though they be as safe rooms to lock up grosser wares in, yet they are not as a wife, a Cabinet for privacies: Besides, not being ty'd to their Masters Fortunes, they sometimes study themselves to his loss; but a Wife has her aim for her husbands good, as knowing she is brightned by his Honour, but must be darkned if he suffer Eclipse.

Nor can I believe, but that even in your Reputation you shall do your self a right, and by this Match confirm to all, Your Conversation has been more out of true respect to Vertue, than any other sinister ends. Otherwise, what can men judge of his intents, who professing a respect while she was anothers, falls off when lawfully he may make her his own: And beyond all these, you know how she has suffered for you; so as you shall not only do an Act of Justice, and bravely recompence all her Indurances; but also do a Courtesie to yourself, in Cancellling those Obligations that are on you. For though I know you have not been in this way short, yet he is likest God, that scorning to be a Debtor to any, by a Noble and Benevolent hand unties his own engagements, and by showing down favours puts chains and bonds upon others. It was but a cavill against Women, of him that said, though a Man marries, and his Wife be fair, yet shall he have but a little beauty, and a great deal of ill. Nor did *Socrates* any other then play the *Cynick*, when he answered to one that asked him, whether it were best for him to Marry or live single? That which soever he did, he should be sure to repent. Marriage, as it ought to be, is the Completion of Love; and Love, as it ought, is the Completion of the Law. However it is a tye of the noblest affection in Man, and which even the Scripture prefers before all the Obligations of the World besides: For Parents, and the nearest blood must all for this be laid by and seposited. He that hath a Wife which loves him hath two selves, and posselles all his faculties double: So even in absence his defence is left. And his hand, his eye, and mind it self, he can at once leave faithful at home, and carry faithful a-

broad. With this Ordinance was the wife *Cato* so much taken as she did not stick to maintain, that it was more honour to be a good husband than a great Senator.

Pardon me that I am thus long, and free; my true respects to you both, hath made me thus busie in wishing: If you like it I have said enough, if you do not, too much. Though I am confident it cannot much displease, seeing I am not capable of having any other aim in it, than a future happiness to you both. Therefore when you have remembred my best wishes to her; I have only this to say more, If you go on you hold me for ever in bonds, if not, I will still be held so: For I am resolved not to rest upon any terms without being

*Your most faithful friend to serve you.*

II.

*To Olivia.*

Since Men (as *Balsac* tells us) did ever pay a Reverence to Vertue, though they found it but in a Romance; or long since carryed into another World. You are no whit beholding to me for the Admiration that I pay you, as a living example of that Judgment and Goodness which oft is feign'd in story. Who falls in love with the Picture only, prostrates all that he is Master of, when the substance once appears. Besides, so much you have engaged me by your favours, that I hold it necessary for me to become like some Mountains after Winter, that are covered with huge snows; who when they cannot pour down all their moisture at once, distill daily in a grateful watering of their Neighbour-plains. I shall endeavour not to imitate, but exceed the best patterns, and shall never esteem myself once dutiful, unless I be alwaies

*Your most obedient Son.*

III.

*To Meliodorus.*

SIR,

What ever part of the World I rest in, it seems I am destin'd to be your disturber. Merit is a Load-stone that operates at a Region distance, and this makes me now not only to intreat your favour, in presenting these to the better part of my self. Where I have treasur'd up all the felicity I expect in this World: but also that you will accept of my thanks for those large Testimonials of friendship and affection, which from the very Infancy of my acquaintance with you, you have heaped on me; for which assuredly I should quarrel my own disposition, did I not find them entirely prevailing to Constitute me,

*Absolutely and for ever yours.*

IV. To

IV.  
To Clarissa.

**H**ow could I arraign the vanity of Poets, that tell us of the Plagues of Love? Since I find so many Solaces in the assurance of your affection, that like the Swan I could be singing in the midst of waves. Certainly, the invention of those pleasant shades below, sprung from the Genius of a Lovers brest. Whether it be your own excelling sweetness, that charmes me to be alwayes with you, even at this distance: Or whether it be the clearness of my own Passions, aiming at nothing but Honour and your Felicity, I dispute not: but sure I am, the Zeal I bear, not all the Phrensies this Nation is now giddy with, can alter. And though it be debar'd the present Happiness of your Conversation; yet upon your least command is it ever ready to take wing and flie unto your bosom. A Sanctuary which being once attain'd. I shall disclaim the thought of being any thing but, Dear,

*Your faithful Servant.*

V.  
To Meliodorus.

**I** Have tyr'd you, Sir, so often with my trivial Letters, that I fear you may reckon me as one of your scourges, among the common Calamities of these times. But indeed I differ from either Faction, in that I have no design, but to approve my self your Servant. Can the Sun shine, and the dew fall, and not the Earth return her Germinations? and you may not be displeas'd then, that my thanks for all your favours are not withering, but rather of the Nature of those Plants, that even with Snow upon their tops retain perpetual greenness. For surely such you shall ever find the endeavours of him, who begs your assistance in presenting these inclosed, and then that you will believe, I am ever and every where, as well as in this paper, Sir,

*Your most affectionate Servant.*

VI.  
To Clarissa.

**G**uarded by your better Genius, like a Partridge dredg'd and Troasted, I have pass'd the heat and dust of the way to my own Habitation; where without your presence (which to me can make a Cottage beautiful) I find every room a Cell, and my self turning *Hermite*; who (wanting you) can like of nought but melancholly.

But as the Angels ( besides their obedience to their Makers Commands ) in their dispatches, can endure Earth a little season, out of their apprehensions that they shall speedily again return to Heaven: So all my Comfort is, that the time of my privation is but short, and in my ever busie thoughts, I at this distance dwell with you, to whom nothing in my absence will ( I hope ) presume to bring the least of trouble. To this end you ought for my interest sake, now to be kind to your own Goodness, and to suffer nothing that is not calm and mild as it, to come near it. Dear, fail not to present my humble duty to my honoured Father, and best Mother, nor to make much of your self, as you tender the Happiness and Contentment of him, who is for ever

*All and only yours.*

VII.  
*To Olivia.*

**W**Hat is it that ( in appearance ) a little Rill can Contribute to the Sea ? Though all the acknowledgments I can make, can never be suitable to the Obligations that I owe you: yet I should hold it a very ill Argument, that because I cannot pay what I would, I therefore should not pay what I can. Is he worthy of a favour, that because he cannot be thankful as he should, resolves to be totally dumb ? Such Divinity would quickly turn the whole World Atheist, extinguish all Morality, and truly, would leave me in a habitation darkned with perpetual blushes: Nay, if I had been frighted with merit in others, or want of desert in my self, I had never arriv'd to that happiness, which ( through your Conduct ) by the fruition of your Daughters Conversation, I now enjoy without envying, even all those Pleasures that a bounteous Spring can give. Like spiritual Blessings I find them more in Possession than Expectation. So that I verily believe to Cure all the heresies and prejudices that have been taken up against Marriage, there needs but to propose my self, that I might convince the World of the Felicities that are in it. Nay, I am confidently of opinion, if all men that have married had been as happy as I believe my self, even in the Romish Church, there never had been Erection of Monastery or Nunnery: were the wives in *Spain* of such dispositions, the State might save their Matrimonial priviledges, wherewith now they are glad to encourage men to Martyrdom, lest their Country prove unpeopled. But dear Mother though this be truth; yet I pray print it not; though I hug my own opinion, I am not bound to impose it on the World, wherein none lives more in health than your Daughter, I think without any ill opinion of Me or my Country: if there be any Infelicity attends us, 'tis that we are depriv'd the Honour of your Company, which wheresoever it bestows it self, can both Civilize and Sanctific:



So is Prerogativ'd at once to Create both a City and Church. And to whom I had sooner presented my ever thankful duty, had there not been a supply from that hand, which was content to give a heart to

*Your ever most obedient Son.*

## VIII.

*To a Gentleman, that having a fair and vertuous Wife of his own, yet would needs take a fancy to Kitchin-wenches and Drudges.*

AND prethee, *Roger*, why this dirty fancy, That when a *Venice-glass* is set before thee, thou long'st to drink only out of *Black-Jacks* and the *Bedlams Horn*? What a mad thirst hast thou got, that nothing can quench it but puddle water? Like the *Duck* that swims in the clear stream, yet feeds on *Frogs* among the weeds, the slime and mud: And when thou hast a gallant *Herifordshire* way to travel in, nothing will content thee, but thou must leap hedges to ride in *Moors*, in *Suffolk Lanes*, and *Essex Hundreds*. Wouldst thou not thy self pull off the head of that *Hawk*, that having *Partridge* upon wing, will continually turn tail, yea, go out at *Crows* and quarry there? What a *Dog-trick* is this now come upon thee, that thou leavest thy own clean straw and pleasant green Sward, to tumble up and down in *Carrion*? Dost thou think Nature is not something mistaken in thee, and would make thee believe, that *Kitchin-stuff* has the smell of *Musk*? or art thou sure thou art truly bred, for I durst be hang'd if any right *Spaniel* would ever be brought to touch these *Fowles*, though cook'd up and sauc'd handsomly? Will not at all the world take thee for one of the worst sort of worms, that thus affect'st corruption, delighting to feed and craule there? Surely that hand exposes it self to even unpitied hazard, that will needs lay by its own fair *Glove*, and eagerly pull on that polluted one it finds upon a *Dunghill*. Who would not nauseate to dip but his finger in that dish of water, where the *Male* and *Female Scullions* have lately rins'd off their mingled sooty sweat and grease? To have for thy disease a wholesome remedy of thy own at hand, and yet to seek out nasty and forbidden Cures, is a *Phrensie* that would deserve more than a chain and a dark room. Is not thy own *Venus* the greater part of all the excellency in woman? what has the whole Sex more than one alone that is handsom?

Faith *Roger*, shall I tell thee, for a married man at all to range after forreign game, is but buying of a stock at *Gleck*; he layes out, and bids high, in hope to find a *Tib* there, and when all is done, he hath for the most part better *Cards* in his own hand. How wouldst thou blush through all the darkness that thou sinn'st in, to be discovered trafficking with such night and oyl?

What

What would *Solomon* have censur'd of this humor of thine, when even of the trick'd-up *Curtezan* he sayes, *Among the young men he saw a Fool that was taken with her beauty*; as if he would tell us, that to make up one *Incontinent* there goes a twofold weakness, Youth and Folly. A Whore is a deep Ditch, and he whom God is angry with, shall fall therein. Is not this enough, but thou resolvest to have it foul too,—to go to the Devil in a Slough?

'Slid, like the Great Turk, I would sooner have a Trade, and make Horn-rings, than humour the leisure of such a fordid *Cupid*; for business (by being diversion) is a preservative. And for a man to be a slave to such a passion, as shall throw off that Reputation and Gallantry, which is bred in him as a Gentleman and a Man; is to degrade his Creation into the scale of that with Beasts, who are hurried only by their brutish sense and appetite, with exclusion both of judgment and reason.

I remember three wayes the Ancients had to Antidote themselves against the *Sirens*: The first was to stop their ears, and surely though this was prescribed to the Vulgar whose dull spirits have not fortitude to see and forbear; yet the prescription is good, because a pleasurable Vice is too prevalent upon Humanity: and the bravest constitution in a Gentleman differs from a Clown, but as a Garden from the common Field, who being of the same earth, would be overgrown with the same Weeds and Bushes, were he not daily kept clean by dressing, pruning, and with industry.

A second was, with *Ulysses*, to tie themselves to the Mast: and this was for the nobler sort, yet morally wise and politick; who by the strength of their own resolution could hear, and stand bound by their constancy from yielding to their pleasing charms.

But the third and most sublime was that of *Orpheus*, who by his Celestial Musick and his songs of the gods, drowned the very sound of their loudest and most enticing Notes. And certainly the contemplation of Religion, the Deity, and those incorruptible Essences, that so purely mount upon the pinions of the wings of Reason, will bear up the exalted Soul out of the air, and reach, of these low and subterraneous passions, though appropriated to such shapes as most do take the senses: and will in the end by degrees inthroned the mind in such a delight in them, as she shall therein truly find more solid and more ravishing solaces, than in all those momentaneous blandishments that the flesh can bubble up. But if thou beest not hardned in this, think but how thou couldst digest a Grooms admission by thy wife, and do but call to mind the solemn Engagement that thou mad'st at Marriage, against which Incontinence is not the least offence, since God, his Church, the Congregation, and Record, will be ever ready as witnesses to sentence and condemn thy perjury. Which in those that are wedded is so great, that the looseness (though highly criminal) is lost in the very name of the fault: It being stiled alone *Adultery*, as contrary to that sacred Vow attested by such Evidence.

Lastly,

Lattly, remember but how thou likest thy self when thou com'st off, and then if thou wilt continue *Indian* and worship these *Demons* still, I know nothing that can sooner cool this Devotion, than a deeper place in the Pool than either Huntsmen or Falconers found; and though it would be some trouble to see my friend there, yet it would be better than the Guelding-block, or wasting like a *Deer* after Rutting time, which is much feared by

*Thy Friend*, PHILANDER.

## IX.

*With some of his Poems, and the Character of the Low Countries.*

MADAM,

I Cannot so forfeit Judgement as to make you Patroness to these light Trifles, they are wealthier Fancies that would be dignified by your Name. When I have lookt on things of this nature, I have never done it without something of Severe in my Thoughts, having ever held of Poetry as the *Cynick* did of Love, that 'tis but the idle Man's business: And such short composures as are these at best, are but as Fire-works at Tryumphs. They crackle, shine and offer at Heaven it self, but in a moment they fall and are extinct unprofitably. As I now present them you are at liberty to censure without Obligation of defence; and if you please to take me favourably, I have only presumed to obey: Which sin my Conscience will perswade me to be more Venial, if your Ladyship, with your pardon permit me to enjoy the much covered Honour of remaining  
(Madam)

*Your most obedient Servant.*

## X.

*To a Doctor of Physick.*

*His Doctor,*

Since the weather is like to freeze your Physick, I may presume to find you at home at leisure to read this running Letter, which purposely hasts to tell you, that by this weeks Carrier you shall receive the Module of the World in a Box.

For since the great business of Kingdoms and Common-wealths (if clearly viewed) according to the observation of *Sixtus Quintus*, are often managed by the same weak grounds, and easie deceits that Children guide their play with: Why may they not be represented by what I now have sent you.

And therefore if at first you take them for the Pope and his Conclave, it cannot be much out of the way, since the Learned play of  
Goose

Goose was gravely there invented. And though by their posture and pecking toward that great noddle, you would swear them to be a House of Commons and their Speaker; Yet considering how silently and closely they carry things, you will incline rather to believe them a Council of State and the President. Especially when reason tells you, the Goose cannot keep sweet in the place above a month at most.

Well, when I see their Ruffs and gravity, methinks the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen are before me, unless you will take in the Common-Council too, for the more wisely ordering their Militia and their Priviledges.

But by the Lark being there, who sings and soars high, as if she meant to show us Heaven and Reformation it should be the late Assembly of Divines and their Prolocutor. For if you observe when she is mounted to her highest pitch, she falls at once and beds in the earth the basest of the Elements.

Because she is a water-fowl, some perhaps may take them for the Admiral and his Mariners. But surely he was nearer truth that cry'd them up for a Committee and the Chair-man. They sit as close as if all were withdrawn and they at their Vote, and this doubtless had been the right meaning, but that there is never a Rook or Bird of prey among them.

If you remember how you have seen the salacious and devouring Sparrow bear out the harmless Marten from his nest, that he may Chirp it where he never built; You will be positive, they are Country-Sequestrators, if not Haberdashers-Hall.

By their order and attention, who would not take them for an *Independent* and his Congregation, yet I confess the erecting of their Bills looks so like hands lifted up at the Covenant, that it could not but mind me of the short-liv'd *Presbytery*; But then observing the Plover there, who like the Hypocrite uses to cry here 'tis, here 'tis, as if it would show us some new light; though the design is only to fool you further off from her own haunt. I never doubt but 'tis a Conventicle, and some Lay-brother teaching them.

Oh! But beholding the long-Bills, I durst do no other but allow it for an Army and their General, and espying a *Diver* with a black head-piece among them, I was the more confirm'd in't, he was so like a *Jesuite*.

By the Partridge lagging behind, methought it appear'd like a Country-Sessions with both the Juries about it listning to the Charge, where undignifi'd birds perch it on the Bench, while the Gentry (if any at all) are fain to sneak but in the train or taile.

When the writing quality of the Goose comes to mind, I straight think of the University and her Chancellour.

But indeed after all, when I look upon them with their heads off, I am resolv'd they were of the Royal party; so must be either the Bishop and his Diocesse, or the late House of Lords with their Keeper

Thus you see they may fit all Societies you shall please to apply them to, even from the Emperour and his Nobles to the meanest Master and his Family; and you will believe this the truer, when you know that in a Pye as part of my thanks, there is an inthron'd Goose, attended with Woodcocks, Plovers, Wild-fowle, Partridge, Larks and Sparrows. Venison is so wild, as 'tis run out of our Country. Being a Princely dish, it was necessary it should fall with its Master. This, though a dead commodity, hopes to be made welcome in *London*. Citizens are ever kind to their kindred, and for this reason perhaps neither you nor they will be angry with me, who it may be am the greatest fool of all for writing thus, though in earnest

*Your affectionate Servant.*

## XI.

*To the Lord C. J. R.*

*My LORD,*

**B**Eing put upon a Tryal for vindicating the right of the Antient Inheritance of my Family, gained from me by a Verdict last Assizes, by what means I shall forbear to speak: I cannot but think myself very happy to have it heard before your Lordship, whose knowledge in the Laws and unalterable Integrity are so Conspicuously eminent, that as the unjust cannot hope, so the just can never fear a partiality. God knows I am so far from taking away anothers right, as I would not do revenge to preserve my own. I shall therefore say nothing at all of the Cause, but submit it wholly and freely to your Lordships upright Judgment, as upon a full hearing it shall appear before you. Only I thought it might very well become me (for the just fame of your Merit in this Common-wealth,) to manifest not only this, but the desire I have to be esteemed

*Your Lordships affectionate Servant.*

## XII.

*To Remilia.*

*It is you alone Madam,*

**W**HO I think have that gracious Prerogative of Convincing Ignorance with delight. For you have made so much of me, and afforded me so much excellency of Conversation by your goodness and Friendship, that I do confess (besides the infinite Obligation that lies on me by your Favours) I find my self deceived even beyond my own expectation. For I thought I had known you so long, that I had been thoroughly acquainted with those excellent endowments, which even from your youth have grown up with you. But I see vertue is a perpetual Spring, ever budding forth some fresh  
k
beauty

beauty or other to take the apprehension of the beholder. Thus the longer I know, the more I admire; as if you had a faculty beyond the condition of your own frail Sex, to honour your years with the lustre of new graces. Like some rare Plants that content not themselves with one single Flower, though excellent: but glory still in the succession of varieties, through which you have the advantage of the ordinary sort of Ladies; who while in a short time their whole stock of goodness may be easily found, yours bordering on Heaven does thereby grow eternal: So Jewels of transcendent value scarce ever come to be terminated by the eye, but the more we gaze the greater Radiance do we find; and when we think we have viewed all, some new Ray is darted which still keeps up our wonder. Certainly, had the World of Women been thus qualified, Man would have thought he had been still in Paradise, or at least that he had met with this life but as an earnest of the happier to come. Thus you hold me still with you in my thoughts, and they cannot but owe you my best thanks and my best prayers too, That you may continue to be happy till you arrive at that wherein you shall continue ever, and I hope be attended by (Madam)

*Your ever faithfully devoted Servant.*

## XIII.

*To a Person of Honour.*

*My Lord,*

**T**Is certain that every day was St. *Swishens*, till your Letter like the Dove shewed the abatement of the Waters, and dry'd up those floods that dwelt in our eyes: So welcome was the news of your own wished health and the Generals high civility. Certainly, your Family must erect some Statue to his Name, for you are as much obliged to his Courtesie as the Nation to his Courage and Conduct, which shews how Victorious he can be without his Arms. And that there are other waies to clear the Complexion, besides those of blows and blood letting; since by such soft waies of Peace he can cast such everlasting chains upon others. And however his favours may lead to a prosperous success in your affairs, yet I am confident they will retain no diminution of their Lustre by any the least Injustice in your friends proceedings.

In that of the Lady *W*. I have drawn up what is to be considered, and what to be urged; which may show the grounds that those with you are to Limbe the piece upon, and will be much better from the living voice, than the dead Paper. Of your friends in *C*. I hear no sound at all. If I shall shortly get to *London*, I shall then enquire, and presently transmit the account thereof to your Lordship, since in any business that relates to your concerns I shall find the content of declaring my self

*Your Lordships most humble Servant.*

XIV.  
To Mr. S. T.

SIR,

BEing last week at *D.* where I met your affectionate Letter, I have been forced to let the answering of it lye upon my score till now; though even the Horses and the Groom now sent, be it self an answer to part of what you advised. Your Intelligence was well received at *D.* which though it hath recourse to *London*, yet is so between the *Academies*, as 'tis rather the centre of both than partaker of either. I shall not desire to give you the trouble of relating in writing the Excommunication of the two Women at *Exeter*, but if you please to let Mr. *W.* know of it, I shall hear it from him. *D. Heylins* book *Respondet petrus* I have; 'tis a Pen from which every thing does usually drop readily and handsomly, and I am confident in an Age capable of enduring Truth, it shall merit much commendation. But 'tis a hard matter for a particular Truth to combat against a general Error, or to bear up against Arguments and Assertions back'd with edges; especially when they have been so long inseminated in a loomy and tenacious Earth, that they can hardly be weeded up, without pulling up the roots and earth together. The Papal Presbyterian is as unconfutable as his Holiness in his Chair; who must never admit to be in any one Error, lest thereby it be concluded that he may be guilty of more. They put me in mind of what *Pliny* said of him that first invented to saw stones, *Fuit quidam importuni ingenii*; who though they would make us believe that it were the sharpness of their Engine; yet if ever they cut thorough anything, 'tis not so much it, as the tumbling to and fro of the Sand, that by a perpetual grating dispatches their work for them. For the other book you write of, *Hell-Fire quenched*, I have heard of it, but have not yet seen it; it is to be had; I shall take it for a favour to receive it from you by Mr. *W.* who will pay for it. I would see what Arguments can be used for the prodigious debasing of man, and destroying not only Christian, but all Religions else: How he can out-go the honest Heathen, whose Reason found a future compensation after this life, to be necessary for vindicating the Justice of their gods.

From *London* we hear for certain, the Lady *E. C.* hath undone the Cavalier party by dying on *Friday* last; perhaps by Providence sentenced thereto for Felony, she by her civility having stoln the peoples love from all the rest of her Tribe. A Lady so well cut out by Nature, that she might have pass'd for a Jewel of the larger-siz'd esteem, had she not been set in a Medal, that never could endure the Touch.

XV.

To Sir C. F.

*You have Sir,*

SO season'd me with your freedom and favours, that I must take time to wean my self from those contents I had in your company : Thus wooden Vessels fill'd with precious liquor, retain a long time after both their scent and fragrancy. Wheresoever I am, G. and Sir F. are still in my thought : and I can do any thing sooner than not remember them. So you need not wonder that I give you this trouble, since indeed I am acted by a Genius that compells me to't ; unless I would take up a war with my self, and attempt to smother those inclinations within me, which are at once both pleasing and just. There wants yet one thing to make up my Obligation full, and I shall not be fetted to my liking till you please to grant it me ; That if you have it not already (as I hope you may) you will discover some way whereby I may declare, that there is neither pains, nor any faculty I am a Master of, or can aspire unto, but it is wholly destin'd to your service. Seriously Sir, I am so charmed by your goodness, your flowing freeness, your readiness to assist me, the pertinency and gratefulness of your discourse, that I do not know I ever yet left any company with more unwillingness, or injoy'd it with more content. And if after this Fit I be less in love with the futurity of my own life, I must blame my own Province that hath afforded me so little of so delightful a conversation. I am now getting a while to *London*. which appears to this Region as the heart to the body, through which its business as the stirring blood hath all his circulation, if you have not in the Countrey, you may have something to do there. While I stay you cannot want an Agent that will glory in your employment, and with much earnestness beg that you will accept of all the thanks I am capable of giving, for all those noble expressions of friendship, that at my being with you, you were pleased to confer upon

*Your faithful and humble Servant.*

XVI.

To his much respected Loving Friend, *Mr. Owen Felltham*  
Gent. Author of the *Resolves*, be these delivered at  
London.

*Per Christi & vera files, &c.*

Worthy Gentleman, your witty, grave and sententious Book, the gift of a Friend, I read greedily, taking delight in your pithy discourses, admiring your grave and sententious conceits; untill I came to the *16. Resolve, of the choice of Religion* ; where I find  
it



it to be true that which you grant in your Preface, That you do not profess your self a Schollar: at least here you shew your self no Divine, blotting the perfection of your former discourse, with the black spot of error and ignorance in true Divinity. Remember you say, *That this not knowing, makes us not able to judge*; why then do you presume to judge and condemn so rashly the Roman Church and Religion, which you know not, and whose grounds and Doctrine you understand not? But I wonder not. You confess, *That before you could discern the true Religion, you were brought up in Heresie, sucking Heresie with your milk; and that even at mans age you did not examine the soundness of it, but retained it as the Faith of your Parents.* What marvell then that you condemn the true Roman Faith, whose Solidity and Truth you never examined, being brought up in error, with an aversion of it? Put alas! why do you neglect that upon which depends an Eternity of Torments or Joyes? Is it fit that such a worthy wit, as yours is, should build your salvation upon the weak and false Opinion of weak and unlearned Ministers, despising the infallible Authority of the Catholique Church? I appeal to your self in this point, you shall be Judge. You say, *The Religion of the Church of England is the best*: your reason is, *That it makes most for Gods glory and mans quiet.* But here you are deceived and deceive: Is it glorie to God to deprive his Church of five Sacraments, as Protestants do? Doth it make for Gods glory to deny his Love, Wisdom and Power, as Protestants do, denying his real presence in the Eucharist or blessed Sacrament of our Lords Supper? Do not Protestants derogate from Gods glory, making him the Author of sin, and that he predestinates men to eternal death by his only Will, without any fault? Is it not against Gods glory to teach Doctrine expressly against the Scripture, and to make Apocryphal and deny divine Authority to the two Books of *Maccabees, Tobey, Esther, Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom, &c.* as Protestants do, and the book I send you will demonstrate? Is it not against Gods glory to deny the honour of an Intercessour to his Mother the blessed Virgin, and to the rest of his Saints, as Protestants do? Is it not against Gods glory to disobey his Church, persecuting her, and perverting her by teaching Heresies, as Protestants do? Finally, what glory is it to God, to deny him the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and forsake the ancient Roman Religion, the Apostles preached to the world, and God hath preferred inviolable from error? And what Quiet to man, that holds that his Church may erre, and hath no infallible Authority nor power to unburthen his Conscience, nor absolve him from his sin, as Protestants hold? Wherefore Protestant Religion cannot be the true Faith, which denieth the glory to God, and peace to men; which the Roman Church and Religion grants. Yea, but say you, *The Papists detract from God, painting him as an old man, and by this means dis-deifie him*: Oh, how doth passion wrap your great wit in the veil of ignorance! Sir, we detract not from God, to whom we give all

Honour,

Calvin's lib. 1.  
in trinit. cap.  
18 Sect. 1. 3.  
& Sect. 4. lib.  
3. cap. 21. Sect.  
1. 5. & cap. 3  
Sect. 1.

Honour, Glory and Praise; acknowledging his Deity and Trinity, one Deity and Nature in three Persons, yet not three but one God. It is true, we paint him as an old man, not representing by that Picture the Divine Essence it self; for seeing God is invisible, incomprehensible, without members great, without colours fair, without parts measurable; no lineaments of body, no lustre of Art, no proportion of shape can fashion or describe him: The resemblances of God the Father in the form of an old Man, of the Holy Ghost in the form of a Dove, are but Explications of the Histories recorded in Scripture, or remembrances of the shape in which they appeared. And why may not God be expressed without detracting from his Deity, in the same form and manner wherein he hath manifested himself to mortal eyes? as to the Prophet *Isaiah, chap. 6.* and to *Daniel, chap. 7. ver. 9.* So that you calumniate the Church, when you affirm us by Images to dis-deifie Almighty God.

Neither do we derogate from his Royalty and Glory, interposing our Merits as you falsely impute. For as *St. John* saith, *Christ is the Vine, we are Branches.* Now as it no ways detracteth from the Glory of the Vine, that the Branches be fruitful; but rather augmenteth the same: So doth it neither diminish the Glory of Christ, but rather addeth thereunto; if his Servants through Faith, Charity and other Vertues inspired and given by him, do produce such works as are truly Just and Meritorious. Neither are the Merits of Man requisite for any insufficiency of the Merits of Christ, but rather for proof of their great vertue and efficacy. For the works of Christ, not only merited with God our Eternal Salvation, but also that we might obtain the same through his Grace and Merits by our own Merits. To give light to the World by the Sun, or to give heat thereto by fire doth not derogate from the power of God, but rather more proveth his Omnipotency, whereby he could work those things not only Himself, but likewise could give to his Creatures the power of working. This is the Doctrine of the Catholick Church, and it is insolent Madnes, and intolerable Pride, not to believe her being directed and governed by the Holy Ghost.

John 16.

You further yet charge us with absurd and wicked Tenets, as to hate our enemies to death, to judge it no sin to revenge injuries. To think it Meritorious to kill an Heretick. That no faith or fidelity is to be kept with him. Is it possible that such a Worthy Judicious Gentleman as your self, should be so far over-whelm'd with hatred to our Religion, that you could harbour in your Judgement such a wicked opinion of the Catholick Church, where Wisdom, Learning and Sanctity flourisheth in the highest degree? Pardon me Sir, you were much too blame, and amongst Catholicks lost a great deal of Credit by publishing to the World such absurd Doctrine for ours, which we detest and hate as much as you your self. What you were ignorant of you should Reverently admire, and not Calumniate, nor set for our Tenets, the errors our Adversaries impose

pose upon us. What satisfaction can you give for the injury done to Gods Church, unless by a Recantation and Correction of your Books? What account will you give to Christ, when you are summoned at his Tribunal seat for the Calumniation you laid upon his Church, by which many souls were deceived and withheld from embracing the true Antient Roman Religion?

What Ransome can you give for those deceived souls which giving Credit to your Book, persisted till death in the Protestant Religion, and were damned for their Heresie? What Recompence for the Bloud of *Christ Jesus* spilled and lost in their damnation which will cry louder than the bloud of *Abel* for Revenge against you? If you desire therefore to give a good account and save your soul, read this book, follow the Doctrine it teacheth you. Take once a good Resolution to live and die a Romane Catholick, then do Penance for your sins. Recall and correct the errours of your Book by the help of some Catholick Divine: There are others that must be corrected in your Resolve of the choice of Religion. Counsell the Roman Faith which stands more for Gods Glory, and the quiet and Eternal good of the soul; and without this there is no hope of Salvation. Believe me Sir, I love your person, but hate your errours, and the zeal of your Salvation moved my Pen far inferior to yours in Eloquence to write these rude lines. If my counsell take effect, I shall think my self happy; if not, I shall justifie Gods Cause, do my duty to which my estate, & *Charitas Christi urget nos* I beseech Almighty God of his mercy, to give you light that you may see the errors of your new Religion, the Truth of ours; That entering here into the Militant Roman Church, you may deserve hereafter to be a Member of the Triumphant in Heaven: So expecting your answer, I rest, committing you to the Protection of sweet Jesus,

From Cadiz and the Colledge of the  
Society of Jesus the 23. Decemb.  
1637.

Your assured Friend and  
Servant in Christ,  
WILLIAM JOHNSON.

## XVII.

## THE ANSWER.

For *Mr. William Johnson of the Colledge of the Society of Jesus in Cadiz these.*

*To my Wonder (Sir.)*

**A**Bout *August* last I received your Letter, where I find you admire my Wit, and taxe my Honesty: and truly I think are deceived in both. For as I may not allow your Praise of the one, so I must not endure the Condemnation of the other; Since Flattery and Dispraise (though their looks be contrary) are so near ally'd, as they both

both agree in men ingenuous to raise the rebuking blush. And had your Letter been as full of Truth as it pretends Charity, I should have met that Candor in it, which now I must complain it wants. Nor is it the property of Love (which you seem to profess) to take a worse sense where a better is more probable, as even in the beginning you are pleas'd to fall upon. *That I say I do not profess myself a Scholar*, you object as matter of Ignorance, forgetting that to any unpartial understanding, it will be conceived a Scholars life is not my profession. For I have liv'd in such a course, as my books have been my delight and recreation, but not my Trade: though perhaps I could wish they had. The next you bid me remember that I say, *This not knowing makes us not able to Judge*: And 'tis true I say so, and am still of that opinion. I tell you Religions are in some things set in heights beyond our reasons reach. *What think you of faith?* St. Paul will tell you 'tis the evidence of things unseen, and so unknown. Let me a little bold to ask you, if your reason can track the Miraculous Conception of our blessed Saviour? Can your reason satisfy you in the Hypostatical Union of his Divine and Humane Nature, or in the Mystery of the Trinity, the Resurrection and Immortality of the Soul? In these and many others I do confess my weakness, but does this therefore conclude that I know not the Roman Church nor Religion? How come you to know that I know it not? I'm sure I never told you so. Next you say I confess that before I could discern the true Religion, I was brought up in Heresie, sucking in Heresie with my milk; and that even at Mans Age I did not examine the soundness of it, but retained it as the Faith of my Parents.

Certainly, if I did this I scarce deserv'd your Charity. 'Tis a degree of impiety I have not heard of, that any did continue to live in that Religion which his own Conscience did tell him was false, and he so told the World. When you think what an unpardonable sin you accuse me of, I am confident you will repent your Charge. For to my apprehension, it may be the sin against the Holy Ghost; if there be but Malice (which you cannot see) and I wish all Christians free from.

But (Sir) can you or any man justly from my writings infer this? Go again to your own breast and see whether I speak as *ex Confesso* of my self, or as a complaint, that 'tis a misery to which mankind is incident; and therefore the very next words are, *What a lamentable weakness is this in Man?* Accompanied with so many complaints against it, as I think it is not possible any thing of reason can conclude, I mean my self. What think you of this in St. *Augustine*?—*Simplices & Indocti Regnum Cælorum rapiunt, & nos cum literis nostris ad Infernum descendimus*: The simple and unlearned get up to Heaven, while we with our knowledge sink down into Hell. As I take it the manner of speech is the same: yet, I hope you will not cut of this conclude that St. *Augustine* confesses himself to be damned. If

H. B. 11.

In Mat. 11.

you would have writ, you should have offer'd Grain, not Chaff; this shames your Pen.

After this you charge the *Protestants* of being prejudicial to Gods glory by robbing his Church of five Sacraments. I deny not but some of those may in some sense be so called; and are so termed by some of the Fathers. But we have not like Authority from Scripture or Primitive practise, as we have for the other two. Nor do any of the Ancient Fathers certainly define the number seven. Nor do they all so much as in words acknowledge all. In our two all agree and ever have agreed. For them we have warrant from our Saviour, *Itte Baptizate, &c. Hoc facite, &c. Go and Baptize, &c. Do this, &c.*

Mic. 28. 19.  
1 Cor. 11. 24.

For the real presence (as you hold it) I take it for the Monster of your Church. In Religion there may be things above reason: but crossing and overthrowing plainly the Fundamentals of Nature and Reason, I believe there are not. Whether you grant your *Transubstantiation* by *conversion* as the *Dominicians*, or by *succession* as the *Francescans* yet in the *Main* you acknowledge a *Miracle*, else 'tis not *Transubstantiate*. Now if in any Author *Divine* or *Humane* you can tell me of a *Miracle* wrought, and yet no *Miracle* appear, as 'tis in this where you will have Flesh and Bloud under the *Species* of Bread and Wine, then I have done and shall recant my error. When Christ turned the water into Wine, it appear'd Wine. When he told the people *Fairus* daughter was not dead but asleep, they laughed him to scorn, because to their sense they saw it otherwise. And if he had brought her out still dead, and told them she was alive, would they have believ'd him, or would they not have laughed much more? If she had not appear'd alive, where had been his *Miracle*, or their belief? Reason, Nature, and Sense cannot in this kind be deluded with either words or fallacies. But for me to believe that to be Flesh, which I see and taste Bread, is to turn Mad man, and for an unwarrantable Faith forfeit both my Reason and Sense.

Muk 5. 39.  
40, 8c.

For Predestination you urge *Calvin*. But (Sir) the Church of *England* is not bound to his Tenets, nor do I hold my Faith from him, but from my blessed Saviour and his Apostles. Let it suffice, I hold man faine to be the subject of Predestination. I believe no man saved but by Gods Mercy: No man damned but by his own default.

The books which are Canonical, I hold to be those which were so held by the *Jews*, cited and owned by Christ and his Apostles, and the Primitive Church. And this I take for good Authority, further I dare not go unless I could see better grounds.

Nor do I deny the Intercession of the blessed Virgin and the rest of the Saints, by praying for the Church in general. But Invocation is out of my Rode, I use to pray to nothing that I do not see, but what I know Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Ubiquitary.

Gods Church though it be not Roman, I obey without teaching Heresies.

In the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, we do not wholly deny a Sacrifice. But a proper propitiatory Sacrifice as you hold, we deny justly. If it be proper, shew us the Body and the Immolation? if that be Invisible, how is it proper?

Surely, the true Ancient Roman Religion, which Christ and his Apostles taught, we hold, and you do not: having super-structed so many Additions and Deviations, that the right old Roman Religion and the now professed Roman are two Religions.

And certainly, if the Judges may be indifferent, we have much the advantage of you: For we have the sacred Scriptures, our blessed Saviour, his Apostles, and the purer Primitive Times, and the late Reformation, or Revivement rather, all on our side: And you have only the intervention of 800. years, for some things it may be more, and for others much less; and these either groundless or against grounds.

As for Gods Church, we believe that it agreeing with Scripture cannot erre, I believe before the Scriptures were written, the Churches power was absolute and Arbitrary, guided by the Spirit of God: But they being written by Divine Inspiration, and she accepting them from her Rule, became tyed to them, which she did confirm, not make. If you urge things warrantable by these, or not against them, we obey; if crossing these, the Answer is with the Apostles, *Whether it is better to obey God or Man, judge you.*

Acts. 4 19.

Every man has liberty allowed him by our Church to disburthen his own Conscience, to which (though not compelled) he is exhorted; and if he does, the Priest has Authority to absolve him. And this in these things I understand for the Doctrine of our Church: which are so well vindicated by men so infinitely above my abilities, as in my reason I am so well satisfied, as I desire not to be further Controversial.

I deny not but some private men, by the too much liberty of the Press, (which I acknowledge a fault) may perhaps have publish'd some things not so Orthodox; but what are these to me, while they wander from Foundations? I am neither *Zuinglian*, nor *Lutheran*, nor *Calvinist*, nor *Papist*, but *Christian*; for I build not on men, but on God and his Church agreeing. His Church I believe may erre, I mean a particular Church, which yet may be a true Church, and so his: But this of his universal Church lawfully congregated and free, in matters of Faith, I averre, nor.

Well, you are now come to charge me with imposing Tenets on your Church, which you say she holds not. But in this Charge you charge me with more than ever I put upon you, as *To hate your Enemies to death, To judge it no sin to revenge Injuries*; these if you read again, you will find I charge on the *Jews*, not you; to clear which you have it, — *That he deserves not the name of a Rabbi, that hates not his enemies to death.* I confess they are put promiscuously, but so as any that would not willingly mistake, may distinguish them. And

you

you may as well say, I charge you with *Turcisme* as with these *Judaismes* for all are spoken alike.

No (Sir) they are only four things I charge you with: Two, I suppose you will not deny; and the other two, I think, I may prove.

The First is that you derogate from God the Father by portraying him as an old man; and this I cannot believe but you do. You say, they are but Explications in *Isaiah* and *Daniel*; in *Isaiah* I find him not described after this manner, but *Sitting on a Throne with such a glory, as filled the whole Earth; and at the brightness of whose presence even the Angels* (as not able to endure it) *covered their faces with their celestial wings*. If you could paint such a Glory, I could say something in excuse: Surely 'tis a vain attempt in man, when in the most elevated speculations of his mind he cannot comprehend a Deity, that he will yet presume by a Painters dull hand and deader colours to decipher him. In *Daniel* I find him called *the Ancient of dayes, and his hair as pure Wool*: But what Authority is this to shape all his parts like man? In either Vision there is something not delineable; in *Isaiah* the Lintels of the door moved at the Voice, and in *Daniel* the Books were opened: Or if he did thus out of special favour to his beloved Prophets, assume a shape to comply with their Capacities, who yet knew to them he was not in himself contemplable; shall we dare to obtrude him flatted by a Pencil, to the gaze of such as judge but what they see? If we were to paint Man, we could not give him less; and shall we so limn God, as not to give him more? These were Visions extraordinary, which we have not warrant to draw into ordinary practice. Gods Commandments are to be followed by us, but all his actions draw not into example; especially such as these whereof we find no encouragement, but in several places absolute prohibitions, as— *All Nations are to him as nothing, less than nothing and vanity; to whom then will ye liken God? or what similitude will ye set up unto him?* and this repeated in the 25. Verse. And a little after God sayes, *He will not give his praise to Images*. Yea, and in *Deut. Moses* delivers it with a— *Curvete valde; for ye saw no similitude in the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb, out of the midst of the fire*. Methinks for this you might take Gods own word to *Moses*,— *Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live*—. How then can we represent that which yet we never could, and God himself sayes we cannot see? By his glorious Attributes God is known, but no corporeal shape could ever yet express him. What dimensions will you give to him that has none? He that will paint himself a God, guesses out an Idol; and even his *Back-parts* (as they are called) were so bright, as by *Moses* they were undescribable: His conversation with God in the Mount sticking such a glory upon him, as the People were not able to look on. How detestable it was to the *Jews* I need not tell; nor do I believe in the primitive Times that you can find a Father pleading for't:

1. 40. 17. 18

Chap 42. 8.

Cap 15.

1. 41. 33. 20.

Can. 36.

In Psal. 118

Lib. 1. super  
Luc.

Lib. 4. cap. 15.

Lib. 3. dist. 9  
quest. 2.Pars 3. quest.  
25. art. 3.Aug super Jo-  
han.

Miant Tuer.

Psal. 53. 21.

The Council of *Eliberis* sayes,—*Placuit picturas in Ecclesia esse non debere, ne quod colitur, aut adoratur, in parietibus depingatur*: We conceive there ought to be no pictures in the Church, lest that which ought to be adored and worshipped, be painted upon the walls. Saint *Ambrose* was not of your opinion when he said,—*Invisibilis Dei Imago non in eo est quod videtur, sed in eo utiq; quod non videtur*. The invisible Image of God is not in that which is to be seen, but in that which is not seen. And again,—*Nec corporalibus oculis Deus quaeritur, nec circumscribitur visa, nec tactu tenetur*: God is not to be sought with coporal eyes, neither is he circumscrib'd by sight, nor can he be retain'd by any coporal feeling. How then can such be set in Figure? *Insipientia summa est, & impietatis, figurare quod divinum est*: It is the highest folly and the greatest Impiety, to make any draught of that which is Divine. Saith *Damascene*, to which also *Durand* does accord,—*Fatum est imagines facere ad representandum Deum*: It is a sottish thing to make any Image wherewith God may be represented. And your *Aquinas*, 500. years after him, has it positively thus,—*Ipsi autem vero Deo, cum sit incorporeus, nulla Imago corporalis potest poni*: For the true God, since he is incorporeal, there ought no coporal Image to be made. Saint *Augustine* comes home to your own phrase of Explication, *Nescio quid in nobis spiritualiter & corporaliter facit Deus: quod nec sonus sit qui percutiat, nec color qui oculis discernatur, nec odor qui naribus capiatur, nec sapor qui faucibus indicetur, nec durum & molle quod tangendo sentiatur: & tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile, explicare non possibile*: I know not how it is, that both spiritually and coporally God still worketh in us; since he is neither a sound that is audible, nor any colour discernable by sight, nor any scent that is taken by the Nostrils nor, any taste that is gustable by the Palate; he is neither hard nor soft, nor to be perceived by feeling: and yet he is something to discern, but not possibly unfold or explicate. Yea, even before the Gospel it seems it was the opinion of the wiser sort of Philosophers, — *Zenophon formam Dei veri negat videri posse, & ideo quari non oportere*.— *Quem colimus Deum, nec ostendimus nec videmus; imò ex hoc Deum credimus, quod cum sentire possumus, videre non possumus*: *Zenophon* denied that ever the form of the true God could be seen, and therefore we ought never to be in quest of it. — The God that we worship we neither thow nor can see; and even from this we know him to be God, That though we can perceive him, yet with coporal eyes we never can behold him, Sayes the eloquent Lawyer.

If there were no more but the evil consequence, it were enough to deter all Christians from it. For, however your more learned know he is not pourtrayed, yet the poor and uncapacious Vulgar think him to be such as they see: Whereby the Fools Jeer in the Psalmes falls upon them,---*Thou thoughtest I was even such as thy self, but I will reprove thee, &c.* And sure in so many Fathers of *Trent*, it may appear a kind of Solocisme in judgment, that they would teach



one thing by Example, and yet give the contrary in precept; as to allow the illustration of the Divinity by Figures, and yet teach the people that the Divinity cannot be figured. Besides all this that it does among the ruder Christians, it infinitely scandals our Religion and God among strangers: If the ignorant *Indian* or remote *American* shall find the Christians God an old man, and sometimes with three faces to one body, as I have seen the lewd Idol of the Trinity; and sometimes two bodies and a Dove; or an old Man, a Lamb and a Pigeon: They have no reason but to think as well of their own proper Idols; and of the two, Heathen *Jupiter* may as well be lik'd; for he was figur'd as man in his strength, naked, and with Lightning in his hand: But yours is in decrepit age, weaponless, and wrap'd in Furs, as if he need'd warmth. And for the other, the old Roman *Trivia* may as well be reckon'd on.

These are not only guilty of dis-deifying him, but they turn God into a prodigy, and confirm such as are yet no Christians more strongly in their own Idolatry, — *Sic á cælo deorsum gravant; & á Deo vero ad materias avocant*: Thus grossly they sink down from Heaven, and from the true God unto dull materials lead their Profelytes. Thus from being a most pure, omnipotent and incomprehensible spiritual Essence (and by being so conceived, aweth the inquisitive and revolute Soul of man) he is hereby degraded, and thrust down into the scale of the sinful, weak, corruptible creature, which needs must load him with contempt.

To my apprehension the Apostles is even a home Tax to this, — *When they professed themselves to be wise they became fools: For they turned the glory of the incorruptible God to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible Man*. Questionless it was to avoid this; that God in all his Colloquies and Appearances to man, did ever come in something that was shadow; as if he would be so enveloped as man should not know how to pencil him; such was the *Burning Bush*, the *Pillar of fire*, the *Cloud*, the *thick Darkness*, the *Whirlwind*, the *small still Voice*, and the like.

And even to this may be added that which Saint *Ambrose* sayes, after he had wholly condemned the describing God in a bodily shape, when God shewed himself in any outward Figure, *Non Pater intelligitur, sed Filius*: The Son, and not the Father, is understood.

For the figuring of the Holy Ghost by a Dove, it may be pleaded that the appearance was more open, as being *sub dio*, in the clear day, and witnessed by many; whereas the other were Visions, and not perspicable with corporal but mental eyes. Of this I find two Opinions; one that it was a real Dove that appeared, thus *Tertullian*, Saint *Augustine*, and your *Maldonate*: If this be true, how must the Holy Ghost be alwaies put in this form? You may with the same reason for the Devil paint a Herd of Swine, because with our Saviours leave he entred and precipitated them into the Sea. The other

Session 9. de Invocatione Sancto-  
rum, &c.

In Missale seu  
candelam usum  
eccles. Sarum,  
Imp. 1520.

Mont. Tælix.

Rom. 1. 22, 23.

Mat. 3.

other opinion is, that it was an assumed shape; nor that it was a Dove indeed, but appeared so to the Beholders: and this seems to suite with the words of the Text, which says it was *quasi Columba*, as if it had been a Dove: And if it were but like, it could not be the thing really, so not the shape of the Holy Ghost upon every occasion to be put upon it, since at other times it varied. So that though perhaps the historical use restrained to that story only, may not be totally unlawful; yet in regard no hurt can come by omitting it, and there may be harm by the representation, (for which we have no Authority from Scripture) I think it were better forborn. And because the Canon forbids the expressing Christ by the form of a Lamb, *Caranza* from the same reason concludes, — *Prohibuerunt Spiritum Sanctum sub Columba figurari*: They forbid the Holy Ghosts being represented in the form of a Dove.

The second is that I charge you with interposing of Merits; 'tis confess'd I do so; and I persuade my self most justly: You will not deny but your works through grace are meritorious; Thus *Bellarmino*, *Operabona justorum absolute esse meritoria vite aeternae ex condigno*: The good works of just men absolutely, and out of condignity do deserve eternal life. And *Vasques* plainly in a manner excludes the merits of Christ; he hath it thus, — *Cum opera justicondignè mereantur vitam aeternam, tanquam aequalem mercedem & premium, non opus est interuentu aliterius meriti condigni, quale est meritum Christi, ut iis reddatur vita aeterna*: Since the works of the just do worthily merit eternal life as an equivalent reward and recompence, there is no need of the intervention of any others merit of condignity (as is the merit of Christ) whereby eternal life may be obtained. And the Council of *Trent* blusters out *Anathema*, Accursed, to those who do not hold it. 'Tis true, in a regenerate man I believe the essence of the work is good, because Grace is the *primus motor*, First mover: but in all men these works are stained both privatively and positively: Privatively, by want of perfect Charity, — *Plenissima charitas est in nemine, illud autem quod minus est quam esse debet, ex vitio est; ex quo vitio non est justus in terra*: Perfect charity is not in any body, and that which is less than it ought to be, is from defect and sin; and by this means there is not any man just in this world. Can you think your charity, while you have your flesh about you, can bear that noble flame it ought? Can you love God as you ought, and that without distraction? Can you heighten it to that clear brightness which the Apostle gives it? Certainly, if I should think so, though my Faith were very strong, I should have cause to doubt my own salvation: Nay, the stronger it were, the more I were in danger; because at last I should find it misplaced, and my Faith would be in works, and not in Christ that saveth.

Secondly, There is in all mans works a positive ill and this is Concupiscence. Surely you will not deny but that Saint *Paul* was a regenerate man when he wrote his Epistle to the *Romans*, yet he is plain

6 Concil. Constantinopolitana. can. 82.

De Just. lib. 5. 17.

1. 2. quest. 114. disp. 222. c. 3.

Ses. 6 cap. 16. can. 32.

Aug. Epist. 29.

1 Cor. 13.

plain in this case and sayes, *That when he would do good, he is thus jockeyed, that evil is present with him.* And after he has found a deliverance from this by Christ, lest he might in himself be thought without sin, he concludes thus, *Then I my self in mind serve the Law of God, but in my flesh the Law of sin.* David of himself will not own any such perfection, but makes God the God of his righteousness. The forenamed Apostle held on in the same steps, and sayes, *By the grace of God I am that I am:* and lest this speech might be taken of his Vocation, in the same Verse he speaks the same of his works, *I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which is in me.*

*Job*, of all we read, was the most confident of his own Integrity, (which indeed was rare and gloriab: :) To men he boasted loud, and thought it such, that he began to brave the Almighty: But alas! when God came to argue, — *Who is this that darkens counsel by words without knowledge?* — Then *Job* flags, and falls, and cries out, *he is vile*; will in humble silence with his own hand close his mouth, and at last abhor himself, and repent in dust and ashes. Merit in your sense! why sure a Subject, though he spend his Estate, his Life, his Fame, and all he has, for the service of his natural Prince; yet he cannot call that service Merit: For all (if need require) by the Laws of God and Man is in duty owing to him. And will you yet believe you can deserve from God, from whom that you had at all a being, or that Christ was ever sent, was merely mercy? — *We are justified freely by Grace*, and (which must needs be after it in time) — *Eternal life is the gift of God.*

And even in that Commandment, which is so oft left out among you, (the Second) in the end God sayes, — *He will shew mercy unto thousands of them that keep his Commandments.* If he calls that Mercy which he shews to those that do observe them, who shall dare to style it Merit, exacting reward merely for the works sake? Oh vain and empty boasting! That Man, who cannot but be daily conscious to himself of his own Imperfections, should yet dare to contest with God, and challenge Heaven as debt for the worth of the work he hath wrought?

It cannot be called Merit in your acceptation, without such a balance of worth as to over-weigh, or at least fully to counterpoise, the thing that it obtains. And in this way towards merit Man cannot go higher than in Martyrdom; but how much inferior all the works, all the Perfections of Man are (of which God has no need) in comparison of Eternal Life, and the unchangeable felicity of the Saints, be you but judge; or do but remember how the Apostle sleights them with a — *Reor minime pares, &c.* I think them not fit to be compared.

Further, it is not in the power of any Creature, by it self to raise it self to a higher perfection, than in its first creation it was set in: Now the height of mans perfection was a — *Posse non peccari*, That he might

Psal. 4. 1.

1 Cor. 15. 10

Job 38. 2.  
42. 36.Rom. 3. 28.  
6. 23.

Rom 8. 18.

might not have sinned; and there he might have stood: But now in his glorification he attains to a — *Non posse peccare*, That he cannot sin; to which by himself or his own nature he could never rise, but as he is carried by his merits that was more than man. 'Tis Christs Magnetick force which draws the faithful after him; who touch'd by him, though they have the adhering quality, ye like Needles as they hang they quiver, when all the attraction is in the Loadstone only.

You may please to consider besides, That whatsoever is Gods own peculiarly, the creature cannot have an Interest in, but by his free donation. Joyes unspeakable and glorious are Gods alone: their fountain is in him. Man may do good works, actions brave and splendid; and God may bestow those in recompence of these: yet had they all the perfections Humanity can be capable of, I see not how they can merit that from God, which but meerly by his mercy he is not bound to part withall. Let a Subject do his Prince never so great, never so goodly service; 'tis true, I believe the Prince both may and will reward him (as is usual) with one or other Title of Honour: But though he does, even that which we do call reward, is in him an act of bounty, which if he did not do he did no wrong, because the root of Honour is in himself, and freely 'tis in his own choice, whether he will impart it or no. Good works to be rewardable we acknowledge as well as you; nay more, we believe God has bound himself to reward them, but 'tis by his meerly gracious mercy, and his free voluntary promise, and no way for the value of the work done.

And it seems to me, that the Princes of this world, as led by the same instinct, and jealous of their own Prerogatives; though they have highly rewarded their Favourites with Honours, yet they have cared for the most part to have those rewards expressed as the acts of their own free grace and bounty. Thus *Philip le Beau* of France, creating *John* the second Duke of *Brittain* into the title of a Peer of the Realm, after enumeration of many Services, the Patent runs thus, — *Ipsum de gratia nostra promovemus in Parem, &c.* Of our favour we advance him to the degree of a Peer, &c.

*Anno 1433.* the Successor of the said Duke made *Jean de Beaumanoire* Lord of *Bois, &c.* and the Patent hath it thus, — *Pour parte de remuneration de nostre grace, — avons donne, &c.* In part of recompence of our grace and favour we have given, &c. And Spanish Patents I have seen having it; — *E satisfacion delos dichos servicios de mi proprio motu, &c.* In satisfaction of the said services of my proper motion, &c. In *England* anciently they said, — *Sciatis quod nos de gratia nostra speciali, & mero motu nostris, — concesserimus, &c.* Know ye, That of our special grace and our free motion we have granted, &c. In the Bull of *Pius* the fifth, whereby he created *Cosmo di Medicis, Magnum Etruriae Ducem*, Great Duke of *Tuscany* or *Florence*; the words are these, — *Motu proprio — & mera liberalitate nostris*

---creamus.

*Anno 1297.*  
*Bertr. ad. d' Ar-*  
*gent. Hist. de*  
*Bret. lib. 5. cap.*  
*32.*

*Aug. du Paz*  
*Hist. de plusie*  
*maijors de Bret.*

*Alonso Lopez*  
*in Nobilitate*  
*part. 1.*

*P. Math. in*  
*Summ. Const.*  
*Co. 1. p. 5.*

— *creamus*, Of our proper motion-- and our meer bounty-- we create, &c. And though sometimes perhaps they call'd those services Merits (as comparatively I deny not but they might) yet they never held them such as could exact reward, but as their bounties prompted them.

It seems that the Fathers of former times had no such haughty conceits. The opinion of St. Gregory concerning merits, is of another strain, when he affirms, — *Omne virtutis nostræ meritum esse vitium, omnem humanam Justitiam esse injustitiam, si descriptè judicetur*: If it come to be precisely judged of, all the Merit of our Vertue is Vice, all humane Justice is Injustice. For which he had Authority sufficient, *Psal. 143. 2. Job 9. 20. Psal. 130. 3.* St. Bernard is as Orthodox where he saies, — *Hec totum hominis meritum, si totam spem suam ponat in eo qui totum saluum fecit. Sufficit ad meritum scire quod non habemus merita.* All the merit of man is to put his whole trust in him that can wholly save us. It sufficeth for our merit, to know that we have none. That of St. Chrysostome suits with this Doctrine. — *Et si milles moriamur, nisi omnes virtutis animi expleamus, nihil dignum gerimus ad ea que ipsi a Deo percepimus*: Should we dye 1000. deaths, should we complete all mental vertues; yet could we do nothing worthy of those things that God bestows upon us. And in one of his Homilies he is yet plainer — *Si totum tempus vite hujus occupant obsequia, laudes teneantur, gratiarum actiones insistant, non poteris pensare quod debet*: Should our whole life time be spent in obedience in singing Praises and giving Thanks; yet could we never repay what we most justly owe. St. Ambrose cries out, — *Unde mihi tantum meriti cui indulgentia pro corona est*: How should I come by any thing of merit, when indulgence is the only Crown I have? In the Council of Aurange it is as rightly said -- *Debetur merces bonis operibus si fiant, sed Gratia que non debetur precedit ut fiant. Neminem nisi Deus miserante salvare* -- & *multa in homine bona fiant, que non facit homo. Nulla vero facit homo bona que non Deus prestat ut faciat homo.* There is a Reward due to good Works when they are done, but grace that is not due precedes them that they may be done; without mercy from God there is not any man that can be saved -- and, there are many good things done by man which man does not do: But yet does man do nothing that is good, but what God first does work in him, that thereby he may be able to do it.

But say you, Christ merited that we might obtain Salvation by our own merits. The plenitude of Christs merits we acknowledge, but any properly our own, unless *Ex pacto* -- By Covenant, by Gods free Mercy and Promise we deny: 'Tis true, Christ merited for us, and by the application of his merits through Faith we are saved: But where are any our own from the dignity of works, but in the late writings of some of your side? I say some, for all are not of this opinion. But suppose your own position should be granted (which we do not) yet since you cannot merit but by vertue of Christs merit,

. Mat. 11  
Sicut Christus  
Gal. Dil. 5.

Mat. 9. cap. 1.  
14.

Scim 53.  
De Corporali  
coram.

Exho 12. ad  
Hugues.  
Can. 18. & 20.

why will you rather call this your own merit than his? Since the effect must be ever in debt to the Cause. And even to come to your own instance, though the branches be fruitful, yet men do not attribute their fruitfulness to themselves, but to the Vine, without which they could not be at all. If they could be fruitful of themselves cut off from the Vine, it then were theirs peculiarly: But when they must owe it to another.—The Donor is dishonored, when the Donee is intitled to more than can be his due. *It is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth Mercy. And he it is that worketh in us both the Will and the Deed even of his good pleasure.*

Rom. 9. 16.

Phil. 2. 13.

For my part, for man to lean against the rotten wall of his own works, I hold to be presumption and a hazard. To plant all my expectation in my blessed Saviour can be neither; his merits are sufficient for me, and I cannot over-honour him by trusting: And surely your Cardinal saw as much, when he became so ingenious as to acknowledge his *Tutissimum*, &c. I am resolved to abandon my self, and am confident I shall fare the better with God because I depend upon him alone. Besides Sir, I dare not venture to live in that Faith, wherein those of your side dare not adventure to dye. I believe you can hardly tell me of any one understanding Papist that ever dy'd confiding in his own merits for his Salvation. Then I'm sure they flye to Christ: So whosoever pleads most for humane merits in his life, his Death becomes a Retractation, and he is then glad to let go this Reed of *Agypt*, to catch at the Staff of Life indeed, *Christ Jesus*.

Bellar.

Thus your Champion Cardinal (whose Learning and Life you have not many to equal) in his last will bequeaths his Soul to God as a giver of mercies, not as a rewarder of merits. And here among us a most noble and meritorious Lord of the Roman Faith, who truly cannot be too much honoured for his parts and piety, is yet so far from this over-strained errour, that he gives it for his Motto to his Arms, *En Grace affie*. Nay, those of your side do not only, not dye in it, but they do not live in it. For however some licentious pens have vented it of the Regenerate in general, I could never yet meet with any that would personally speak it of himself in particular. Which seems to me to argue, that either none of you are Regenerate; or else, that though it be voted in the gross, yet you do not believe that it will hold in special. If it be true, why do you not own it? If not true, why do you teach it?

Idem.

It is as strange that those of your side should aver that the good works of those that are reate, should out of Condiginity merit Heaven (which is far beyond all that this World can Administer) and yet give it under their own hands, that they are not worthy Governments Terrene and Finite, as you may find it in the Bull of *Leo* the X. that conferred the Title of *Defensor Fidei*, on our *Henry* the VIII. which is subscribed by himself and 27. Cardinals of that time, and speaks thus,—*Ex superna Dispositionis Arbitrio, licet imparibus meritis Universalis Ecclesie Regimini presidentes, &c.* We the President for

for the Government of the Univerſal Church by the Diſpoſure of the Heavenly Will, though with merit no way answerable to the favour. Away, Away! If his Holineſs and all his Conclave who pretend to the Treasury of the ſuper-abundant merits of: All the Saints, dare not challenge out of merit to be Biſhop of *Rome*: Let no man ever hereafter have the front to think by his own deſert to become an Heir to Heaven.

Alas! though man does ſometimes ſomething that is partly good, what a ſoil of ill adheres? Evil with his thoughts is mixt, as with corrupted air, Infection; and then how advantagious is that againſt goodneſs? It was obſerved of *Themistoctes*, That after he denied Fortune a ſhare in his Victories, attributing all to himſelf, he then became unprosperous; And ſurely ſince your Church has thus assumed Merit for the value of the work it ſelf, you ſhall find it has not flouriſh'd as it did before. He that does aſcribe his goodneſs to himſelf, does render to the world even all his good ſuſpected, by uſurping what is not his own.

Now, Sir, I am come to the other two; *That it is meritorious to kill an Heretick, with whom no Faith is to be kep.* Which (not to ſwell a Letter too big) depending one upon another, I will link together. Theſe you deny valiantly, and I ſhould be glad you did it as juſtly: I know well enough ſome of your ſide are aſhamed to own this Doctrine unviſorded, and therefore they ſeek to evade it with the Council of *Conſtance*, where this King killing is covertly condemned, but tacitly implied; for it ſayes, *It is not lawful and meritorious for every particular perſon to kill a Tyrant*, but withall it adds, *Non expectata ſen tentia vel mandato judicis cujuſcunque*: Without expecting the ſentence or command of ſome Judge. So that for ought is there ſaid, if the Pope or any General of an Order, ſentence him or command, it may be both lawful and meritorious.

*ſeſſio 15.  
Cone. Conſtan-  
ticenſis.*

I know alſo there is a pretended private condemnation of *Mariana's* book, *De Rege & Regis Inſtitutione*, Of Kings and Kingly Inſtitution: But if it be ſerious, why is it not publiſh'd? Or how comes it to paſs, that when this book ſhould have been ſuſpended by his Holineſs, he was pleaſed to miſtake another of the ſame Authors, not pertinent to the buſineſs, and let this go unreprerhended? But howſoever theſe ſhifts are offered to dazle weak inſpections, the facts are ſo notorious to the world, and the approbation of thoſe facts manifeſted in ſuch capital letters, as I muſt needs think, either you have read very little of your own ſide, or elſe that you carry ſo much confidence about you, as is reſolved not to bluſh at any thing that can fall from your pen.

The firſt Fact I will ſpeak of, is the murder of the Prince of *Orenge* by *Gerard*, who at his Arraignement confeſſed he had imparted his intention of murder to *Goy*, Warden of the Fryers at *Tourney*, who encouraged him, gave him his bleſſing, and promiſed to pray for him: He confeſſed alſo that he had acquainted a Jeſuite of *Trevis* with

Franciscus vero  
 Constantinus. par. 2.  
 cap. 2.

the matter, and the Jesuite assured him, if he dy'd in the attempt, he should be reckoned in the number of Martyrs. And the Apologist for *John Chastell* sayes, the said *Gerard* did that deed—*Pour le bien de la Verue.* But for this perhaps you may plead the King of *Spains* percription, and his being a Subject; which how far he may be accounted so, that has Sovereign power, may be disputable: Howsoever I am sure 'tis far enough from Christian charity, at once (as much as in them lyes) to destroy both body and soul, by insidiating an unsumm'd life.

Idem.

The next is the murder of *Henry* the third of *France*, and the same Author commends this murder of *James Clement*, as being *Contra hostem publicum & juridice condemnatum*, Against a publick enemy, and one legally condemn'd. Nay, he goes so farr as in plain terms to justifie Regicide to the world in defiance of the forenamed Conciliary Decree, his words are these, —*Non obstante Decreto supradicti Concilii Constantiensis, privatis & singulis licitum sit Reges & Principes Hæreseos & Tyrannidis condemnatos occidere:* Notwithstanding the Decree of the foresaid Council of *Constance*, it is lawful for a private person, or for any man to take away the lives of Heretical Princes, and such as are condemn'd of Tyranny. If this pass not with you, I hope you will give credit to his Holiness *Sixtus Quintus*, who in an Oration in full Consistory at *Rome*, was not ashamed to assimilate the Assassination by this *Clement*, with the mysteries of the Incarnation and Resurrection, and the acts of *Judeth* and *Eleazar*; the King was slain the first of *August*, this speech was spoken the eleventh of *September*, and printed at *Paris* about two Moneths after.

Anno 1589.

The Third Fact is the attempt of *John Chastell* on *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, for whom the foresaid Author *Fran. Vero. Constant.* has written a particular Apology; And at the Arraignment of the said *John Chastell* *John Guignard* was also arrested, and upon evidence under his own hand, That he approved of the murder of *Henry* the Third, and perswaded the murder of *Henry* the Fourth, he was also executed. And yet this *Guignard* with *Mariana* and his works is highly extolled by *Clarus Bonarsius*, or *Carolus Scribanus* which you please.

In Anglob. Honoris. c. 13

A Fourth Fact is the horrid Powder Treason *Anno 1605*, which *Garnet* confessed he knew and concealed, and withall said, *It was to be reckoned among those works, which were not to be commended till done.* In defence of this *Garnet*, has *Andreas Eudemon*, *Joannes Cydonius* written largely, and confesseth, That not long before the discovery of the Plot in his publick prayers—*Monet omnes, qui ad solennem Ecclesie certum convenerant, ut obnixè orent Deum profælici successu gravissimæ cujusdam rei, in causa Catholicorum sub initium Comitiorum:* He admonishes all that came to the solemn Assembly of the Church, That they should earnestly pray to God for the happy success of a certain weighty matter concerning the Catholics about the begin-

ning.



ning of the Parliament. And in several places it justifies this unheard-of practice in many other particulars; the work it self being approv'd by the General of the Order of the Jesuits, and others of that Society. And no wonder, since 'tis now by so many pens dispersed, that Heretical Princes (and whosoever the Pope sayes is so, must so be taken how untrue soever it be) ought not to be tolerated: Thus *Bellarmino*,— *Non licere Christianis tollerare Regem hereticum, si ille conetur Subditos ad suam heresim pertrahere*: It is not lawful for Christians to indure an Heretical King, if he endeavours to perswade his Subjects to his Heresie. The like sayes *Parsons*, and that he ought to be made away,— *Idque ante prolatam Papæ sententiam*, Before the publication of the Popes sentence against him. Of the same sutable Opinion is *Emanuel Sa in Aphorismi Confessar. in verbo Tyrannus*. *Suares de censuris disput. 15. sect. 6*. *Boucher de justa abdicatione Henrici Terrii lib. 3.* and many others. Nay, this *Garnet* and his fellow *Oldcorne* are by the said *Bellarmino* for this gallant Enterprize stiled by the name of Martyrs; yea, and for such, are put in the Jesuits Catalogue of Martyrs printed at *Rome*. A glory we shall never envy you, to have your Martyrs multiplied by them we know for Traytors. Now I would demand, Whether or no the requiting Murtherers and Sicariots with the crown of Martyrdome, be not in your sense to make the act meritorious?

And for the matter of not keeping Faith with them, I shall not need examples, the World is every where so full. How many Emperors, Kings, and Princes has the Papacy (not only for that which you call Heresie, but even upon displeasure for slight matters and meer humane ends) deposed? absolving all their Subjects from their sworn obedience, giving their bodies as Slaves, and their goods as a prey to any that will take them. We need go no further than our own *Henry the VIII.* by the Bull of *Paul the third*, which yet wrought no other effect but heaping of scandal and scorn on the See of *Rome*.

Among many Vouchers of this Doctrine let the bold asseveration of *Gretzer* speak for all,— *Tam timidi & trepidi non sumus, ut asserere palam vereamur Romanum Pontificem, posse, si necessitas exigat, subditos Catholicos solvere Juramento Fidelitatis si Princeps Tyrannice illos tractet*, we are not so timorous and cowardly as that we should fear publickly to assert, that the Bishop of *Rome* (if necessity put him upon it) may and can absolve any Catholick subjects from their Oath of Allegiance, if their Prince shall Tyrannically treat them: So that it will be true enough, if once a sentence brands them our for Hereticks, the sworn Subjects, much less others, need not keep faith with them. Surely 'tis a rare gift his Holiness has in making Knaves and Subjects perjur'd; that even whole Kingdoms of faithfull Subjects, he can against the Law of Nations, Nature and Religion, shake into Traytors and Rebels against their lawful Sovereigne:

*De Pontif Romano*  
lib. 5. p. 7.

*Philosoph.*  
sect. 2. p. 109.

*De Pontif Romano*  
lib. 5. p. 7.

Soveraigne: As if he would moralize *Aëaons* Fable, and turn the wild Hounds loose to rend and tear their Master; and prove against Saint *Paul*, That there are Powers not ordained of God.

Father *Emond* gives it us in right down words, and would make us believe, *That no man, how potent soever he be, can contract with an Infidel, or one that hath revolted from his Conscience.* And after this he perswades the Prince that has Heretick Subjects, to destroy them, even against his own Edicts which granted them liberty, saying, *Though a man has committed one fault against his will, by the hardnësse of the Times, yet there is no reason he should commit two.*

Nay, I have reason to think this violation of Faith with such as you call Hereticks, to be the Tenet of your general Clergy. Did not the Council of *Constance* condemn *John Hus* and *Jerome of Prague*, contrary to that safe Conduct that was given them? And the like would the Ecclesiasticks have put in practice against *Luther* at *Wormes*, if the Emperour would have given way to it, and the Elector Palatine had not stoutly opposed it, saying, *That it would be a thing that would brand the German Name, with the mark of perpetual Infamy: And expressing with disdain, That it was intollerable for the service of Priests, that Germany should draw upon it self the Infamy of Not keeping the publick Faith.*

But it is no marvel the Members should be thus diseased, when even the Head is tainted. *Paul* the Fourth was sworne at his Election to the Papacy to make but four Cardinals, which Oath he presently broke, in open Consistory maintaining it as an Article of Faith, *That the Pope cannot be bound, much less can bind himself; and to say otherwise was a manifest Heresie: to contradict which if any persisted, he would cause the Inquisition to proceed against them.* A brave Merchant no doubt to deal with! In a Jugler, fast and loose is tolerable; but in a Prelate, sure to be abhorr'd. If to arme the Subject against the Prince, the Father against the Sonne, the Servant against the Master, and to violate Words, Promises, Oaths; voluntarily, deliberately, juridically taken,) which are the sacred Sanctions of all mundane Commerce) be to pursue the benediction and Legacy of our blessed Saviour, Peace; then Sir, is your Religion right, and I will think no more of taking it for Prophecie, *Ye take too much upon you ye sons of Levi.*

But whence is this Power deriv'd? as I take it 'tis pretended all from Christ as being his Vicar on Earth. But assuredly Christ never owned either Murther or Deposition of lawful Monarks, or dispensation of oaths lawfully taken. Nay, he refused not only to be a King, but at all to be a secular Judge, and in plain and manifest terms tells us, *his Kingdome is not of this World.* I read that

Rom. 13. 1.

Le Pedagogue  
d'Armes cap. 4.

Idem cap. 9.

Hist. Council of  
Trent lib. 1.

Idem lib. 5.

he commanded *St. Peter* not to use his Sword; but never that he gave him any temporal one. That which he had he bids him put up, with a menace if he does use it, and a reason why he did not need it. If he had done but half as much as the *Pope*, the *Jews* had not been cozened, for he had then restor'd the Kingdom to *Israel*. *St. Peter* indeed commands us, *to be subject to every Ordinance of Man for the Lords sake: but withall to Kings as Supreme*. And even in reason, that which does include must needs be the major. Now the Church subsisteth in the Common-wealth. For although they be so nearly link'd, as for the most part they flourish and fall together; yet 'tis possible there may be a State without a Church, but not the face of a Church without a Civil State. Shall the Eternal Son of God acknowledge a Power from God, even in a Heathen Magistrate, and under that under one, submit himself to the Ignominious death of the Cross? And now a thing of frailty and of errors, which ne're had name in Sacred Scripture must insult it over Crowns and Monarchs, to which his Predecessors (who had as much Priviledge as he) have been submissive and obedient. Shall the Papacy, which (had it not been for the bounty of Emperours and other Princes) had not at this day been Master of one foot of habitable Earth, now lift it self to ruine those that rais'd the See? This is to play the Serpent in the Fable, to sting the boson that gave it warmth and life. Remarkable is the acknowledgment of *Rodulph* Duke of *Swevia*, who instigated by *Gregory* the VII. (the first Author of this proud Usurpation over Kings) to take up Arms against *Henry* the IV. in a Battle against him received a wound on his right hand, whereof he dyed.

1 Pet. 2. 13.

His complaint to his Friends was this. — *You see how my right-hand is wounded. It is the Hand whereby I swore to Henry my Lord and Master, that I would never annoy him. But the Popes Commands brought me to this, to break my Oath. — Let them who have incited us so to do, consider in what manner they urged us, for fear lest we be brought to Eternal Damnation.*

He mol'us  
Ch. 01. Sc. 11.  
cap. 29.

The Troop of unconfutable Writers against the Bastard Pre-rogative of the See of *Rome* over Kings, and the Absolution from Oaths solemnly taken before God and the World is so great, and the Arguments against it so prevalent, that I will say no more, but conclude all with the words of a Bishop of *Paris* in a Case a-kin to this; Who when *Boniface* the VIII. had excommunicated *Phillip* the Fair, and challenged the Realm of *France* as a Benefice belonging to the Papacy, sayes justly, *That though the impudence of the Pope was wonderful to do it, yet he thought them the greater Fools that did dispute the Business.*

7 omes Titius  
Ch. 0. An. 1202.

Thus (Sir) you see I had reason enough to say what I did; I do protest before God if I thought I had done your side any wrong, I would most willingly recant it. For I have ever held  
it

it a Nobleness befitting the very best bravery of a Christian, rather to submit in a wrong even to publick acknowledgement, than by any Oratory, though never so potent, to maintain it: But my Conscience and Reason tell me I have dealt fairly. And if you consider the many other Enormities of *Rome*, you must confess me modest, to touch you with so soft a hand. In part I will follow your Counsell, for with Gods Grace, I resolve to live and dye a true Christian Catholick. But a Roman Catholick I understand no more than you would me, if I should call a Council National, Oecumenical, or General, particular. I have writ this because I would be Civill, and sooner you should have had it, if I had been at leisure, and had not deferr'd it in expectation of your Book you mention to have sent me, which yet I never met with, nor with your Letter till the time before specified. The love which you profess my person I shall be ready to requite, which had taken me much more if the many mistakes wherewith you slander me, had not thrown stain and scandal on your Charity. For your Hatred to my Errors, 'tis neither in my power nor thoughts to help it: And since you needs will call them so, you must pardon me that I add another to them, which is to think them none.

If you have any other matter that may be Civil Commerce. I shall not be adverse to your Lines. But for my Religion, I believe my self to be upon too good grounds to be moved by your pen. And to argue more were fruitless, since even the means of Reconcilement your side has taken away. For you allow no Judge but the Pope, whom you cry up for infallible, and besides our denying that, we know by him we are already prejudg'd.

And does it not incline to partial, when you will admit no Judge but your own? Abate but that, and the Policy and Interests of either side, the Cavils and the Niceties, the Obstinacy and Peevishness of men, their study on either side rather to maintain opinion and come off with Victory, than to find out and submit to Truth; and then that mans opinion will not look so horribly monstrous as some would have it deemed: That even a Pious, Discreet, Moderate, Learned Papist, and a Pious, Discreet, Moderate, Learned Protestant may be very near to be both of one Religion. I am sure they have both the same Foundation to build upon, and both will own Christ and the Gospels Heavenly Doctrine. So that the Frailties of both, I hope upon Repentance and begging forgiveness may receive a pardon, and they in the end meet together as well as at first together they began. I am not convinc'd but that both may be Gold, only one may have something more of Alloy, and so be something courser than the other. Two Clocks may be made by one Workmans hand, and either of them sometimes may go false; Yet I would not have them  
broke

broke because they disagree, each may be mended and go right at last; but their own spring and string it is must guide them.

I shall therefore take it for a favour, if you please to let me enjoy my Religion in Peace: Then shall I so far go along with your wishes, as to pray for direction in the right; making it further my Petition to God, that he will vouchsafe to build up his Church in Truth and Unity, and to make us both so Members of it here, as we may avoid the Errors which exclude from that above, where I shall not despair but that you may be met --- by

SIR,

*Your Servant*

OWEN FELLTHAM.

XVIII.

To S. H. C.

SIR,

AFTER this Week you may take your Repose till after the Term; and you may rejoice in't. When I come up, though you may have as much trouble, yet your Hand and I en will have ease. 'Tis sad that the Noble Duke hath been forced to abandon this vile Nation and World: Since he could not die when his Prince and Kinsman was martyred, it seems he was resolved to vex Life with Sickness till he did dye; so that upon the matter he hath continued but a longer Mourner, and would not live to see the Ruine of those of the Kings Friends, who now are under pursuit. Every thing hath its end: And perhaps these Armatory Excursions, thus suddenly seconded by *Oyer* and *Terminer*, may make way for the Escape of our Friend in the *Tow'r*. *Peccadillo's* are drowned in Capitals: When the Covie is let flye at, then all the Currs pursue the larger Quarry: A single Bird may steal from out a Hedge unseen. Nor hath the State any cause to be angry, that thus they are Alarm'd to Armes: When an Insurrection is once quash'd, the Initiators ought to be rewarded, not punished; they enrich the Commander, and are a kind of Fermentation that conduces very much to the projection and Multiplication of Gold. And I commend your grave Citizens that are so wise, as never to venture but where there is hope of gain. But I am confident if they had not taken their Religion *ex Traance*, they scarce would ever have ventur'd at Christianity. They would have thought it a kind of impolitick interest, to have ador'd a Crucify'd God. If their Deity be *Pluto*, they will not be disturbed at any subterranean Region he shall chuse. The *Pismire's* never troubled at

the Change of his Land-lord so he may keep but his Mole-hill still, and may hoard and breed in quiet. If the Tree give the Swine shade, they will manure the root on't, and like the Bore and Beast whet their tusks, and harden their attires at the stem on't, that they may therewith destroy his Enemies. But the best is, they have not the obstinacy to dye Martyrs, so they may change when they have a mind to't, and be as zealous to import, as they have been mad to export and expel. And then they will see that no condition is free from the Rotation of humanity, for I believe the Nation will be so good natur'd as they will not be wanting to commend and forgive. And though there can be nothing in me to encourage you to the first, yet I know you want not Charity to afford the latter to

*Your ever Servant.*

XIX.

*To the Lady B. T.*

*May it please you Madam.*

**A**S good Wits out of slender Events do sometimes Compile both Large and Excellent Stories; So (Madam) hath your Noble Opinion been pleas'd to deal with those weak and inconsiderable Propensions that I find in my self to your service; if they have been Capable of any Value, 'tis only by the Impression they have of your acceptance. Whereby (Madam) it will appear to the World, there can hardly be any Merit in others, but such as takes rise and being from the Lustre of your own Creation. To the humble acknowledgment whereof, I confess no man can be more obliged than my self to your Ladyship, which shall not only make it my endeavour faithfully to discharge whatever you shall think fit to impose; but to manifest that I hold your esteem and Confidence of me to be an Honour of so great a Magnitude, that it must ever have a durance of gratitude in me equal with the well-being of (Madam)

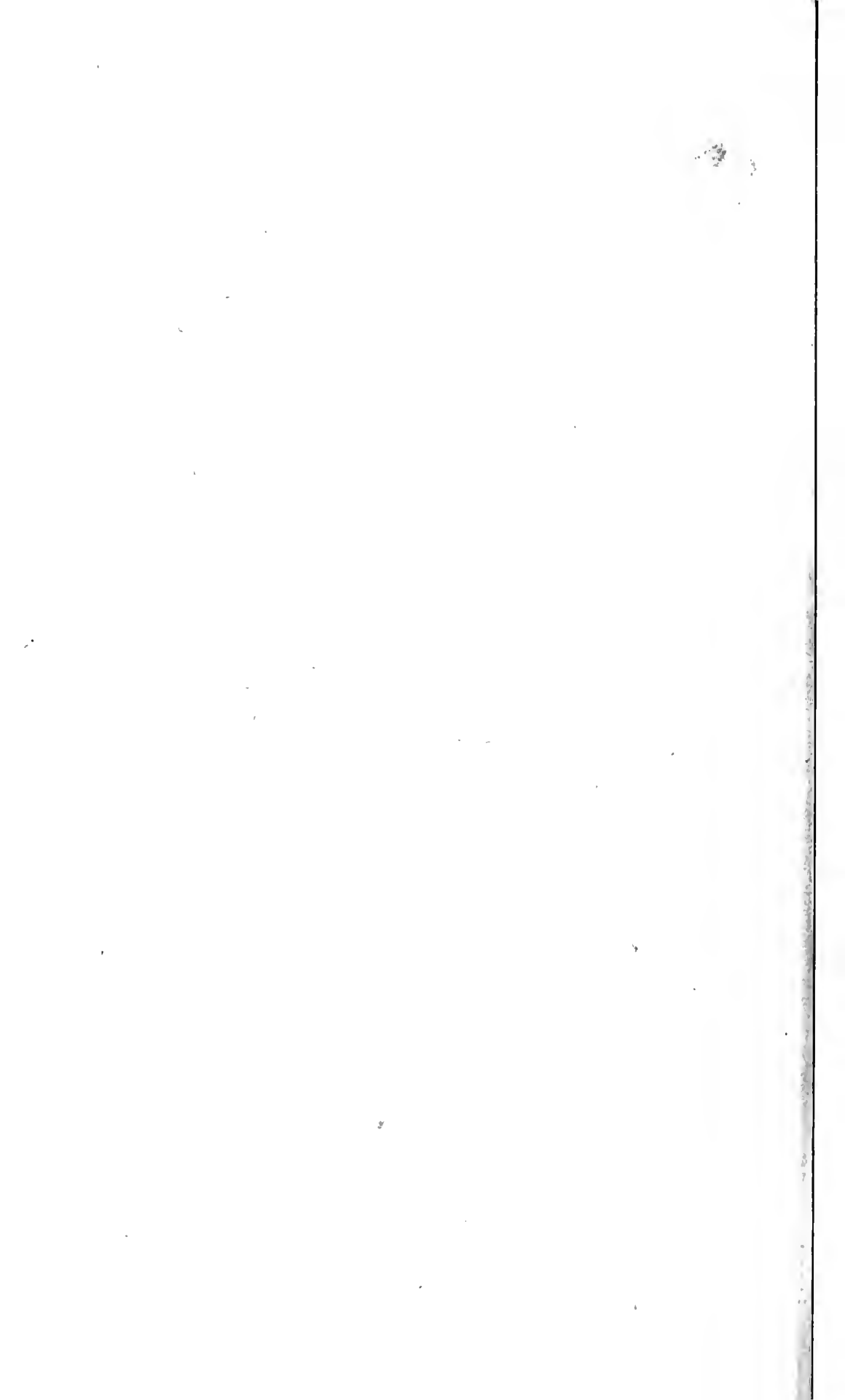
*Your most ob. dient and*

*faithful Servant.*

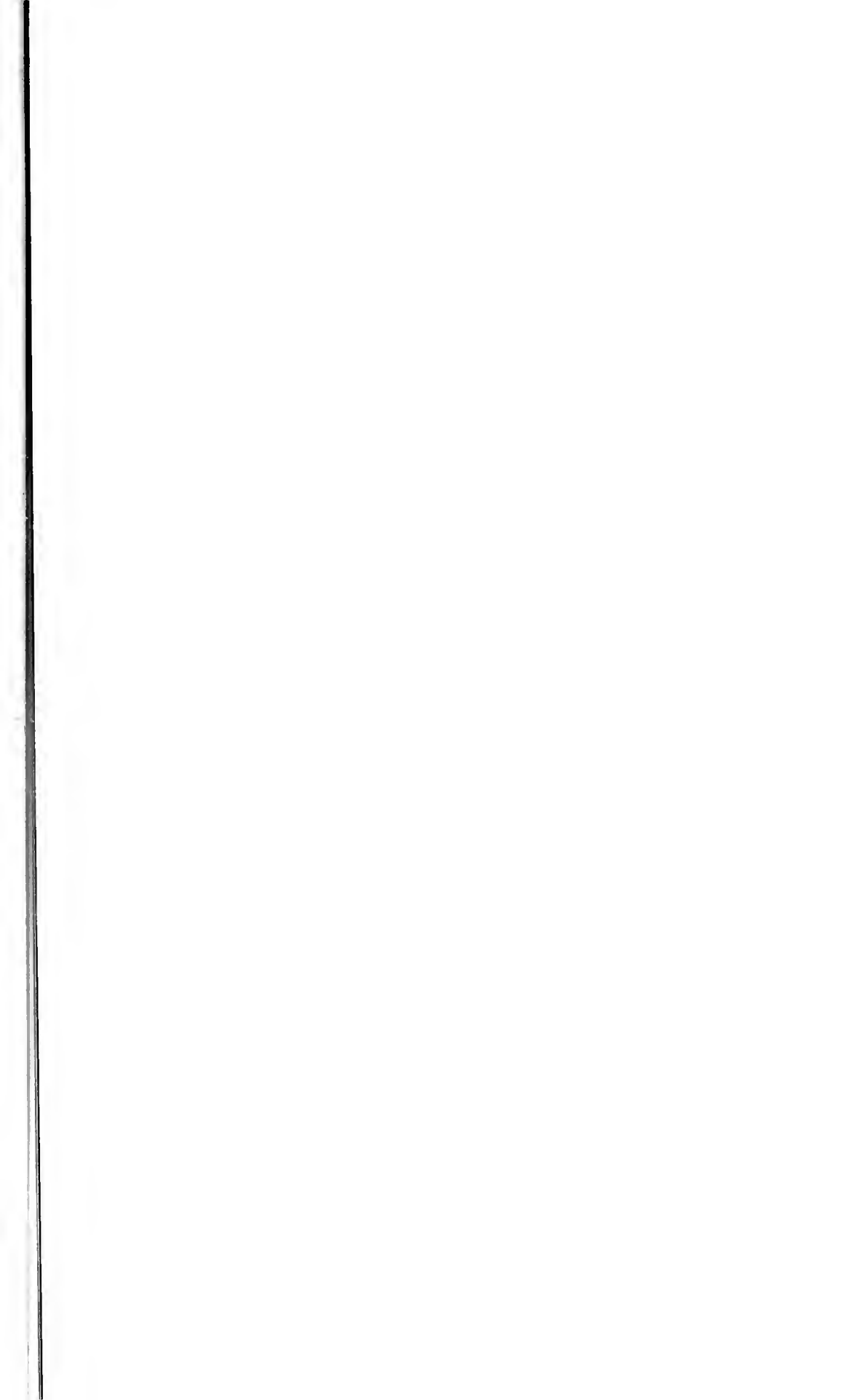
Quod in Sepulchrum volui.

*Postquam vidisset rotantem Mundum,  
Imaq; summis supernatantia,  
Prosperum Tyrio scelus imbutum,  
Dum Virtus sordida squallet in Aula,  
Securiq; cervicem præbuit:  
Injusta tamen Hominum  
In justissima disponente Deo;  
Dum Redux Cæsar Nubila pellit,  
Gloriamq; Gentis tollit in altum:  
Tandem evadens Terris,  
Exuvias hic reliquit FELLTHAM.*

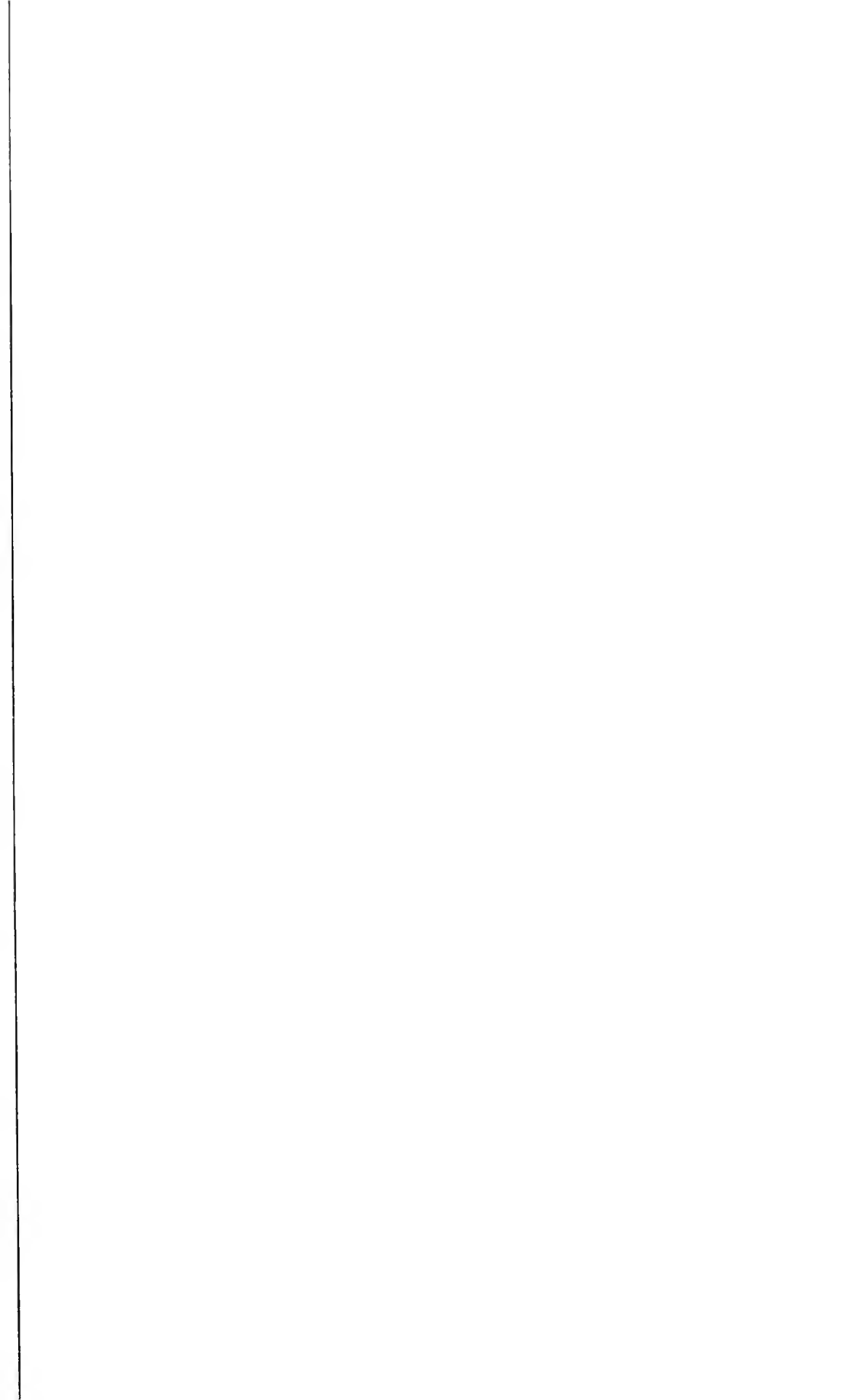
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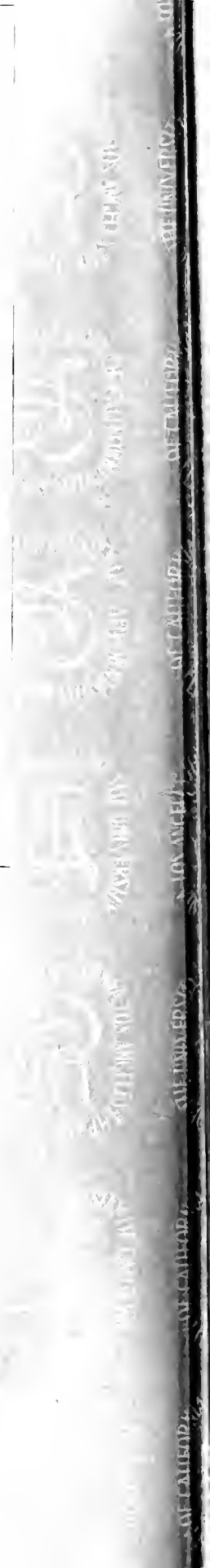
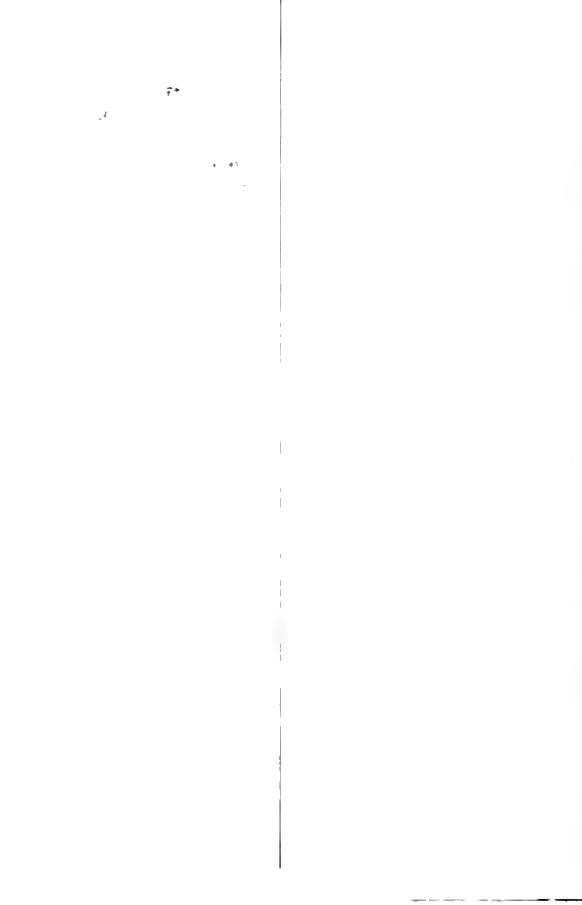








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